

Alice's Dirty Adventures



SPIRIT KITTY

Chapter one

The Looking Glass

Alice plucked a daisy and idly plucked the petals, one by one with a sigh. She'd grown bored of sitting on the bank, her bare feet dangling in the cool waters of the brook, while her sister read.

'It's not even an interesting book', she thought to herself, having glanced once or twice over her shoulder. 'Full of romantic notions and flowery verse. Much too polite for my tastes'. While the title had promised randy pirates, she was quite convinced that there was very little adventure, let alone ravishment, to be had within the pages.

She was considering whether it was worth the effort to go in search of real pirates, well aware she hadn't packed a lunch, let alone dinner, for such a trek to the coast, when she spied a miniature galleon sailing midstream

'How curious,' she said to herself, peering closer, not at all surprised to see it manned by tiny animals dressed as sailors. The words 'Looking Glass' were painted upon its Hull. 'Such a strange name for a ship. I wonder where it has sailed from and where it is bound?'

Without a second thought, she slid off the bank and into the water, unsure of her intentions for it did not look in need of rescuing. Still, the small crew might be lost and in need of a guide familiar with the local landmarks.

"Ahoy," she called out quietly, not wishing to alarm her sister, for although the ship did not fly the skull and crossbones, it was not out of the question that they might be scoundrels or ruffians.

The word had not even left her tongue when a most peculiar sensation took hold. A dizziness swept over her and a sudden falling sensation.

"Oh dear, what is happening to me?" she exclaimed, concerned as the small brook grew larger and larger, becoming a vast river full of strong eddies that threatened to pull her under.

Never a strong swimmer, Alice struggled, thrashing her arms and legs about as she was spun this way and that until she was quite breathless and more than a little cross that her sister had yet to notice her predicament and come to her rescue.

The crew of the previously small and now quite large ship, however, had noticed her distress.

“Man overboard!” came the cry, followed by a startling splash as a dinghy landed beside her. With a mighty effort, Alice kicked her feet and grabbed hold until she was pulled up out of the water and onto the wooden deck, water pooling beneath her.

“What have we here?” asked one of her rescuers, a scruffy striped skunk with a tail that twitched constantly and an eyepatch. He regarded her suspiciously with his remaining eye.

“Fur and whiskers,” remarked a badger. Alice thought he looked quite handsome in his blue coat and polished brass buttons. “I’m not at all sure. Could be a duck, seeing as we fished it out of the water.”

“Or a fish! It certainly looks fishy,” muttered a prickly looking hedgehog with a pistol tucked into his sash.

“What should we do with it?” wondered the skunk. “Throw it back into the water?”

“If it’s a duck we could stuff it with bread crumbs and sausage and roast it.”

By this time Alice was surrounded by at least a dozen hungry looking sailors and beginning to grow concerned as they shouted out a chorus of suggestions on how best to serve her for dinner.

“Or fry it with pepper and onions,” shouted out a rat in tweed breeches.

“It’d make a good pie.”

“We could put it in a stew. Be tasty with carrots and potatoes.”

“And pepper and onions.”

“You’ll do no such thing!” Alice rose to her feet in alarm, fists on her hips as she stamped her foot. “I’m neither fish nor fowl. I am a girl and my name is Alice,” she declared, silencing the crowd for a brief moment until the rat mumbled that, no matter what she was, she would be tasty prepared in pepper and onions.

‘Well, you’d wished for an adventure,’ Alice told herself with remorse, quite certain she was about to become the main course and wondering if perhaps it would be wise to take her chances in the river once more when a white rabbit dressed in a crimson waistcoat and a silk scarf pushed through the menacing throng.

He paused in front of her, his nose and whiskers twitching thoughtfully as he looked her over.

“Goodness me,” he frowned, cradling a pocket watch in his paw and shaking his head as he glanced at its face.

“No time for that, no time at all. The Captain wants to see her. In his cabin.”

Alice sighed in relief. Perhaps she wasn’t to be eaten after all. Relief turned to alarm once more, however as the Rabbit continued.

“Scrub her down and put her in chains. Hurry now. Mustn’t make him wait.”

Eventually, Alice found herself being led to the Captain’s quarters, flanked by the badger in the blue coat on one side and a stern looking terrier dressed in tartan on the other. She was nearly naked, having been stripped down to her undergarments, and her skin still tingled from the rough and thorough scrubbing they had given her. Curiously, she found herself enjoying the sensation. Nor did she mind too much that they had fitted her ankles with steel cuffs and hobbled her with a short chain. Likewise, her wrists were fastened behind her back and she’d been fitted with a collar as well, a chain connecting it to the one connecting her wrists.

“I assure you this is all rather unnecessary,” she had complained.

“Captain’s orders,” Badger replied gruffly as he smacked her roughly. On her bottom! How dare he!

‘I really should give him a piece of my mind,’ she said to herself. ‘Taking liberties like that!’ Curiously, she felt a strange sense of excitement at her predicament as sailor after sailor paused to stare.

The white rabbit with the pocket watch ushered her in, leaving her chaperones to guard the door. The Captain’s room was both comfortable and exotic. It seemed to Alice that artifacts from lands as far away as Africa and Asia were on display as well as some that must have come from somewhere even more fantastical.

“You’re late,” the rabbit chided her as she paused upon a zebra skin rug. Although it was a very strange zebra that had blue and green stripes.

“Late for what?” Alice wondered, still distracted by the wonders within.

“He doesn’t like being made to wait. Not at all,” it continued nervously, ignoring her question it hurriedly set a pair of porcelain teacups and a

steaming teapot upon a silver tray which it placed upon a counter. Without another word, it let itself out, leaving her alone with her thoughts.

“Well, I can hardly be blamed for that,” Alice muttered to herself.

“Naturally, that is a matter of opinion.”

Startled, she looked around the room for the voice’s owner, the chains jingling softly as she turned in place.

“Such a delectable tidbit. Do you have a name?” Again, the disembodied voice.

“Am I addressing a ghost?”

A chuckle. And then a smile. A wide toothy grin of a smile. A pair of bright yellow eyes followed and soon after, the striped body of a very large cat appeared, floating in thin air just above Alice’s head. She let out a gasp of surprise at the creature’s appearance.

“What’ is the matter? Cat got your tongue?” it asked, rolling slowly over on its back, while keeping its attention focused on the young woman.

“It’s just that I have never met a floating cat before,” Alice murmured, wishing she could use her hands to fan herself for she felt suddenly quite warm. ‘I do hope that I don’t faint!’ she thought as a wave of dizziness washed over her. Then remembering her manners, she dipped her chin and bent her knees.

“My name is Alice,” she said, quietly. “And who might you be?”

“I might be many things, but what I am is a cheshire cat. Or, more precisely, The Cheshire Cat.”

“Oh,” replied Alice, not sure she understood the distinction. In response, the cat chuckled and righted itself once more.

“Much better. Pleased to meet you, Alice. Would you care for tea?”

Its gaze shifted from her to the silver tray the rabbit had set out, and then back.

“Very much so,” she replied with a shrug as she tugged at the chains imprisoning her. “If you would be so kind as to free me?”

“I am rarely kind,” it informed her, propelling itself forward, forcing her to take several steps back until she could retreat no further. “Cruelty is my nature. I will offer this one piece of advice, however. It would serve you well to remember it.”

She watched in wonder as the cat slowly faded from sight until all that remained was a toothy grin. “Let your need guide your behavior. Every adventure requires a first step.” And then, even the smile was gone.

‘Such a strange dream I am having,’ she thought, shaking her head as if to wake herself up. ‘I wonder what will happen next? Perhaps the furniture will begin reciting poetry or it will begin to rain cakes which I wouldn’t mind at all seeing as all this strangeness has left me with quite an appetite.’

With a sigh, she shuffled over to the counter and eyed the steaming teapot and the empty cups.

“If only I could have been content to sit quietly on the bank,” she exclaimed, her thoughts disrupted as the door swung open to reveal a tall figure dressed from head to toe in black.

“Aha!” it, or rather he, exclaimed, startling Alice and causing her to stumble and almost fall. “What has Rabbit brought me now? A pretty little plaything to plunder, perhaps?”

Before she could utter a single word of protest, Alice found herself being pushed to her knees, her hair gathered up in an unyielding fist. If she’d had any doubt about the nature of her captors before, it was gone for there was little doubt in her mind they were, indeed, scoundrels and ruffians. She might go as far as calling them pirates and this, very possibly, their captain! The very thought sent a shiver up and down her spine, although whether it was of fear or of some forbidden carnal desire, she was unsure.

“Such a tasty little morsel.”

Alice was now ninety nine percent sure that it was the ship’s captain who stood before her.

“Why is everyone so intent upon eating me?” she wondered out loud. The imposing ungentlemanly gentleman merely chuckled, turning his back on his captive audience.

“Stay,” he commanded in a stern voice.

As uncomfortable as it was to kneel, she couldn’t find the courage to disobey his command so she remained kneeling whilst silently watching the captain take a chair and fill the teacups.

“Sugar?” He inquired, to which Alice nodded.

“Cream?”

“Yes. Please.” Despite her predicament, she decided to do her best to remain polite.

“Come. Sit,” he demanded, gesturing to the floor beside her. Alice did her best to shuffle over on her knees, blushing at her own clumsiness. After all, her hands were cuffed behind her back still!

“What is your name, girl?”

“Alice, if you please.”

“And if I don’t?”

“Pardon?” she asked, confused.

“If I don’t please? What should I call you then?”

“I . . .”

“Elizabeth, Perhaps. It has a nice ring to it. Or Sophia. You look more like a Sophia than you do an Alice.”

“But Alice is my name,” she protested, at which the captain snorted.

“It’s a rather common name. Are you a common girl?”

“Certainly not,” Alice pouted.

“Then you shouldn’t have a common name.”

“But I’ve grown rather fond of Alice!” she protested.

“As have I.” The captain accompanied his words with a leer, reaching out to stroke Alice’s blushing cheek tenderly and then lifting her chin with a single finger.

“I think that I shall keep you. Once I decide what to call you. Perhaps I shall just call you what you are. Girl, mayhaps. Or pet!”

He smiled delightedly at that whilst stroking Alice’s upper lip thoughtfully with the pad of this thumb.

“I am no such thing!” she replied indignantly.

“If you know what’s good for you, you will be whatever I wish you to be,” the Captain told her menacingly, tapping her nose roughly, his dark eyes boring into Alice’s bright blues until she was forced to look away.

“You are such a delicate looking thing, however. I have it! From now on, you will answer to ‘Petal’ and only to ‘Petal’. Is that understood?”

“Yes,” she managed to squeak.

“And you shall address me as Master Foxtrot. Do I make myself clear, Petal?”

“Yes, Master Foxtrot. Perfectly,” Alice agreed with a sigh of resignation.

“Good. Now that we have that settled, it’s nearly past my teatime.”

‘At last,’ Alice thought, her tummy grumbling at the thought.

It had been ages, or so it seemed, since she’d put anything in it.

“Stay very still. I will be cross with you if you spill a single drop,” Master Foxtrot warned her, placing a teacup and saucer on the crown of Alice’s head.

“But—”

“Silence!” he growled, dark eyes growing three shades darker.

“You are never to question my orders!”

Startled, Alice pressed her lips together tightly and did her best not to tremble in consternation at the rebuke and concentrated upon balancing the saucer atop her head.

‘Pretend it’s a book,’ she told herself. ‘Perfect posture and perfect manners, mother always says, makes for perfect young ladies. Oh, but I never wanted to be perfect. Or even lady-like.’

She knelt there, her knees growing sore and her back tired while Master Foxtrot sipped his tea slowly, the saucer never leaving Alice’s head. For how long, she could not say. Finally, he sat back with a contented sigh, seemingly finished. Alice wondered to herself if she should remind her that her cup sat, untouched, upon the table still.

‘Dash and bother,’ she cursed silently. ‘Perhaps he’s forgotten. A reminder would not be remiss, would it?’

“Master Foxtrot?” Alice inquired timidly, careful not to upset the crockery atop her head.

“Yes, Petal?”

“I am awfully thirsty.”

“I’m afraid Rabbit only set out a pair of tea cups.”

“One for you and one for me?” she asked, her smile full of hope.

“What if we have visitors, foolish Petal? I would have nothing to offer them.”

“But—”

“Silence!” the captain barked, his brow furrowed with displeasure. “What did I say about questioning my orders?”

“But—”

There was a crash as the cup and saucer struck the floor. ‘How strange’ she thought. ‘A moment ago they were balanced atop my head and now they are scattered about the room in pieces and Master Foxtrot has pulled me over his lap. Why, I cannot imagine.’ For that was exactly what had happened. Furthermore, the Captain had yanked Alice’s shift up past her hips and her soft silk knickers down her thighs, leaving her bottom bare!

“Let this be a lesson to you, Petal,” Master Foxtrot growled as he struck Alice on the bottom with the flat of his hand.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, surprised as hot red pain blossomed on her tender flesh. And then, another blow, this time upon her other cheek.

“Ow!” she cried out, wishing that she could rub her bottom properly. Chained as she was, it was all but impossible.

“Ah!” she groaned as a third blow fell, followed by a fourth and a fifth until there were ten in all. Surprisingly, her soft pink nipples had grown hard as pebbles as they rubbed against the silken material of her shift. Curiously, she even began to enjoy herself as the last few blows fell. She felt her cunny dampening as heat began to build until it radiated through her extremities. Despite her best efforts, she felt herself being slowly consumed by pleasures heretofore unimagined.

‘What does it say about me that the humiliation of being spanked like a wayward schoolgirl would have such an effect upon me?’ she wondered, her cheeks turning bright red as she began rubbing herself against the Captain’s thighs.

She had little time in which to worry about this curious reaction, however, for as soon as the captain was finished, he commanded Alice to her knees once more with a snap of his fingers and a sharp word. Feeling compelled to obey, she knelt at his shiny leather boots, panting,

“Tell me the truth, Petal. Did you enjoy that?” his voice softened just the smallest bit, giving Alice hope.

“I cannot say, Master Foxtrot for I do not honestly know.”

“And yet I can clearly detect the scent of your arousal.”

Alice could only nod, her blush deepening as she focused upon the captain’s leather boots. It did not even enter her head to deny it for she had always prided herself on being an honest girl.

“Come closer, Petal. It would please me greatly if you would sit upon my lap for a moment.”

Unable to deny the request, Alice, or rather Petal, struggled to her feet and did as she was told, settling her bare bottom on the captain’s lap, her hands bound uselessly behind her. Had they not been, she wondered if she would have attempted to escape as Master Foxtrot began to fondle and grope her perky young breasts and her now throbbing bottom.

“I don’t think—” she attempted, but was quickly shushed.

“Then you shouldn’t talk,” she was told as her thighs were parted and her breasts stroked. It did, she had to admit, feel quite nice. Perhaps she wasn’t as eager to escape as she had thought!

She found she couldn’t breath as the Captain slowly ran his calloused finger along the crease of her cunny lips. ‘This is very improper,’ she thought, but then recalled sultry nights where, in the privacy of her room, hidden beneath her duvet and sheets she would close her eyes and conjure up fierce pirates fixed upon ravishing her while touching herself just as intimately. Her own clumsy explorations, however, paled by comparison!

‘Well, then, perhaps I was meant to be an improper girl’. A shiver of pure delight sent shockwaves through her and she felt a fire building within as the very same finger teased her cunny open and slid easily inside. She groaned with sudden longing as her muscles reacted, clutching at the intruder in welcome.

“Such a tight little hole, petal. And deliciously wet.”

Alice blushed, drawing breath in suddenly as the captain began to stroke her cunny from within. She had never imagined such a feeling. Moaning softly, she began to mover her hips back and forth, as if riding on the rocking horse her father had given her as a child.

“So eager,” he said with a leer, brushing Alice’s button with a feather light touch of his thumb while driving her mad with his finger. “Imagine what two fingers might feel like.”

Alice did exactly that, each quickening breath shallower than the one before until she was panting like a dog at the thought until she just had to know.

“I would like to find out, Master Foxtrot,” she cried out softly, her youthful body aflame with carnal passions.

“Where are your manners, petal?”

“Please Master Foxtrot?”

“Please what?”

Alice groaned as the pirate goaded her, toes curling and flexing, her flesh flushed from head to toe.

“Please show me what two fingers inside my cunny might feel like, Master?”

She was quickly rewarded, her tight little hole stretched wide as a second finger joined the first and the occasional brush of his thumb against her pleasure button became a constant.

“Where are your manners, petal?”

“Thank you, Master,” Alice managed, stumbling over the words, her lashes fluttering as her eyes threatened to roll back inside her head. She could feel waves of pleasure, ripping at first, like the surface of the pond on her family’s estate when a strong wind blew building until it became a violent tempest upon the sea that might possibly, she thought, tear her apart.

“No!” she shrieked as the sensation came suddenly to an abrupt end, fingers and thumb withdrawn, leaving her breathless and unfulfilled as she lay sprawled across the captain’s lap. Absently she noted that a strand of drool hung from her wide-open mouth, stretching as it journeyed towards the floor.

‘How embarrassing,’ she admonished herself, although she had neither the strength nor the will, not to mention a handkerchief, to do anything about it.

“Now, where were we? Oh, yes, I was—”

An urgent knocking upon the door drew his attention away from Alice.

“Enter!”

Alice groaned to herself as the white rabbit appeared, wringing his paws in distress, his whiskers quivering nervously.

“Sorry to disturb you, Captain, but a ship’s been sighted.

Alice let out the most pitiful cry of disappointment as she was pushed from the captain’s lap to end up as quivering heap on the floor of the cabin.

“Duty calls, Petal. We will continue where we left off after I see to this. If you wish, of course.” The last comment was offered with a knowing smirk as Captain Foxtrot deftly buckled his sword belt about his waist and left her to herself.

And what a ship it was. While Master Foxtrot strode about the ship calling out orders, Alice made her way slowly over to a portal shaped window and peered out over the uneasy waters in confusion for she could see no other ship on the horizon. And then she spotted it high above, its hull cutting through puffy white clouds. But that wasn't the strangest thing for it was upside down!

"How very unusual," Alice mused, staring upwards. "I wonder how the crew keeps from falling off?"

As it grew larger, a result of it coming closer, she assumed rather than actually growing in size—or The Looking Glass shrinking—she could better see the crew.

"Why, they are chessmen!" she exclaimed, open mouthed with surprise as she watched dozens of black, white, and even red, chess pieces scurry about the upside down ship, presumably to battle stations, for aboard the Looking Glass cannons were being brought to bear upon the flying ship. She well and truly had been captured by ruthless pirates! Had she been able to call out a warning she would have. As it was, all she could do was watch helplessly as Captain Foxtrot and his crew readied themselves with net, pistol, and sword, all the while gnashing their teeth loudly.

A loud boom shook the walls of the cabin and she watched in horror as cannon balls filled the air between the two vessels.

"I cannot bear to watch," she sobbed, fighting back tears at the very thought. Turning from the portal she threw herself to the floor and closed her eyes tightly. Had her hands been free she would have clapped them over her ears as well. Alas, the Captain still held the keys to her cuffs.

How long the battle raged, she could not say. It seemed like she lay trembling upon the floor for hours, trying to ignore the clash of weapons and war-like shouts until, finally, an eerie silence fell.

'The battle must be over. I wonder who is the victor?' she mused, struggling to sit up.

She didn't have long to wait before the door was thrown open. As the smell of gunpowder and smoke began filling the room a strange shape filled the doorway. Alice gasped aloud at the sight of black rook staring down at her.

'He's even taller than Master Foxtrot!' she thought to herself whilst doing her best to inch her way farther back into the cabin, unsure of the

giant chess piece's intentions.

Silently, the rook observed her, giving her a chance to do the same. While it had no legs, it did have feet. And arms ending in hands that resembled fingerless mittens, one of which grasped a large hammer. Alice quickly decided that diplomacy was, perhaps, her best recourse.

"Good day, sir," she said, her words slow and concise. "As you can see, I was taken prisoner. If you wouldn't mind freeing me I would be quite grateful."

The rook made no response so she tried again.

"My name is Alice. I was taken captive by—"

She got no further than that before the door was slammed loudly shut. With a shaky sigh, she fought back her tears. Without the keys to her shackles there was very little she could do and those keys were still with Captain Foxtrot, or so she imagined. Feeling helpless and alone, she fell over on her side on top of the zebra-that-wasn't-a-zebra skin rug, curled up, and began to weep softly.

"What ever shall I do now?"

"If I were you I would have a cup of tea. And, perhaps, a bit of cake."

Alice stopped her tears, and struggled to her knees once more, recognizing the voice of the Cheshire cat. And, sure enough, there he was, floating above the tea pot, or rather, his head and tail were. Where the rest of him might be, she couldn't guess.

"Although I'm not, am I, so perhaps you should ignore my advice."

"Not what," Alice wondered out loud.

"Not you. I really couldn't say what you would do, only what I would do if I were you."

"Oh." Alice thought about that, wondering what, indeed, she would do if she were Alice. Perhaps she would stop crying and heed the cat's advice. "Tea and a biscuit does sound rather good and I am quite thirsty as well as hungry. If only I could free myself from these chains. I don't suppose you know where there's a key, Cheshire?"

"As it so happens," he said with a grin, his body fading into view, a familiar looking key dangling from his sharp claw." I might.

Chapter Two

Other Alice

Alice's eyes lit up with joy as the cat dangled the silver key teasingly before her. Her freedom was within grasp, only, with her hands trapped behind her back, she wasn't exactly sure how she might grasp it.

"I don't suppose you could assist me, Cheshire."

"I could," the cat grinned.

"Thank you ever so much," Alice sighed in relief and waited. And waited. And waited, finally frowning as the cat had done nothing but stare at her, never once even blinking. Finally, her patience wore out.

"Well?" she demanded, doing her best to stamp her foot in ire.

"Pardon?"

"You were going to unlock my shackles!"

"How do you suppose?"

"You said you would! After all, you have the only key!"

"No, you supposed I could. I simply agreed with you. I most definitely could. That's not to say I would. Or I should."

"But—"

Alice was interrupted by a commotion just outside the door.

"If you truly wish to be free," said the cat as he slowly faded, taking the key with him, until only his smile remained, "come find me."

"But where!" Alice shouted so that she could be heard over the cacophony outside.

"Start at the beginning and when you get to the end, there I'll be."

And with that, even his grin was gone.

"This is madness," she said, quite angrily. Had her hands been free she would most certainly have pounded her fist upon the table to vent her ire. As it was, she stamped her heel against the floor and cursed.

"Dash and Bother!" And then "Oh!" For just then the door was thrown open, this time by a burly man dressed in crimson armor. Alice couldn't

help but stared in amazement, for atop his shoulders where one might reasonably expect the head of a man, he had the head of a horse.

She found herself staring into large bloodshot eyes as the creature pulled its lips back to reveal large square teeth.

“Friend or foe!” it, or perhaps he, said, for Alice was unsure how to categorize the red knight.

“Friend, sir knight,” she responded, trembling as she struggled to her knees and then unsteadily to her feet. She blushed furiously, reminded of her immodest state in the knight’s presence.

The knight stamped the butt of his spear against the wooden deck, his eyes narrowing suspiciously.

“You wouldn’t be lying about that, would you?” he, or perhaps it, demanded.

“No, sir. My name is Alice and I am, or rather was, a prisoner. As you can see, I am in chains and I assure you, I am here against my will.”

The knight moved closer, each footstep shaking the floor. Alice managed to tear her gaze from his face for a moment and stare at his feet, or rather its hooves, and then at its spear as it lowered it, pointing it at her chest. Holding her breath, she stood still, unable to quell the tear that welled up and ran down her cheek. Inside, she felt a sob welling up as well.

“Well, you are my prisoner now,” the knight huffed.

Alice sighed in exasperation at being captured once again, thinking that it was quite unfair that no one seemed interested in rescuing her.

“I don’t imagine you could free me?” she asked plaintively.

“And let you escape?” He chuckled loudly, shaking his head.

“I give you my word that I will do no such thing.”

“Well, I suppose.”

Seeing as he (she decided to settle on ‘he’, at least for the time being) looked thoughtful, Alice kept quiet while trying her best to look both trustworthy and harmless.

“Turn around,” he finally told her, tapping her on one shoulder with his spearhead. Obediently, she turned, taking care to move slowly so that she wouldn’t fall. After all, her ankles were still chained together, not to mention she’d been unable to pull her knickers up, making it difficult to remain upright.

“Stand still and take a deep breath.”

She did both, as well as squeezing her eyes closed and blushing furiously as she felt a draft of cool air tease between her thighs unsure of what he planned. After all, the Cheshire Cat still had the key to the cuffs and the only way she could imagine being freed was to break the chains connecting them, which is almost exactly, yet not quite, what happened. Instead, he struck them in two, one at a time, with the point of his spear, parting them neatly. Not quite what she had in mind, but she chose not to complain.

She felt another tap, this time on her exposed bottom, and blushed even harder if that was possible.

“About face, prisoner!” the knight snapped.

Taking a deep breath, she turned once more, but only after hastily pulling her panties back into place so that she could retain a modicum of decorum in the presence of her horse headed captor.

“Please, sir. May I dress properly—and in private—before being paraded before your fellow sailors, not to mention any surviving pirates? I am, after all, a creature of delicate sensibilities.”

She blushed even deeper as the knight’s gaze wandered indecently from the outline of her breasts to her barely covered thighs. Her silk slip, after all, was very little protection should he decide to take advantage of her. She shivered at the very thought, unable to make up her mind if it was a shiver of fear or of carnal hunger or, perhaps, a combination of the two.

“I suppose,” he said reluctantly.

“Oh, thank you,” she exclaimed with a breathy sigh of relief, managing a small curtsy. “Now if you’ll just step outside and give me a minute. I give you my word that I won’t try to escape.”

“Promise?” he asked suspiciously.

“My word, sir!”

“Well, then. Don’t take too long. I’ll be right outside the door.

“Things are beginning to look up,” she said to herself, not entirely convinced as she searched the room. “Now, if I were a pirate captain, where would I stow my wardrobe. Most likely in a trunk. And where would I keep that trunk? Why . . . I am certain I would keep it at the foot of my bed. And where would my bed be? Why . . . on the other side of that door!”

‘That door’ being an oak slab opposite the one the knight guarded and decorated with a single brass knob that could only be to his sleeping quarters. Or so she hoped. There was only one way to know for sure and so she approached the door and placed her hand upon the knob, intending to find out for herself.

“Who goes there?!”

Startled, Alice withdrew her hand and quickly looked around, baffled, as she was alone.

“I’m sorry?” she said, looking perplexed.

“You don’t sound too sure of that.”

“I’m not too sure of anything today,” she admitted, blinking as she realized the voice was coming from the door in front of her. More specifically, from the brass knob. “I didn’t know doorknobs could talk, for example.”

“Did you ever think to inquire?”

“Well, no,” she admitted.

“There you are. Never thought to bother, did you? Just go around all day grabbing and turning, never once asking permission first. Rude, if you ask me. No manners at all.”

“I am terribly sorry. I promise to be more thoughtful in the future. I’d very much like to open the door.”

“Password!”

“Excuse me?”

“No one’s allowed in without the password.”

“Oh. But I don’t know the password!”

“Thought as much.”

Alice sat down on one of the chairs, her chin in her hands, and knitted her brow, hoping that would help her think. She wasn’t sure how long the knight would allow her, but she was certain that if she took too long he’d come to check on her before she had a chance to change into something less improper than her undergarments.

“I could give you a hint,” the knob said, apparently taking pity on the obviously distressed young woman.

“Would you?” Alice sat up straighter, brightening. “That would be very kind of you. Very kind indeed.”

“Well, I’m not a scoundrel, after all. Fact is before I was purloined by pirates I had a respectable job working for a jeweler.”

“That sounds very respectable, indeed,” Alice agreed. “You must have been very trustworthy.”

“I was,” the knob said, his voice full of pride and more than a hint of sadness. “Now, however, I am resigned to guarding the quarters of the very man who sullied my reputation when he not only stole the fine jewelry I was guarding but me as well!”

“That sounds very unfair,” Alice said with feeling before falling into a long silence and resigned herself to going out upon the deck of the Looking Glass in her current state of undress.

“I suppose I could give you a hint,” the knob said, breaking the silence.

“A hint?” Alice felt a sudden stab of hope

“A riddle, perhaps. Are you good with riddles?”

“I don’t know,” she admitted. “I’m rather clever. At least I like to believe I am. Just in case I’m not nearly as clever as I think I am, perhaps you could make it an easy riddle?”

“I could do that. Yes, I believe I could. Let me consider it for a moment.”

Again, Alice sat in silence, but this time, it was infused with hope, until finally, it announced that it has come up with the perfect riddle, not too hard, in case she wasn’t as clever as she thought, but not too easy so as to make it a true challenge.

“What turns everything around but does not move?”

“Oh, dear,” was Alice’s reply once she heard the riddle. Perhaps she wasn’t as clever as she thought. Still, the Doorknob had thought this an easy clue, so perhaps, if she thought about it for a moment, the answer would come to her.

“What turns everything around but does not move?” she repeated softly, trying to reason out the answer. The earth? No. That would be backward. The earth turns while everything upon it sits still. What else could it be? Something that doesn’t move. And yet, there are so many things that do move!”

She looked around the small cabin, hoping for some inspiration, but nothing seemed to be coming to her. “Dash and bother,” she cursed quietly,

her cheeks turning pink with embarrassment. Why couldn't it be something easy, like the captain's name? Or the name of his . . .

"Oh! His ship! The Looking Glass! When you gaze in a mirror, your reflection is in reverse. That's it, isn't it! A mirror!"

"Clever girl," the knob announced as it turned clockwise, allowing her access to Captain Foxtrot's private quarters.

"I am in your debt," Alice told it, remembering her manners and performing a quick curtsy in gratitude as she pushed open the door and slipped inside, closing and locking it behind her. Then, with a sigh of relief, she leaned her back against the door and closed her eyes. For the moment, she was safe from scoundrels of both crews.

"Perhaps I will find a way to escape this predicament," she said allowed, her voice hushed so that the knight could not overhear her as she looked around the room, eyes wide at the collection of stolen items about the small room.

Gold and silver winked at her from every surface. Jewels as well. Everything from elaborate candlesticks to religious idols decorated the room.

"A very prolific pirate," Alice mused as she searched for a trunk that might hold something suitable for her to wear, pausing for a moment in front of a full-length mirror propped up near the bed.

"I look a mess," she frowned at her reflected image. Her hair was tangled and her bottom pink from the spanking. Her wrists and ankle and even her throat were adorned with steel bands from which chains dangled. Even her once pristine panties were sullied by a damp patch that was impossible to ignore and reminded her of the spanking the captain had administered. Strangely, the memory excited her nipples into stiffness. She thought the sight of them poking through her thin white shift was somewhat erotic. With a trembling hand, she slid her fingers over the front of her silk drawers licking her lips at the sultry image presented.

"I look like a French postcard." While she'd never actually seen a French postcard, she'd certainly heard about them. Indecent! Her sister had once said when a cousin mentioned them after returning from a trip abroad to Paris. Scandalous! Her mother agreed, shaking her head. Her father, however, had just coughed and went back to reading his paper, his face hidden behind the headlines, a tactic he often used when not wishing to join

in the conversation. Alice had wondered at the time of his opinion on the matter. She had, after all, thought them to sound quite exciting and had retired early to her room that evening to pose in front of her mirror as she imagined a French girl would if she were having a picture taken for a racy postcard.

“More like a French whore.”

She gasped in surprise, her hand flying from her panties to her mouth as she spun around, looking for the owner of the voice.

“Who is there?”

“Silly girl. It’s just me. Or rather, it’s you.”

She spun again, facing the mirror, sure that someone was hiding behind it. She let out a soft gasp of surprise at what she saw, for her reflection didn’t look at all surprised but rather . . . pleased.

“I must be dreaming!” she said, reaching out to press her hand against the reflective glass.

“Must you?” she, or rather, her reflection, replied, its hand pressed palm to palm with hers.

“I cannot say for sure. This has been a very curious day, after all.”

She stepped back, expecting the ‘Alice’ in the mirror to do that same. Instead, it stepped forward and out of the mirror and performed a small curtsy.

“Don’t be afraid, dear Alice,” she told herself, or rather, her reflection told her as it reached out to cup her chin and tilting it slightly until it was at the perfect angle for a kiss.

And what a kiss it was. Alice had been kissed before. Chaste kisses by suitors that left her wanting and a little disappointed. This kiss, however, was not the tentative peck on the lips she’d experienced before. The other Alice’s lips were soft and warm against hers, pressing into hers. She felt heat building deep within her and moaned softly, her mouth opening in an invitation to the soft wet tongue of her mirror image.

‘This is very improper,’ she thought, willing herself to push the other Alice gently away. ‘A lady should never kiss another lady, especially if that lady is herself. It’s improper and indecent.’

“And yet, you want to kiss me again,” Alice said, laughing at the look of surprise on her face. “I know exactly what you’re thinking. I am, after all,

you. I know what you want, too. And what makes you feel good. Push all those silly thoughts of impropriety and indecency from your head.”

When she’d finished speaking, she slowly pulled her slip up over her head and Alice followed suit as if she was the reflection now and the other Alice was in control.

The other Alice smiled, stepping closer which, in turn, forced Alice to step closer as well, so that their small breasts were almost, but not quite, pressing against each other.

“This is all very confusing,” Alice murmured into Alice’s mouth as they resumed their kiss. She felt soft hands upon her breasts and, at the same time, felt soft supple flesh beneath her fingers. She whimpered softly into mirror Alice’s kiss as her already stiff nipples stiffened more as they were teased and gently tugged.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?”

“Yes,” she breathed, panting softly as a hand slide down her flank to settle on her hip as they kissed passionately, her own fingers finding a will of their own to slide through waves of silky golden hair. She brushed a few strands behind the other Alice’s ear gently, while the other Alice traced her hip bone slowly until she trembled with a desire bordering on lust.

“It feels nice, doesn’t it, Alice.” It was not a question.

“Yes,” she breathed, her own hand taking the route her reflection had, sliding past ribs and settling on her slim hip, her fingers trailing over soft warm flesh just above the line of her silky undergarments. This time she took the lead, slipping her hand down until she was cupping her mirror image, her fingers stroking gently as her thumb pressed against the material, seeking out the nub of pleasure that she was so familiar with from all her late-night explorations under the covers. Unsurprisingly both pair of knickers were growing damp, so damp that they might even be described as soaking wet.

“Have you ever tasted yourself?”

“Once,” she whispered, her cheeks pinkening at the memory. Curious, she had dared herself to lick her fingers, still under the spell of enrapturing while touching herself. It had made her feel dirtier than she ever had before or since.

“Did you like the taste?”

“Oh, yes,” She panted as other Alice slid her hand inside of her panties, doing exactly what Alice was doing to her, only without the barrier of the silky material, her fingers slipping tenderly between her cunny lips until she could feel her knuckles pressing against her mound of Venus.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, her mouth forming an oval of surprise and pleasure, several strands of saliva still connecting her tongue to her reflection’s.

She stayed that way, unable and unwilling to do more than continue to stroke the other Alice, pausing a moment to push her gusset to one side so that she could feel her cunny against her fingertips.

“No. Please don’t.” A few heartbeats ago that might have been her response to felling her cunny invaded by her look-alike’s fingers. Now, it was in response to it being abandoned.

“Patience, Alice. Now, keep your pretty little mouth open for me . . .”

Patience is its own reward, she’d once been told. The feel of fingers pushing past her parted lips and the sweet coppery taste of her own cunny juices was a much better prize, she decided as she closed her mouth and sucked, her tongue exploring the delightful taste of her own arousal for the second time in her short life.

“I taste just like that. Just like you,” other Alice murmured into her ear, kissing it softly, her tongue traveling down her neck playfully whilst she continued to pleasure her small breasts and swollen nipples with the fingers on her other hand. “Mmhm,” was all Alice could manage, her own two fingers pushing apart swollen lips and sliding into the other Alice’s very slick and extremely tight hole. She was rewarded with a moan of pure pleasure that sounded exactly like her own.

“Fuck me, Alice.”

‘My reflection speaks like a sailor,’ she mused to herself. ‘Or, dare I say it, like a French whore. I should be mortified and yet, I find it appealing in a strange way. Curious.’

“Fuck me!”

Her shackled wrist was suddenly wrapped in fingers so that it was held in place as her reflection began to thrust her hips with wild abandon, forcing her fingers deeper into her quite wet cunny while she covered her mouth with her own and kissed her almost violently, her moans vibrating against her tongue.

How long this went on for, Alice wasn't sure, for she'd lost all track of time, awash in pleasure as she was. It felt like an eternity and yet, strangely like a blink of the eye.

"I need to feel your mouth."

Alice wasn't quite sure what that meant at first but learned quickly as the Alice from the mirror took control, pushing her roughly to her knees and tangling both hands in her golden locks.

"Lick me. Make me cum with your sweet little mouth," she moaned, forcing Alice's face against her cunny. Alice gasped their gazes meeting. "Use your tongue, Alice. Lick me. Use it just like you use your fingers when you play with yourself. Don't stop until you've made me come."

"I can do that," she thought, and so she did, noting that her reflections juices did taste exactly the same as hers—a blend of sweet coppery musk that was not at all unpleasant to the senses. She started tentatively, gaining confidence as her administrations drew whimpers and moans and comments that would have once turned her cheeks bright red as she wrapped her arms around her reflections slim thighs, holding on tightly while she used her mouth on her hot cunny.

"Good girl. Fuck me with your dirty tongue. Don't stop until I come. I want my pussy juices dripping all over your face. Oooh, yes, just like that, just like you're a naughty little . . ."

Alice never got the chance to find out if she was a naughty little French whore or a naughty little cunny licker or just a naughty little girl—although she bristled a little at that possibility, for she had just celebrated her seventeenth birthday, after all!—for at that very moment, other Alice let out a gasping cry and forced her head against her mound while trembling violently.

"Fuck!" she cried out as she released a torrent of juices into Alice's mouth and against her nose and cheeks.

"Mmph!" Alice exclaimed against her cunny, both surprised and shocked by the sudden flood, most of which dripped down her chin and onto her chest, coating her perky little nipples and breasts.

"Good girl."

Alice beamed shyly as she felt the other Alice patting her head tenderly before sliding down to her own knees so that they were face to face once more. She leaned in, mouths once more pressing together, lips parting, the

other Alice tasting herself on Alice's tongue while she reached between her thighs and stroked her needy cunny—her pussy, Alice amended, feeling deliciously naughty at the use of the word—whilst Alice reached behind her to fondle and grope her bottom with both hands, pulling herself closer until you couldn't have fit a razor between them.

Chapter Three

The Knight and The Knob

Alice disappeared, or rather her reflection did, the moment the door flew open.

“I had to make sure you’re not getting into trouble,” the knight announced, eyeing her suspiciously.

Just then Alice recalled the words of the Cheshire Cat. ‘Something about tea and cakes,’ she thought, wondering if it was helpful advice or simply madness as so much seemed to be since she’d left the comfort of the stream bank to pursue the tiny sailing ship. Just then she realized that the other Alice had left her in a rather awkward and disheveled state.

While ‘I cannot, in good conscious, pretend to be very ladylike anymore,’ was what she might have said, her actual words were much different.

“I am not entirely sure that what I am getting into,” she murmured, blushing as he surveyed her condition, his nostrils flaring as the scent of her, or perhaps the other Alice’s, cunny juices reached him. As for her own gaze, it settled upon the unmistakable signs of arousal in his codpiece.

(It should be pointed out that Alice’s knowledge of the male anatomy was mostly theoretical. In truth, while she was aware of the difference between the male and female of the species, it had mostly been gained from anatomy books and lately, in lurid romance novels. In other words, while she was aware of penises and how they worked, she had never actually seen, let alone touched, one. In other words, she was a virgin.)

“I am afraid I have yet to find something suitable to wear,” she told him apologetically. “If you would be kind enough to give me a few moments more, I promise I’ll—”

Alice stopped suddenly, her small hands flying to cover her mouth, her eyes widening as the triangular crimson cloth that covered his manhood gave way. Apparently the strain was much too much for it. She stared at it in fascination and horror. Fascination because it was the first time she’d actually seen a gentleman’s genitalia. Horror because, despite the many

times she'd read about pirates ravishing innocent young ladies, none of them had prepared her for its size.

As for the knight, his eyes rolled wildly as he fought the urge to defile and possible deflower the wanton young woman. Breathing hard, he gnashed his teeth together several times while repeating his oath (for all knight's take an oath to be morally upstanding which most certainly includes not ravishing half naked blonde girls no matter how they smelled) frantically under his breath.

As for Alice, she was just naïve enough to not recognize the danger she was in. Had she, she might have covered herself up or possibly hid beneath the bed. Instead, she chose that exact moment to swoon, forcing the knight to act in a chivalrous manner and catch her before she struck the floor. Lifting her, he placed Alice carefully on the bed, her blonde hair spread beneath her and her legs similarly spread which proved to be his undoing.

"She'll never know," he murmured, standing over her, all too aware of the curves of her breasts beneath her shift, and the scent of her sex. He closed his eyes and pictured what must lie beneath her sodden silk panties—a triangle of gold and below that, the promised land. Paradise if you will. With that, his resolve evaporated and he climbed on top of her, intending to prick her with his spear of flesh.

Alice, however, did know. She just chose to pretend otherwise. 'If I pretend to be asleep, I can feign ignorance' she told herself. 'No one will be the wiser and yet, I will have be able to live out my fantasy of being ravished. Dash and bother, for I was hoping that it would be by pirates, but beggars can't be choosers, I suppose.' She opened her eyes, just enough to peek through her lashes up at the horse headed man as he fumbled with her drawers, and winced as he ripped them in two, exposing her most private parts to his lust filled gaze.

Alice felt a thrill of lust shiver through her. She had dreamed of being looked at like that. Oh, sure, the young men she know had often looked at her admiringly, but always politely. If they had wanted to tear her clothes from her and have their way with her, they hid it well. The knight, however, made no secret of his intent. Once he'd discarded her ruined panties, he did the same with her slip, leaving her completely naked and exposed. She did her best not to moan with impatience as he paused above her, devouring her with his eyes, his lips curled back in hungry grin. Hoping he wouldn't

notice, she turned her gaze downward, swallowing nervously at the sight of his penis.

‘His cock,’ she told herself. ‘Alice in the mirror wouldn’t have called it a penis. She’d have called it a cock. And he means to put it into my pussy, no my cunny.’ She rather liked pretending to be Mirror Alice, she decided. It was much more fun than being well-mannered and proper, neither of which she would be after letting the red knight ravish her.

‘Oh, I do hope it doesn’t hurt too much,’ Her sister, Rebecca, had told her, more than once, that it was something to be endured rather than enjoyed, but Alice had chosen not to believe her. Of course, that was before she’d actually seen a man’s cock! It was much bigger than the handle of her hairbrush which fit so snugly inside of her. Holding her breath, she braced herself for what was to come. In the stories she’d read, the ladies always enjoyed being rogered (another word she decided the other Alice would have used) despite their protestations.

‘In for a penny, in for a pound,’ she told herself and squeezed her lids shut, so that she wouldn’t have to watch as he took himself in hand and positioned himself between her legs and thrust.

The books had lied. It didn’t feel good. It felt the exact opposite of good. In fact, it hurt more than she’d imagined! Still, she managed to keep her eyes closed and did her best not to cry out. Perhaps it would get better. She recalled her reflections fingers. They hadn’t hurt. Quite the contrary. They had felt wonderful.

The knight seemed unconcerned. She felt his weight upon her, trapping her against the bed as he forced himself deeper into her most intimate of places. ‘My pussy,’ she corrected herself, and then added with a small amount of surprise and even a little wonder. ‘Oh! He’s fucking me! I am being fucked! Finally!’ and then, with less enthusiasm. ‘It’s rather disappointing. In fact, I am not enjoying it at all!’

And then, a very curious thing happened. The longer the knight lay atop her, grunting and thrusting, the less uncomfortable it was. This gave Alice an idea. ‘I am sure he’ll not notice if I reach down and play with my button,’ she decided, and did just that. Much to her delight, she started to enjoy herself. ‘Perhaps if I play with my nipples too . . . Oh! Much better!’

Now that she’d taken matters into her own hands she began to actually enjoy her inaugural ravishment, despite it not being carried about by pirates.

It soon became impossible to pretend she was unconscious, not that the knight seemed to notice her soft moans as she pleased herself whilst he was pounding away at her pussy with exuberance if not expertise. Eventually he let out a horse-like neigh and Alice felt him stiffen on top of her, as well as inside of her as he, presumably, flooded her pussy with his seed. At least that's how the stories always described it.

Unfortunately for Alice, once again, she remained unsatisfied. First the Captain had left her on the brink, and then her reflection, and now the knight! It was decidedly unfair, not to mention frustrating! She did her best to finish what the horse-headed knight had started. He, however, had collapsed on top of her making it impossible for her to continue touching herself. Worse, still, he began to snore loudly.

"Dash and bother!" she cursed and then, deciding language much stronger was needed, added a curse she'd heard from a sailor once, one that she'd never dared utter out loud.

"Bloody Hell!"

Alice was both delighted by her daring to utter such foul words and ashamed that she had done so. Blushing furiously, she was thankful that the knight had indeed passed out atop of her and presumably not heard her curse.

'I shall not make a habit of cursing,' she decided. 'I do not have the proper disposition, I am afraid. Now if only I can make my escape before he wakes.'

Eventually, she was able to wiggle her way out from under the snoring knight. Once again, she regarded herself in the mirror, half hoping that her reflection would join her once more, but sadly, all she saw was herself, completely naked except for the steel cuffs and collar that she still wore.

"There's nothing to be done about it, I suppose," she said out loud. "I doubt very much that I won't be noticed if I leave, and yet, I most certainly will if I stay, once the knight wakes up."

Moving across the small cabin, she reached for the brass doorknob when inspiration struck her. "It's the perfect height" she thought, running her tongue along her upper lip thoughtfully. "It would be so naughty, but I am afraid that if I'm don't . . . come soon, I shall be driven mad!"

Behind her the knight's snores were getting louder. It was unlikely that he would soon wake and so it was settled. She stepped closer and pressed

her palms to the door so that her wet cunny was pressing into the knob and started to rub.

“Oh!” she murmured, for it felt amazing to have the cool metal pressing into her tender lips and her swollen button. “Oh. Oh Oh.”

“I beg your pardon,” came a muffled voice.

So many things had happened since she’d taken refuge inside the captain’s quarters that she’d quite forgotten how she’d gained entry (not to mention that her need for an orgasm was so great that it seemed to be clouding her thinking) so it came as a bit of a surprise when the knob voiced it’s surprise at being employed in such a manner.

“I am terribly sorry, but I can’t seem to help myself,” Alice managed, panting as she continued to rub against the knob. It should be pointed out that in order to properly converse, even a door knob must have a mouth and a tongue, something Alice had failed to consider.

“And yet you are doing just that.”

She moaned in delight at the vibrations cause by the doorknobs voice and continued her assault, letting out a startled, and quite pleased, gasp as she pushed hard enough that it pushed past her petals until it was fully lodged inside of her.

“Oh, dear,” she moaned, torn between wishing to continue and the worry that to do so without permission would be quite rude. Eventually, manners won over need, and she stepped back until the knob, now glistening and dripping with her feminine arousal was freed.

“Well, I never!” the knob sputtered, unable to whip her cunny juices from its mouth.

“Never? Not even once?” Alice asked, her voice trembling with shame. “Neither have I, you know. Not until today. Never been spanked, never been with another girl, never even seen a penis let alone had one inside of me. And yet, with all of that, I have been left wanting. It’s been terribly cruel.”

She suddenly burst into tears as if to prove her point, crying copiously until the door knob too pity upon her.

“There, there,” it told her, its voice softening in an almost fatherly way. “I didn’t mean to upset you.”

“But it is I who should be apologizing,” she sniffled, wiping her eyes with her bare knuckles, the soft clink of her chains a reminder of her unsure

status. While she had been rescued from the pirates it seemed to her that her captivity had been passed onto the chessmen.

“Tut, tut,” the doorknob tutted. “Consider it a lesson. Next time it would do you well to ask first.”

“A lesson I shall never forget,” Alice said with as much sincerity as she could muster.

“Now then, let’s try this again. Properly.”

“Excuse me?”

“Ask permission, my dear.”

“Oh!” She responded, somewhat confused and befuddled for a moment. Then, working up her courage, she formed her request in her head, arranging and rearranging it several times before voicing it as politely as she could.

“Please sir, may I trouble you to allow me to rub myself against you for a time?”

“Much better,” the knob replied, pride at his erstwhile student’s manner at his prompting.

“You may, but only if you promise to give me a proper polishing after so that I am as bright and shiny as before.”

“Oh, thank you ever so much!”

“My pleasure. And now, if you would like, we can work on your pleasure as well.”

Shyly, Alice resumed her position, quite gratified when the knob responded with its tongue, licking her slowly into a state of ecstasy until it was all she could do to stay upright as she rubbed and panted and moaned.

“I am in such a state,” she gasped.

“I was once in the employ of a great lady whose desires were nearly as insatiable as yours,” it informed her with pride. “I served her for many years without complaint upon her part.”

“Oh!” she gasped, unable to form a more coherent reply as she felt it suddenly filling her once more, its tongue sliding and stroking inside of her now until she felt that she might burst from the inside out with passion.

“Oh yes! Yes! Yes!” she cried out as she was consumed with an orgasm more powerful than she’d ever imagined, let alone experienced. Best of all, the doorknob continued to employ its tongue both within and without until

she achieved a second orgasm and then a third. Had she the strength, she would have begged for a fourth.

‘That would be greedy,’ she told herself. ‘Besides, I can barely stand, so overwhelmed am I!’

And it was true. She felt her knees wobble and then give out. She found herself sprawled on the floor, her legs spread in an unlady-like manner and her breasts heaving as she fought for breath, her thighs wet. Beneath her a small pool was forming.

“Thank you very much,” she managed, remembering her manners before the doorknob had to remind her. “Your skills are without compare. I am in your debt.”

“Oh, posh,” the knob replied, beaming proudly at her praise. “A job worth doing is worth doing well. Something else to remember.”

Just then, there came a commotion upon the other side of the door and the knob grew serious in voice. “As such, I must go back to my duty. Forgive me.”

A moment later, Alice heard its stern voice upon the other side of the door.

“Password!”

“Oh, dear, what now?” Alice wondered aloud with a sigh.

Chapter Four

Taken By The Chessmen

Alice considered hiding, only a few important details stopped her, the first of which being the lack of proper hiding places in the small cabin, the second of which being that the commotion on the other side of the door had woken the knight, and the third being that the door was suddenly forced open and she found herself standing before several of the chessman, all of which were entirely focused upon her.

“Drop your weapons!” they ordered in unison, despite the fact that Alice was clearly unarmed.

“But—”

“Careful. She may be dangerous!” warned a bishop dressed completely in white and carrying a shepherd’s crook.

“Nonsense!” Alice declared. “As you can see—”

“Friend or foe!” shouted a black rook looking suspiciously like the one who’d thrown open the door earlier and then left without saying a word.

“Why friend, I suppose, since I’m clearly not—”

“Name, rank, and birthdate!” demanded several pawns carrying wooden clubs and who looked exactly like the pawns on her father’s chessboard, if those pieces had small round holes for mouths.

“My name is—”

“Doesn’t matter!” This from a red bishop who carried a large cross rather than a crook.

By this time Alice was feeling rather overwhelmed and somewhat faint, enough so that when one of the pawns began to poke at her with his club, a dizzy spell came over her.

“This is all too much,” were the last words she uttered before she swooned and everything went entirely dark, so she was pleasantly unaware of being roughly (and quite improperly) handled as she was taken from the cabin. When she came to, she discovered that she’d been picked up and thrown over the bishop’s shoulder, her bare bottom (as well as other bits that she would have preferred not to be bared) perfectly presented to

anybody and everybody, much to her consternation. To make matters worse, as if they could be worse, she seemed to be in a constant state of arousal lately and it was quite perturbing at the moment.

‘I wonder when this will end,’ she thought to herself. ‘Or if I will eventually be driven completely mad!’

“Take the prisoner to The Winged Pig!” Declared one of the knights, this one wearing pristine white armor.

“Take her to the brig for questioning!” Cried another knight, this one in polished black armor.

“But first, let us take her,” crowed the bishop over whose shoulder she had been slung.

“Hurrah!” Came the rousing reply in response, drowning out Alice’s less rousing cry of dismay.

“Oh, dear,” she exclaimed softly as the chessmen rushed towards the wheel that steered the ship, Alice bouncing along over the bishop’s shoulder in an undignified manner until they reached the helm.

“Secure her and prepare for boarding!”

Before she could utter a single word of protest she was pulled from the bishop’s grasp and roughly pushed towards the heavy wooden wheel.

“Perhaps we could discuss this first!” Alice cried out anxiously as they used the broken chains hanging from her wrist cuffs to secure her to the wheel so that she was bent over and forced to grasp the spokes with her bottom very much exposed.

‘I should be quite alarmed,’ Alice thought to herself as she felt her legs being spread apart and the chains attached to her ankles secured to the deck, leaving her quite immodestly posed. ‘And yet, I cannot explain why I am, instead, full of eager anticipation, or at least my cunny seems to be! Perhaps it knows something I don’t know. How very curious.’

Indeed, her cunny seemed keen and perhaps even impatient with the events that were unfolding and soon her lips were glistening with forbidden nectar and her thighs were slick with her aromatic juices.

Meanwhile, the chessmen were busy playing a game of roshambo to see who would be the first to enjoy the fruits of their labors or, more specially, fruits of Alice’s loins. When they were done they lined up in an orderly fashion behind Alice’s derriere (which still held a hint of pinkness from her

earlier spanking), the black knight at the head of the line and the red bishop at the rear.

‘Although they are all, at my rear,’ Alice mused as she struggled to free herself (as she assumed a young maiden in her position was expected to do), not that she had any intention of actually escaping. It seemed that an inner debate had been settled while her captors played out their game and that, although she was rather concerned about her situation, she was, perhaps, eager as well to be well and fully rogered by the chess pieces.

‘Certainly, I cannot know if I am either dismayed or delighted otherwise,’ she decided as she felt the knight grasp her hips roughly and place his cockhead at her entrance before pushing slowly into her.

‘At least his aim is true,’ she thought, gasping as he plowed ahead, furrowing her enthusiastic cunny with his fleshy spear until she was quite full, and gripping him tightly whilst the others cheered and began to offer encouragement.

‘This is not so bad. In fact . . .’

Had he simply held still for a brief moment, she might have finished her thought, but it was lost in a haze of pleasure as he began to thrust in and out of her, slowly at first, and then, with an increasing pace, and her thoughts became much less articulate.

“Oh! Oh my. Oh my, oh my. Oh yes,” Alice moaned, spurring the knight on to even greater enthusiasm which led Alice to an astonishing revelation which was, quite simply, that being secured to the helm and fucked (yes, she actually used the word ‘fucked’ for that was what was being done to her) was not at all unpleasant. In fact, it was quite the opposite. And the idea that this was the first of many times she would be used in a similar fashion delighted her beyond description and, with that realization, she was filled with a sensation that began deep within her core, quickly filled her cunny (or her pussy, as she’d begun to think of it) and spread throughout her limbs until she was overcome by a feeling of pleasure that, while she had experienced before, never once had she experienced it to the extent that she was experiencing it now.

“Oh my god!” she cried out as what could only be described as an eruption filled her from head to toe, leaving her shaking and gasping for breath as the black knight continued to thrust mercilessly into her. Soon, she felt it building once more. She wondered if she might survive another

climax as that but, thankfully, the knight chose that moment to experience his own. She felt him shudder as his manhood expanded, pushing her quivering inner walls apart as he filled her with his seed, leaving her poised on the brink of another earth-shattering climax as he grew limp inside of her dripping wet pussy.

“Dash and bloody hell,” she moaned, denied and frustrated and relieved all at once for she was not sure she would have survived had he continued. ‘And yet, he was but the first of . . .’ she turned her head as best as she could, glancing back at the line of chessmen who awaited their turn.

“Nine!” she exclaimed with dismay! “I am not sure I can survive nine! Have mercy!”

Her captors, however, seemed much more interested in Alice’s exposed cunny, however, than in mercy. As the black knight withdrew, and then withdrew, a black rook took his place and soon, she was, again, being thoroughly fucked, his pelvis bouncing against her bottom with more enthusiasm than skill and yet, it was enough to drive her into another pleasurable frenzy before he too filled her, until very recently, inexperienced pussy with his seed.

Third in line was a white bishop who took her by surprise by kneeling down between her spread thighs and lapping at her. At first, she thought it quite strange, but as he began to concentrate on her swollen fleshy nub, much as she often did with her fingers, she began not to care. Soon, he had her writhing against her bonds, doing her best to push herself against him, her entire being aflame with lustful need as he brought her to the brink of ultimate pleasure time and time again, only to leave her wanting, eventually stopping just as she was sure he would deliver her from unbearable anguish.

“Next!” he called out, chuckling as he gave her bottom a painful swat which nearly, but not quite, drove Alice over the edge.

“Please, don’t leave me like this!” she cried out in desperation.

“Don’t worry. I am sure it won’t last long,” he replied as he rose to his feet and stepped aside, allowing the red knight behind him to take his place. Rather than abandon her altogether however, he grasped ahold of her golden hair and turned her face so that she was facing him, or rather, his still very swollen cock.

“A treat for you, my child,” he quipped, pushing his swollen purple head against her lips until they parted for him, even as she was filled from behind

with a second cock. "Suck."

She did her best to do just that, to suck, despite her inexperience, while he called her names, all of them degrading and exceedingly filthy. Her cheeks burned red, and yet, she didn't once protest (although, in fairness, it would have been difficult with her mouth engaged as it was).

And yes, she did climax almost immediately, and then again, and then a third time as her pussy was filled to overflowing and, a moment later, so was her mouth. Most of it spilled out of her mouth and down her chin as the bishop slid his cock from between her lips, while some of it slid down her throat or simply coated her tongue and the inside of her mouth.

"Such a pretty little whore," the bishop smiled, pinching her cheek and winking.

"I am not a whore, sir!" she retorted weakly, her face burning with humiliation.

"True. A whore gets paid, after all," he chuckled.

Any reply she might have managed was lost when another plump prick was pushed between her swollen lips and, once again, she was fucked from behind. After that, she'd lost count of how many times she was used and how many times she had climaxed (the latter being greater than the former). At some point, she'd become exhausted and her orgasms became an equal measure of pleasure and pain. Finally, however, it was nearly over and the red bishop stood behind her, his fingers digging into the bruised flesh of her hips, his cockhead pushing up against . . .

"Oh, dear! Not there!" Alice exclaimed, but with little enthusiasm as she felt him pressing into the puckered rose of her bottom. "Please, sir, your aim is off!"

She was met with laughter and jeers at that and the face of the bishop whose prick she had sucked earlier came into view as he knelt beside her and started pinching and tugging on her nipples.

"Relax, my dear. I promise you that, despite your misgivings, you will enjoy this."

"And I promise you, I will do no such thing," Alice responded, stubbornly.

"We shall see."

She trembled with trepidation as she felt her bottom being stretched and then breached.

“You are a very cruel man. Perhaps the cruelest man I have yet encountered,” she declared softly, her words interspersed with sharp moans of pleasure as he continued to play with her sensitive and impossibly stiff nipples.

“You make me blush,” he returned, his grin matching that of the Cheshire cat’s, his teeth just as sharp. For a moment, Alice wondered if, perhaps, they were one and the same, but of course, that was impossible. Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted, much to his amusement, when she felt her bottom being filled.

“Oh!” she cried, wide-eyed, much to the amusement of the bishop. “Oh, oh, oh! Oh my!”

She would never admit to him, no matter what he might say or do to her, that she enjoyed the sensation even a smidgeon. She was a lady, after all, and not a ‘pretty little whore’ as he had suggested and ladies simply did not enjoy taking a prick up their bum nor did they enjoy having their nipples cajoled and teased and fondled and . . .

“Ooooh,” she said, sucking in her breath as the red bishop behind and the white one to her side began to work her into a state of pleasure that bordered on religious ecstasy. Surely, this was not only improper but possibly heretical, yet, she could do little to nothing to stave off their attentions. Nor did she wish to!

“Oh God!” she cried out with fervor as the bishop sank his stave deeper into her bowels. “You’re hurting me!”

“But you like it, don’t you, my pretty little whore,” the white bishop whispered, his voice teasing. “Come now, you can confess to me.”

“It is unnatural!” she protested with a whimper as she was thrust into once more.

“Perhaps you are an unnatural young lady.”

He leaned forward and kissed her upon the mouth, his mouth warm and wet, his tongue serpentine as it slithered into her mouth, silencing her as her compatriot continued to abuse her bottom. Soon she was awash in pleasure and began to push back to meet each and every thrust, her young flesh shivering with delight.

‘Perhaps I am an unnatural young lady, for if he threatened to stop, I believe I would beg him to reconsider. Perhaps I am not who I thought I was, or at least not who I was yesterday,’ she admitted to herself, after

which, she was able to think no more for yet another eruption of fiery hot pleasure consumed her. For how long, she could not say, nor what happened immediately after, for she found the world around her dimming and darkness overtaking her.

“I believe I am going to swoon,” she managed to mumble, making good on her promise almost immediately.

When she awoke, Alice found herself secured in a small cell, her chains replaced with much sturdier iron links so that her hands were secured behind her back and her ankles were shackled in such a manner that she could barely stand, let alone walk. As for her collar, a similar chain had been attached, the other end secured to a ring secured to the wooden wall.

“Dash and bother,” she muttered upon awakening and realizing that her predicament had, once more, worsened. “I shall be glad to be done with this part of the adventure and start a new one. One that doesn’t involve pirates, or sailing ships, or chessmen. Or cheeky Cheshire cats for that matter!”

Alice shivered, for the air in the ship’s hold was chilly and no one had thought to bother to leave her even the most basic of attire. ‘Were I a queen, I would give my entire kingdom for proper undergarments and a simple frock!’ she thought to herself, while staring out a small portal directly across from her jail cell. Beyond the oval pane, she observed a lush landscape of giant trees and exotic flowers. She even caught sight of a butterfly the size of a small horse fluttering about.

“I must have passed out,” she mused. “From the looks of things, I’m far, far away from the gentle meadows and quiet woods where this all began. I am beginning to wonder if I shall ever find my way home!”

And with that, she sighed softly and wondered what was in store for her next.

Chapter Five

Capitan Honeyglass

Alice didn't have long to ponder her fate. Before she'd even finished her sigh, she heard a rattle of keys and the thump of boots.

"Well, at least I shall have company," she told herself out loud. "Perhaps it's the captain and he wishes to explain that this has all been a misunderstanding and that I am free to go after, of course, he gifts me with a lovely new frock and undergarments and invites me to supper. I suppose, this being a ship, that it he'll serve salmon braised in a garlic and pepper sauce. I do hope so. It has been ages since I've—"

Had she a hand to do so, she would have clapped it over her mouth in consternation. As it was, she promptly silenced herself, for it was not the captain who stood before her small cell holding a ring of keys. It was, instead, the white bishop. He stood just outside, displaying his sharp teeth in a cruel smile as he surveyed his prisoner. For her part, Alice shuffled back as far as she could and willed herself not to tremble.

"Alice, I believe," the bishop addressed her.

"Your lordship," Alice returned, her manners returning to her out of habit. Had she been able to, she might have curtsied. As it was, she lowered her chin until it pressed against the metal collar she still wore.

"You may be relieved to hear that I have spoken to our captain in your defense. She is most certainly not a pirate, I told her. It is my belief that she is a hostage, perhaps the daughter of a merchant from a faraway land and that it would behoove us to treat her with the respect due her station."

"My father is, in fact a merchant!" Alice nodded, feeling somewhat hopeful that perhaps she might still be dining on salmon before the day was done.

"Ah. Well, that is certainly a boon for you. Had you been in league with those ruffians, you would most certainly have met the same fate, my dear."

"And what would that be?" She wondered out loud, remembering the white rabbit and the badger and the terrier and all of the others, especially recalling how Captain Foxtrot had called her Petal and put her over his lap and spanked her bare bottom and almost made her . . .

“You’re blushing. It’s very becoming. Like a rose upon your lily white cheeks. One would think you were naught but the wayward daughter of a man of modest wealth,” the bishop said with a salacious wink. “I, however, know better. You are a young lady with unnatural yearning. A Floozy. A tart. A—dare I say it out loud; a whore.”

Thankfully, he whispered his last proclamation for, had he truly spoken the word out loud, Alice thought she might have, once again, swooned. As it was, she felt rather faint.

“As for your question, we treated them as we do all such fiends we come across. We parted them with their heads.”

“Oh!” Once again, had she been able to cover her mouth with her hands, she would have, horrified at the thought, even though they had captured her and, perhaps, intended to . . . well, she supposed they would have done the same as the chessmen had and used her for their own pleasures!

‘I might have been better off not being rescued at all!’ she supposed, although she kept the thought to herself. Instead, she sighed and sank to her knees weakly, feeling suddenly faint.

“I don’t suppose you’re here to release me?” she inquired, gazing up at the bishop hopefully.

“I am here,” he announced, once again, smiling cruelly down upon the naked young woman, “to escort you to the Captain. First, however, I shall make sure you look presentable.”

With that, he unlocked the cell door and held it wide, his gaze wandering over her as he licked his thin lips like a cat eyeing a saucer of milk. Once again, Alice was reminded of the cheshire who had faded away, leaving her to the chess men.

“Tea and cakes. Tea and cakes,” she mumbled, repeating his final words to her, sure that they were important somehow. “Oh, dash and bother. Nothing here makes any sense at all.”

“Tut tut,” replied the bishop as he stepped inside and unfastened the chain from the wall the led to her collar. Using it as a leash, he gave it the gentlest of tugs. “The world is under no obligation to make sense to you. It is you who must make sense of the world. Now come along. The captain doesn’t like to be kept waiting.”

“In that, they are all alike,” Alice muttered under her breath as the bishop led her through the hull upon her make-shift leash to what was,

presumably, his private quarters. Though it was small—she supposed that most berths upon a sailing ship were—it was large enough to hold them both, as well as a small bed and a pair of trunks.

“You’ll be comfortable here for the time being,” he told her, fastening her chain to one of the heavy trunks. “I shall return with something more . . .” Once again his hungry gaze passed over her, causing her to shiver uncomfortably. “Becoming, my dear Alice. Please don’t get into any trouble while I am away. I should hate to have to punish you.”

She spent her time pacing, as much as the small room, and her leash, would allow.

“If I was wiser, or perhaps smarter, I might conceive a plan of escape,” she explained to one of the trunks as she sat down upon the other. “Although, it occurs to me that we are on a ship. It also occurs to me that I am naked and chained to the wall and, very probably, locked in a very small room, so perhaps it is not just a matter of not being wise enough, or smart enough, but simply a matter of circumstance.”

She took a moment to dwell upon this very possibility, and then another. And another, until, eventually, enough moments had passed that the bishop had returned with an outfit as promised, which he laid out upon the unoccupied trunk before seating himself upon the bed.

“Come. Sit with me a while,” he told her, patting the mattress with the flat of his hand.

“I think I would prefer to sit here,” Alice replied, meekly as she examined the items he meant for her to wear. A maid’s outfit, although somewhat incomplete.

“If you promise to behave, I shall remove your shackles.”

“Will you promise to behave as well?” she replied, stubbornly remaining seated, much to his amusement.

“I promise to behave in a way befitting of my station. No better nor worse.”

‘I suppose that will have to do,’ she told herself as she attempted to stand, her chains hampering her. She was very aware of his gaze as she shuffled over to join him, her eyes widening as he slipped his hand beneath her bottom at the last possible moment and began to fondle her.

“Your promise!” she protested.

“I am a man of the cloth,” he retorted. “And as such, the sins of the flesh are my realm.”

“I must pro—” she attempted, her words suddenly forgotten as his fingers found her cunny and her sensitive button of pleasure. “Pro—oh!”

“You looked so delightful earlier. Each climax was a work of art. A thing of beauty. A masterpiece, even.”

Alice was having trouble making sense of his words for he had slipped one very stout and very long finger within her as he spoke while he tickled her nub with another. Soon, she could feel herself leaking like a sieve, coating his digits and the mattress below.

“I would very much enjoy watching you again, my dear girl,” he coaxed, his face dangerously close to hers. In fact, his nose was brushing her bright golden locks with unwelcome familiarity.

“Please, sir, I do wish you would st—” she tried, her words silenced as she felt another finger within her, pushing at the walls of her cunny, filling her nicely.

“Would you like me to stop, then?” he whispered softly into her ear, his breath tickling.

“No! I mean yes! I mean . . . Oh, dash and bother, I do not even know my own mind anymore!”

The bishop remained silent, his lips brushing her cheek and the corner of her mouth as he continued to plumb her depths. As for Alice, she began panting softly as his fingers explored her more fully. Eventually, she surrendered to her the needs of her flesh and began to rock her hips, slowly at first, and then with vigor as ecstasy began to build deep within her.

“Such a beautiful sight,” he growled, pressing his lips against hers. His indelicate kiss enflamed her passion to greater heights and she returned it, lust burning through her as he plunged yet another finger within in tandem with her tongue invading her mouth.

Her screams of pleasure were muted as rapture burst deep within her. The chains securing her ankles and wrists rattled and shook as she writhed upon the bishop's hand whilst waves of delight course through her like a tempest, cresting again and again until she finally collapsed senseless and entirely spent.

“Beautiful,” the bishop chuckled, removing his dripping fingers from her quivering quim. “The captain will be very pleased with my gift. Now, to

wrap her . . .”

When Alice awoke, she was surprised to find herself not only free of her collar and shackles, but dressed as well.

‘At least partially dressed,’ she amended to herself, gazing down at her attire. She looked the part of servant or, more specifically, a maid. A pristine white apron covered her front, barely concealing her small breasts and the white lace knickers that hid her most intimate parts. That wasn’t all. She now wore a pair of white lace gloves and matching stockings. Her patent leather shoes were black, as was the ribbon that adorned the collar around her throat. ‘A feather duster would complete the look,’ she mused, suddenly aware of the bishop’s penetrating gaze upon her.

“How do I look?” she asked shyly, her cheeks burning.

“You’ll do,” he answered with a mocking grin that showed off his sharp teeth.

Alice shivered at the sight, reminding herself that she remained his captive to do with as he pleased.

“What will you do with me?”

“Present you to the captain, I suppose. She’ll wish to question you. If you’re lucky, she’ll take a liking to you and decide to keep you.”

“And if I’m unlucky?” she wondered, her voice trembling with trepidation.

“Off with your head!” he answered, his eyes burning with lust as he pulled her closer and squeezed her bottom possessively. “Which would be a shame. Let us both hope that you find a way to please her, or I might be joining you on the executioner’s block, my delightful little whore.”

Alice’s face turned bright red as his mouth found hers and then to scarlet as his hand wandered beneath her apron to claim her breast, squeezing it possessively and toying with her nipple until it stood at attention for him. He treated the other the same so that by the time he led her from his cabin and onto the ship’s deck, the apron top she wore had two very obvious dents in strategic places, much to her chagrin.

‘At least he removed the leash,’ Alice told herself as she glanced around her. Unsurprisingly it appeared that, while the pawns scurried about the deck doing whatever it was that sailors did, the other pieces seemed to show little interest in doing anything resembling physical labor. Mostly, they just stood about looking self-important or taunting the lesser pieces or, once

they noticed her following along behind the bishop, leered at her. Color infused her cheeks as she was scrutinized, for of course, she recognized many of them as those who had lined up behind her earlier and defiled her at the Looking Glass' helm.

'Given half a chance, I am sure they would take another turn at me,' she frowned, unsure whether that would be unwelcome or not. By the time she was standing outside the door of what she presumed was the captain's quarters, her thighs were damp with moisture and her breasts were heaving noticeably with both anxiety and excitement at the very idea of once again being the helpless object of their desires. She was so caught up in the idea that she'd stopped paying attention to the bishop.

"Alice!" he snapped, swatting her on the bottom with some force.

"Have you heard a single word?"

She realized that he had, indeed, been addressing her. About what, she couldn't say.

"No, sir," she murmured, apologizing whilst rubbing her bottom where he's smacked her, her thoughts drifting back to the spanking Captain Foxtrot had given her and unable to decide if she'd welcome a repeat performance from the bishop or not.

'I really should not,' she thought, biting her lip as she mulled over the idea. 'And yet, now that the possibility has taken root, I can't possibly deny it excites me.'

"Listen up."

He swatted her again, this time on the back of her thigh, leaving her wide eyed and breathless.

"You are to address the captain as Her Ladyship. Hold your curtsy until addressed. And, whatever you do, don't stare."

"Stare at what?" Alice wondered out loud.

"Her. Best if you simply keep your eyes on the floor while in her presence and not say a word unless addressed. She'll wish to question you. Keep to the truth and you'll likely have nothing to worry about. Understood?"

Alice nodded mutely, understandably nervous as she was ushered through the door and into the presence of the Captain.

“Captain Honeyglass. I have delivered the prisoner as requested!” the bishop announced loudly. He then stepped to one side allowing Alice to curtsy deeply whilst focusing on the brightly colored rug beneath her feet, holding her pose as best she could, yet unable to restrain her curiosity.

‘A brief glance won’t harm anyone,’ she thought to herself, doing just that.

The captain was seated at a vanity, her back turned, her backside uncovered (as was her front, Alice surmised. In fact, from what she could tell, the captain wasn’t wearing a single stitch of clothing revealing a rather pleasing hourglass shape. Scarlet hair spilled over her shoulders and down her back in gentle waves. She was humming to herself whilst applying make-up, ignoring both Alice and the bishop for quiet some time. Alice, wisely she thought, held her pose and remained silent until, at last, the captain spoke.

“Bring her forward, Bishop, so that I might appraise her.”

The white bishop propelled Alice gently forward, his hand on her bottom, until she stood slightly to one side of the Captain, doing her best to remain bent at the waist which was quite difficult but not impossible.

“Captain Honeyglass, may I present Alice. Alice, Her ladyship, Captain Honeyglass of the Winged Pig.”

“Your ladyship,” Alice murmured nervously, attempting to make her curtsy even deeper and keep her gaze upon the floor of the cabin.

“You are excused, Bishop. Please make sure I am not disturbed while I interrogate our prisoner.”

“Yes, Your ladyship!”

The Captain waited until he had turned on his heel and exited her quarters before continuing.

“You are the girl who claims to have been held captive by the pirates?” Captain Honeyglass inquired, her voice sultry and smooth as silk.

“I am, your ladyship.”

“Look at me, girl.”

Alice obediently lifted her gaze, unbending just a little so that she could get a good look at the captain of the Winged Pig. ‘Her face is quite handsome,’ was her first thought. And then, ‘She has much nicer breasts than mine. Certainly much larger.’ And then. ‘Oh my! I was told not to stare

and now I see why, for instead of a cunny, she has a prick and it's quite magnificent!'

Despite the bishop's warning, she found it impossible not to stare. Never once had she imagined such a thing! Rather than being displeased by her reaction, however, Captain Honeyglass seemed amused.

"Is it not beautiful?" she purred, at which Alice merely nodded.

"I asked you a question, girl!" the captain snapped, standing suddenly, and towering over Alice.

"Oh! My apologies, your ladyship!" Alice did her best not to trip over her words. "It is. Beautiful, that is. As are you. I am quite humbled by your beauty, being quite plain myself."

"You are quite plain," Captain Honeyglass agreed. "Though your hair is somewhat pretty and I like the color of your eyes."

Sitting back down, she resumed applying makeup, turning her lips a strident ruby color.

"It would please me if you knelt. Yes, like that. Hands upon your lap."

Alice, of course, did her best to follow the captain's orders to perfection.

"Now, kiss my feet. Yes, like that. Delightful. Each toe, Alice. Now, lick them. Don't I have the prettiest toes you've ever seen?"

"Yes, your ladyship. Your toes are without compare," Alice agreed, blushing. To be fair, they were quite nice. Clean, the well-trimmed nails painted a lovely shade of green.

"You may take them into your plain little mouth and suck them if you wish."

Whilst she didn't really wish to, she thought it might be wise not to object. Glancing up at the captain, she noticed that her prick was stiffening and growing in size. 'That seems to be the nature of pricks.' She mused. 'At least, the ones I've experience with, not that I have had any experience before today.'

"Now, I shall ask some question of you and I will expect truthful answers. Is that understood? Otherwise . . ." she drew a line across her throat with one finger. "Off with your head!"

"Yes, your ladyship," Alice trembled, pausing in her ministrations, to nod, gazing earnestly upward. "I will do my best."

“That is all anyone can do in your position. Where was your ship, The Looking Glass, heading?”

“Downstream, your ladyship. Towards what destination, I do not know. I had been held prisoner for a very short time.”

“You saw no maps?”

“No, your ladyship.”

“Overheard no talk?”

“No, your ladyship.”

“You are quite useless!”

“I am sorry, my ladyship, but that is the truth of it.”

“Perhaps I should have your head removed anyway.”

“I would rather you not!” Alice cried out in alarm.

“Let me consider my options. In the meantime, please continue.” She wiggled her toes at Alice, who resumed her duties, sucking each and every one of them as if her life depended on it, wondering if, perhaps, it did.

“The Captain. What was his name?”

“Foxtrot, your ladyship.”

“Was he cruel? Did he beat you?”

“He . . . spanked me,” Alice spoke in a whisper, her cheeks turning a rosy pink at the memory.

“I see. No, don’t stop. I didn’t tell you to stop. Big toe, please. And use your tongue, for heaven’s sake! Yes, much better. Pretend it is a prick. A very small prick. You have sucked a prick before, haven’t you?” She scoffed.

“Once, your ladyship,” Alice admitted softly, recalling how the Bishop had put his in her mouth whilst she was being defiled from behind.

“I see. Perhaps it is a matter of little skill rather than one of little enthusiasm.”

“Oh, yes, exactly that, your ladyship,” Alice agreed, not wanting to lose her head today (or any other day for that matter!).

“And where were they sailing from?”

“Again, I don’t know, your ladyship,” Alice mumbled, her mouth currently full of toe.

“Perhaps I was hasty.”

“Hasty, your ladyship?”

“In having them all beheaded. All but the one who escaped, that is.”

“Oh,” Alice replied, neither agreeing or disagreeing.”

“I’d like you to play with yourself for me, girl.”

“Pardon, your ladyship?”

“Did I mumble?” she asked brusquely as she pulled her foot away and bent over, grasping Alice’s blonde locks in one fist and forcing her up until they were eye to eye.

“Play with yourself while I watch, Alice. Or suffer the consequences. Do I make myself clear?”

“Perfectly, your ladyship,” she answered, blushing, her scalp tingling uncomfortably as Captain Honeyglass continued to hold her upright, her knees still planted firmly upon the carpet and her thighs slightly spread. Her cheeks burned with humiliation as she reached beneath her apron and slowly pushed her hand into her white lace drawers which had, somehow, become quite damp since she’d put them on.

“Look at me,” the captain ordered, and she did, locking gazes.

‘She looks like she might eat me alive. She’s just as cruel as Captain Foxtrot, despite not being a pirate,’ Alice thought as she slid her finger slowly between her cunny lips, gathering up her scented juices, then smearing them over her quickly swelling pleasure nub, rubbing them in until she was panting softly.

“Such a pretty sight,” the captain breathed, her prick growing in both girth and length, straightening until it resembled the mast of a great ship. “Now, talk dirty.”

“I—I don’t know how to,” Alice admitted, biting her lip with embarrassment at the mere thought!

“You had better learn. And quickly!” The captain said, glaring down at her, her grip tightening until Alice was squirming, her finger slipping between inside of her, the pleasure countering the pain, doing her best to remember the randiest parts of her favorite pirate romance.

“I. Err. My bosoms are heaving with passion?” she tried.

“Tripe!” Roared the captain. Try harder!”

Focusing on what she was doing, she thought about all the dirty thoughts she’d been having since being captured and of all the naughty things she’d

been subjected to (and thoroughly enjoyed, even if she didn't want to admit it, even to herself). Taking a deep breath, she began teasing her cunny in earnest, pushing a pair of fingers deep inside so that she could reach a spot that she had discovered a mere fortnight ago, a spot that drove her into a frenzy of pleasure that had been, up until then, unimaginable.

"I. You have . . . a... umm." In her search for inspiration, she recalled the white bishop. "Your pri—your cock. It's magnificent. It's huge and . . . and I want to suck on it."

She let out a soft moan, taking note of the pleased look on the captain's face. "I wonder what it would feel like in my cu—my pussy. Deep inside my pussy as you plowed—fucked me until I—I screamed. Or in my ass, your ladyship. Inside my ass, filling me with your hot—love juice. Or spanking me. Oh, I so did enjoy being spanked, your ladyship."

By this time, Alice had worked herself into quite a state of arousal, so much so that she could hardly be bothered to censor her words or thoughts, especially not when her very life might well depend upon her candidness.

"I liked being . . . fucked. Fucked hard. Like a . . . a whore."

She felt her climax getting closer. She couldn't have stopped it if she'd wanted to and she most certainly did not want to.

"A dirty, nasty, cock loving who—or—oh! Oh my oh oh oh my!"

She was vaguely aware of Captain Honeyglass dragging her closer until she was between her thighs, her cock resting between her small breasts and feeling hot against her skin. Her climax was stupendous and robbed her of her senses. It was as if a very large bomb had been ignited deep within and was shaking the very foundations. It seemed to go on forever and ever and yet it was over much sooner than she would have hoped.

"Frabjous," Her Ladyship praised. "Such a spectacular performance. I must applaud you, Alice."

"Yes, your ladyship," Alice managed, ready to collapse against the captain as soon as her grip upon her blonde locks was loosened. "I am glad it pleased you. As for me, I feel quite spent."

"Very much so. Now, none of that talk. Catch your breath, dear girl, for I find my appetite far from sated and my Imagination is running riot with delightful possibilities for you."

Alice wondered if she might survive the day, moaning softly as she felt herself being lifted from the floor, the captain's iron strong fingers gripping

her upper arms like clamps.

Chapter Six

A Very Strange Dream

“You’re such a doll. I think I’ll keep you.”

Alice shivered at Captain Honeyglass’s words, squirming uncomfortably in her grip, her toes wiggling in thin air as she was lifted up until their faces were level.

“Keep me?” Alice squealed softly as sharp fingernails dug into her flesh.

“On a shelf. I’d take you off every morning and dress you up in pretty things. Wouldn’t you like that?”

“I don’t believe that I would, your ladyship. I imagine it would be awfully boring to sit on a shelf all day, even if I could fit on one!”

The captain laughed at that. “All it would take was a sip of dwindle tea.”

Alice sighed and shook her head. “All I really want to do is go home, your ladyship.”

“You should dream bigger, Alice. Small dreams are for small people.”

“Well, then I should really hate being shelf-sized,” Alice retorted. Had she been able to cross her arms stubbornly, she would have. As it was, she managed to give the captain a respectable glare.

Captain Honeyglass gave her a cross look before chuckling softly. “Perhaps I can change your mind.”

“I like my mind just the way it is, thank you very much!”

The captain simply shook her head and lowered her onto her lap so that her magnificent prick slipped beneath Alice’s apron and pressed against her damp panties, the mushroom-shaped tip coming to rest against the bottom of one breast. Then, leaning forward, she gave Alice kiss so passionate that it left Alice breathless as well as speechless.

“Wasn’t that a nice kiss?”

Alice paused. Kissing another woman was quite unnatural and improper and she certainly shouldn’t have enjoyed it. And yet, hadn’t she decided that she was a woman full of unnatural desires? And hadn’t she already been quite improper at least once, if not more?

‘Dash and bother,’ she told herself whilst squirming against the prick pressing against her. ‘It was a nice kiss. Not that I am going to admit it. It would just encourage her!’ And then, ‘Oh, dear, my cunny is betraying me once more and soaking my knickers. She will know for sure whether I tell her yes or no.’

Alice sighed and chewed on her lip thoughtfully while her interrogator gazed at her expectantly.

“It was quite pleasant, I suppose,” she finally admitted.

“Quite pleasant!” barked the captain, her expression stormy. “I suppose I shall have to treat you roughly to win you over!”

She gave her no time to reply either yay or nay, kissing her hard, forcing her tongue past the young woman’s lips and slipping her hand beneath her apron skirt and pulling the gusset of her white lace drawers to one side so that her warm, hard cock was pressing directly against her hot pussy.

‘I am undone,’ Alice thought, moaning softly. Her arms now free, she began to explore the other woman’s breasts, paying special attention to her rather impressive nipples whilst the captain was fiddling suspiciously between her legs. Suddenly, Alice felt herself being lifted by the waist.

“What—” Alice asked breathlessly, silenced as she was released, the end result being she was suddenly impaled upon a ramrod stiff prick.

“Ah!” she exclaimed, eyes wide, mouth wide with surprise as the mushroom-shaped head plowed her depths, only halting when her thighs met the captain’s. Hands tightened upon her narrow waist as she was once more lifted and then released.”

“Was that quite pleasant as well?” Honeyglass growled, mauling her tits and twisting her nipples until she writhed on her lap.

“Not in the least!” she complained, quivering, her pussy stretched wide, her heart beating against her ribs as if it might burst free at any moment.

“And this?” Again, she rose and fell like a rag doll, crying out as she was bent backward, her mouth assaulted with forceful kisses, muting any protest she might have made, had she been in mind to protest her treatment. Shame burned through her as she reached out, grasping the captain’s shoulders, using them to steady herself as she rose and fell of her own accord, her moans increasing in volume until she found herself trapped, mid plunge, her waist once again held tightly, gazing into cruel eyes and an even crueller smile.

“Will you submit?”

“Never,” Alice mumbled weakly, her eyes beginning to roll back in their sockets.

“We shall see about that!”

She felt herself lifted once more.

“Steady yourself,” the captain growled, releasing her waist once more and disappearing beneath Alice as the young woman held onto her shoulders desperately.

“What are you—Oh! Oh dear me!”

The captain had shifted her aim, pressing the head of her swollen cock between the cheeks of her derriere. “Take a deep breath and hold it!”

Alice did just that, her fingers digging into flesh as she prepared herself for what was to come, screwing her eyes shut as she was suddenly pushed down upon the juice slick cock, down, down, down until it was sunk to the hilt deep inside of her.

She let go, in all senses of the word, crying out wordlessly as she was flooded in rapture that eclipsed the pain, so much so that she was convinced she would quickly drown beneath its waves.

“You wanted to be fucked like a whore, Alice. You can be more whore. I’ll even pay you if you’d like.”

Alice moaned, the captain’s words a senseless jumble as he raised her, quite slowly, until only the head of her prick was embedded in her bottom. ‘Rather like riding a carousel horse,’ she thought, giggling girlishly at the image and then letting out a scream of surprise when she was let go again. It was all she could do to cling to her ladyship as a new round of pain tainted pleasure went off like fireworks within her. She could feel her juices flowing like a leaking faucet until her thighs were dripping wet and the room smelled like cunny. Like sex. Like cunt. Her cunt. She was breathing so hard she wondered if, perhaps, she might swoon.

“I am not a whore,” she whispered unsurely.

“But you like being treated like one.”

Captain Honeyglass didn’t give her a chance to answer as she released her once more upon her prick, grunting like a rutting pig and then, again. Over and over until Alice was could do no more than whimper and moan and scream out as more and more orgasms came crashing down upon her.

Soon, she was too lost to complain when the captain gave a boisterous cry and filled her bottom with what must have been a teapot's worth of hot cum.

Afterwards, she remained motionless, too worn out to move, the slowly softening prick acting as a plug, head resting on her ladyship's shoulder as her soft panting began to slow. She felt gentle hands stroking her shoulder and then her hair. It felt comforting, and she managed to smile just in time to be gently kissed.

"That wasn't so bad, was it, love?"

"Not so bad," she agreed. "Perhaps I don't mind being treated like—like a—a whore," she admitted, ashamed, and yet feeling a strange sense of liberation at the same time.

"You make a very pretty whore. I would—"

"Alice would have to wait, apparently, to find out just what the captain would, for at precisely that moment there was an urgent knock upon the door.

"For bollock's sake! I was not to be disturbed!"

"Pardon me, your ladyship, but we're nearing the border."

"Bloody Hell. I'll join you presently," she called out, swearing under her breath as she rose, cradling Alice in her arms.

"Rest. I must attend to this." She spoke gently, and just as gently carried her into an adjoining room, laying her upon a sumptuous bed, her head upon a plush pillow. "I'll return as soon as I can."

Alice, however, heard her not, for she was already fast asleep and dreaming. And so it was that, whilst the Winged Pig passed from one land into another, Alice went on a very different journey . . .

Alice found herself standing upon a plain surface, surrounded by fog that swirled ghostlike around her.

Lighting filtered through the mist, enough so that she could make out shapes, but not much more. Except for a long cloak that fastened above her breasts and spilled down her back, fanning out upon whatever surface she was standing upon, she was nude. 'It's made entirely of feathers,' she observed, fingers trailing over the garment curiously. 'I wonder where it came from?'

It was eerily silent within what she assumed was a grand hall or, perhaps, a church. The ground beneath her bare feet was quite cold, causing her to shiver. It felt metallic. Bronze, perhaps, or iron, she guessed. As her eyes adjusted to the twilight around her, she was able to make several observations, one being that she seemed to be standing near the center of a giant sundial, although it seemed rather pointless, seeing as the sun wasn't at all visible.

"How odd," she mused whilst attempting to brush the fog away without success. "Although I suppose that is the nature of dreams, of which I seem to be having."

Another observation was that moisture clung to her skin like diamond dewdrops. "If the sun was out, I might sparkle. Oh, wouldn't that be a sight to behold. Although there doesn't seem to be anyone close by to behold it. Unless . . ."

The third observation she had made was that there were twelve shapes in all and that they were laid out in a circle positioned where the numbers would be if this truly was a sundial.

"They're not moving, so they are must be statues. I should take a closer look, but where should I start?"

Unable to make a decision, she decided to leave it to chance and choose one at random. Closing her eyes tightly she turned in place several times until she was disoriented. Upon stopping she opened her eyes once more and moved carefully towards the shape in front of her until she was standing within a clearing free of the thick miasma . . .

"How curious," she mused out loud, studying the stature. "It looks rather goat-like. I believe I have read of something like this although I cannot, for the life of me, remember where."

It did, indeed, look quite goat-like. Although it stood upon two legs, its haunches were covered with thick hair, its knees bent backwards, and it had hooves rather than legs. Above the waist, it was quite man-like. Its chest was narrow and its arms wiry. While its face was quite handsome, a stylish vandyke beard and a pair of ridged horns rising from its forehead added to its goat-like appearance. Eventually, though, Alice's eyes were drawn to its groin where a rather sizable and fully erect phallus was displayed.

"He's quite well endowed," she whispered, averting her gaze quickly, her cheeks burning with embarrassment at the shamefully improper

thoughts that had slipped into her head at the sight.

‘Whoever crafted it has no sense of decency,’ she mused. ‘I suppose it won’t hurt to take another quick peek.’ Which she did, although not nearly as quickly as she’d planned for she found herself mesmerized. ‘It’s even larger than Her Ladyship’s,’ she breathed, wondering what it would be like to be taken by such a creature. ‘It’s just a statue, Alice,’ she murmured, reprimanding herself for such an indecent thought. ‘Perhaps it would be best if I explored further . . .’

Reluctantly, she took her own advice (for once actually following it, something she found she had trouble doing all too often) and made her way through the fog (which had become so thick that she lost her way more than once and resorted to holding her hands out in front of her so that she could feel her way around) until she came upon another of the statues. Surprisingly, it stood within a pocket that seemed untouched by the ghostly mists.

‘A mermaid. She’s quite pretty.’

It was, indeed, a statue of a mermaid, its surface entirely covered with fish-like scales. Like the goat-man, its lower half was that of a fish, ending in fins, while its upper was that of a human woman with small breasts, slim shoulders, and waves of hair that descended nearly to its waist.

‘She has a cunny, too, I think, or at least a slit where a cunny should be. Curiouser and curiouser. If she was alive she’d be quite beautiful.’

Like the goat-man, she felt strangely drawn to the mermaid until she grudgingly turned away and moved on once more, once again losing her way within a few steps.

“Dash and bother,” she cursed, her mouth turned down in a sulk. “I wish I had a lantern to guide me lest I tumble off the edge into nothingness. At least, this being a dream, the worst that could possibly happen is I shall wake up. But I really would like to see the—Oh! Speaking of which, here’s one now!”

The statue she came upon was similar to that of the goat-man, only it was clean-shaven, broad-chested, and well-muscled. It, too, had horns, only they were smooth and instead of rising from its forehead, they pointed outward from its temples. As for its phallus . . .

“Oh,” Alice managed, staring, transfixed. While the goat-man’s prick had been quite large, the bull-man’s was enormous. How long she stood

there staring, she couldn't have said, but when she tried to turn away she found herself, instead, moving closer, her breath quickening with unsated desire.

"I—" she mumbled, unable to finish the thought as she slowly became aware that her nipples had become painfully swollen and that her cunny juices were trickling down the insides of her thighs and that her cunny lips felt puffy and that her pleasure nub was throbbing in time to her heartbeat.

"I—" she tried again, her voice trailing away as she paused before the bronze figure, reaching slowly out to stroke its smooth prick. Oddly, it felt warm to the touch.

"I—" she tried a third time, abandoning whatever advice she meant to give as she determinedly climbed up upon the figure (with some difficulty) and wrapped her arms around its waist as far as she could manage.

"I—" she managed one last time as she lowered herself, shaking as she felt the head of its prick pressing against her dripping wet pussy and then lower, gasping loudly as she was stretched unnaturally wide. In a panic, she tried to pull herself up again, but the surface proved too smooth and she felt herself slipping, the metal cock sinking slowly into her, impaling her painfully. She tried once more with Herculean effort, but her strength gave out and she felt herself falling upon the bull-man's enormous inhuman cock
...

...She was still falling when she awoke, crying out with surprise when the floor stopped her descent quite suddenly.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, attempting to shake the shadows of her dream from her head quite vigorously, surprised to find her pussy unfilled (although it seemed her panties were entirely soaked). "I wonder what is happening!"

For, indeed, something was happening. While she slept, the Winged Pig had descended, slowly rotating until it was upside down and was no longer flying through the clouds but, instead, floating slowly downwards towards the sea. Alice, of course, was unaware of this. Had she been, she might have grabbed hold of the bed when she began to levitate towards the ceiling.

'First I am falling and now I am floating. I am curious to discover what happens next. Why, I imagine I—'

Before she could finish the notion she dropped once more, landing upon the bed, bouncing several times on the plump mattress before coming to a

stop. This time she had enough sense to grasp a hold of one of the bedposts so that when gravity went topsy-turvy again she was spared what might have been a nasty fall.

‘I do hope this gets sorted out soon,’ she said to herself, her legs dangling upwards, or perhaps downward, towards the ceiling. ‘I am not used to up being down and down being up. At least sideways has the good sense to remain unchanged, or so I hope.’

Chapter Seven

This Alice

Eventually, gravity settled down (as did her stomach) and she was once more right side up, positioned before the portal.

‘I wonder where I am now,’ she mused as she gazed across the lake, recalling the earlier glimpses of enormous flora and fauna from the prison cell. Upon the distant shore stood a strange looking village made up of curiously shaped towers and buildings, walls and bridges, all painted in a cacophony of garishly bright colors. It looked like a child had taken building blocks and stacked them willy-nilly with no regard for form or function.

“It looks quite odd from here although I suppose, after all I have seen and been through, odd is quite normal. Perhaps I am quite odd for being normal. Or perhaps, I am not as normal as I thought. Oh, dear. If I keep this up I shall have to sit down for all this thinking is making my head spin.”

Before she could do just that, the door burst open, revealing He Ladyship Captain Honeyglass in all her glory (for she hadn’t bothered to dress when she had left in such a hurry) with a huge grin upon her face.

“We have arrived!” she announced jovially. “Welcome to Wonderland, Alice!”

‘Wonderland. What a fitting name for such a strange place,’ she thought, furrowing her brow. ‘Why does that name sound so familiar? Perhaps a story I read as a child?’

Before she could dwell upon it more, the captain had hold of her and was pinning her to the wall of her quarters, her erect prick (Alice was beginning to wonder if it was ever unerect, although she was unsure if ‘unerect’ was a proper word or not. ‘I really should have paid more attention in class,’ she chided herself, blushing as she recalled why her mind had often drifted. If she was to be completely honest with herself, which she always was—after all, she would be very disappointed in herself if she discovered she was being lied to—she’d spent much more time in class daydreaming of being captured and ravished by pirates and brigands) pressing against her apron.

‘Although, I have to admit, I now know that my daydreams were rather tame!’ She felt herself blushing hard as she recalled her recent experiences. Nor did the proximity of Her Ladyship’s enormous prick help matters muchly!

“We’ve business here and supplies to gather. I’ve told the men to set anchor. I thought that, perhaps, you would like to go ashore and see the sites. Of course you will have a chaperone with you. For your own good, or course.”

“Of course,” Alice agreed.

“And I shall give you a small purse in case something pretty catches your eye.”

Alice was only half paying attention to the captain’s words, however, seeing as how her prick had somehow worked its way beneath her apron and was now pressing directly upon her flesh, the cockshead resting between her small breasts.

“That would be quite generous of you,” she managed, panting softly as warmth began to seep into her core and between her thighs, making it quite hard to form coherent thoughts.

“Perhaps something fetching for you to wear for me?” She winked at Alice whilst stroking her hair fondly.

“Perhaps,” Alice murmured, her legs feeling like they were turning to jelly, wondering if her ladyship’s cock would find it’s way into her drawers once more or simply continue to tease her unmercifully. It seemed, however, that she had other plans for her captive, for in truths, she still considered Alice her prisoner, gently pushing Alice to her knees.

“Such a generous offer,” she cooed, pressing her engorged prick against Alice’s cheek. “I imagine you wish to thank me for it.”

Alice nodded shyly, tilting her head so that she could gaze up at captain, understanding what was expected of her. ‘After all, I am her whore. At least for now,’ she told herself. ‘And whores are expected to act indecently.’

And so she did, taking the captain’s cock and guiding it to her mouth where she planted the smallest of kisses upon it.

“Thank you, your Ladyship,” she breathed, planting a second kiss upon the smooth and swollen head, this one much less chaste. A third was quite wet and a bit sloppy, a fourth even sloppier, and then, for the second time in her life, Alice found herself with a cock in her mouth.

“Good girl,” the captain praised, her hand resting upon the crown of her head, fingers clenching and unclenching as she fed the young woman more and more of her cock. As for Alice, she sputtered quietly, her face turning quite red as she struggled to take it in, her tongue sliding along its length, her saliva slipping from the corners of her mouth in a very unladylike fashion and dripping onto her small, but perky, breasts.

“Play with yourself, Alice. It will make it easier.”

And so she did, spreading her knees as she knelt upon the carpeting so that she could easily slip one gloved hand into her white lace knickers and pleasure herself while Captain Honeyglass pushed herself further into her willing, if inexperienced, mouth.

“You have an amazing mouth.”

Alice did her best to thank the captain, an almost impossible feat, seeing as her mouth was quite full!

“Oh, that felt good. What ever it is you did, do so again.”

Her grip grew firm upon Alice’s head as she once more, attempted to say ‘thank you’ even as she began furiously rubbing her swollen button, her hungry moans muffled.

“I am going to spew in your mouth, my lovely little whore, and fill your bell-ee-ee-oh!”

Alice’s mouth was suddenly flooded. She did her best to swallow the captain’s warm salty seed, gulping as best she could as Her Ladyship continued to pump her seed into her mouth whilst moaning and groaning. There seemed to be no end to her fluids and Alice began to despair for she found herself unable to breath for far longer than was comfortable.

She did her best to alert Honeyglass of her need, but then, a most glorious thing happened. A climax tore through her like a tempest. Had she been able to, she would have howled, so furious were the waves of ecstasy that crashed into her and swept her away until the entire world seemingly disappeared and only the pleasure burning within her spasming pussy remained.

How long it lasted, she could not have said. Much like her other episodes, it left her a quivering mass of jam. Spent and incoherent she collapsed against the captain’s legs, holding on as if for dear life until she could no more and slid to the floor where she remained for some time, unable to do other than whimper softly.

“You are a delight and a treasure.”

She was barely aware of being lifted and set upon the bed and then gently undressed.

“We shall have to clean you up somewhat, I fear. I’ll have it seen to. For now, rest.”

Alice felt lips brushing hers quite tenderly and then she was left alone to recover, her thoughts slowly returning to her, a vague memory of the phrase ‘la petite mort’—the little death—coming to her from a book she had read. A French book—those were always the most scandalous and the most coveted. She’d collected a small collection which she kept hidden from discovery in her bedroom.

‘Oh, if only I’d been born in Paris,’ she mused, for somehow, being a French whore sounded much more exotic than being an English whore. She’d always considered English whores to be a bit common, after all.

‘Mayhap if I took to conversing in French! Only my tongue is quite clumsy. I shall have to practice it until it improves. Bonjour. Je m’appelle Alice. C’est un plaisir de vous rencontrer. Ma chatte est très mouillée!’

She giggled quite a bit at that for indeed, her pussy was very wet! ‘Such an insatiable pussy, too. I had no idea! Or rather, I did, but until now, I had no way of testing my supposition. Wonderland.’ She mulled the word around for several minutes, attempting to recall why it felt so familiar, but it was like an eel in a barrel—too slippery to grasp, always escaping before she could get her fingers around it. Eventually she gave up with a sigh and turned her thoughts to other things.

‘I am very much looking forward to going ashore,’ she decided, for this was the second ship she had been on today and she missed the feel of dry land under her feet. Also, she admitted that the idea of buying something pretty to wear excited her as well. Normally she wasn’t overly vain, but now that she had decided to become a French whore . . . well, she had appearance to keep up!

‘Silk drawers would feel lovely. No bloomers. Instead I shall wear suspender and stockings. And a corset, of course. I shall show off my cleavage too, although its not as magnificent as Her Ladyship’s. Still, all the gentlemen of Wonderland will stare at me with lust and the ladies with disdain, although secretly they will admire me.’

Her musings were interrupted by a red pawn serving as a cabin boy who shyly averted his eyes when addressing Alice.

“Her ladyship said to make you presentable for going ashore, Miss. I’m to draw a bath and then find something more suitable for you to wear, if it pleases you.”

“That would be lovely.” Alice sat herself up and gave the pawn as gentle as smile as she could.

“Right this way, then, Miss.”

And so it was, when Alice stepped foot upon the pier, she smelt of lavender and wore a rather fetching ensemble borrowed from several trunks in the hold, apparently rescued from the Looking Glass. She even had a bonnet and a parasol that she delighted in twirling as she was being ferried over.

Even the bishop was impressed as he helped her from the long boat, his fingers lingering overly long upon her cheek as he brushed away an errant lock of hair.

“Had you not already been deflowered,” he told her, his breath sending a shiver through her as she whispered in her air, “I would take great delight in doing so, my enchanting whore.

Alice couldn’t help but blush at his familiarity. Had he dared to utter such dreadful words in public only a day ago, she would have been mortified. More than likely she would have slapped him and alerted a constable. Her life in England, however, now seemed a lifetime ago. This was Wonderland and she was no longer that Alice. She was this Alice, and this Alice had very nearly chosen not to wear undergarments of any kind under her dress which made her feel quite scandalous.

“Perhaps, had I not, I would have welcomed it,” she murmured, fluttering her lashes shyly at him before hiding her face behind her parasol. ‘This Alice also likes to flirt,’ she realized, a hint of a smile hidden from her chaperone. Or rather, her chaperones, for while the bishop was clearly in charge, he was joined by a pair of black rooks carrying pikes who were rather menacing in appearance. She decided that the best thing to do would be to ignore them. With all the strange sights laid out before her, it was quite easy to do. From afar the small town had looked toy-like. Now that she was upon its outskirts it’s character seemed more whimsical.

‘Like a painting, almost, although quite surreal. I doubt very much that father would let something so strange hang within our halls.’

“You must be famished, Alice,” the bishop interrupted her thoughts, his hand upon her elbow.

“I am!” she replied, modestly surprised, for it had been quite some time since she had last eaten, although it was only now that she realized it.

“I know a place that you will simply love,” he told her, guiding her down the long pier. “They are renowned for their exotic teas and heavenly cakes.

“Oh,” Alice said softly, recalling the cheshire cat’s words. ‘I miss him, strangely enough. I wonder what he is up to and if I shall ever see him again.’ She let the bishop guide her onto a street where she paused to look around in wonder at all the strange sites.

“Wonderland is well named,” she said softly, so that only he could hear her.

“This is only a taste, Alice. It’s a strange place, and not all the wonders are harmless. You would do well to stay close.”

His warning seemed dire. Trembling, she pressed against him, taking comfort in his presence.

“What would the town be called?”

“Phefferton-on-the-nusse. And just beyond are the Tulgy Woods. At least they used to be. Places in Wonderland have a habit of not staying where they are supposed to.”

“That’s very curious. Why ever not?”

Her chaperone merely shrugged and led her down onto a street bustling with all manner of strange beings, some of them people such as herself, others very much not so. Although she knew it rude, it was impossible not to stare. Some were animals such as the pirates who had taken her prisoner and, others were mostly human with strange features. A matronly woman with a nose the length of a cane. A robust gentleman with horns. A group of small children who appeared perfectly normal save their simian like tails.

And some were a mixture of both, reminding her of her dream. Some were quite human above the waist and something entirely different below and others the opposite—human from the waist down while from the waist up they resembled animals both familiar and unfamiliar. And then there were the cards. She marveled at them. While she had grown quite used to

the chessmen, there were even stranger. Playing cards spouting thin arms and legs and smallish heads, adorned with red diamonds. All of them, from what she could observed, were armed with short spears whose metal tips gleamed in the sunlight.

“Nothing to worry about, Alice. See the diamonds upon their livery? They are the king’s men. Had they worn hearts, however, you would have reason to fear them.”

“Why?” she asked, naturally curious.

“Because you are pretty and the queen likes pretty things. Especially pretty girls.”

“Oh,” she replied, pretending to understand.

“And here we are,” he announced, pausing before a large red door and beneath an elegant sign that read ‘Bird in the Tree’.

“After you, my dear,” he told her, politely holding the heavy door open for her.

“Thank you, M’lord,” she replied, pausing to curtsy slightly and close her parasol over one shoulder, before entering, and then coming to an abrupt stop as the most delightful aromas assailed her nose.

“It smells heavenly,” she murmured, inhaling deeply, eyes closed blissfully.

The bishop only chuckled, clearly amused. “It tastes even better. Much like I imagine you do.”

Alice’s eyes flew wide as she felt his hand on her bottom, fondling her teasingly until her heart was fluttering in her chest.

Chapter Eight

The Bird in the Tree

Much like the buildings that made up Pheffer-on-the-nusse The Bird in the Tree was quite whimsical. Bird cages, filled with exotic looking birds with brightly hued plumage, hung from the ceiling or were set upon stands everywhere Alice looked. Many of them were either whistling or singing softly. Tables filled the room, all occupied by a variety of guests.

Nearest Alice a walrus slurped oysters from a shell whilst a rough man with crooked teeth gnawed upon a drumstick. Beyond them, a plump woman with bright green hair sipped wine whilst her companion, a pig wearing a smoking jacket munched on shepherd's pie. Elsewhere, a bored looking gentleman in green velvet, one elbow resting upon a bright orange table cloth, filled his teacup with spoonful after spoonful of sugar as his companions—a scruffy looking fellow with whiskers and pointed ears much like a cat and a thin balding man clad in a pink tulle dress and wearing spectacles, his lower face hidden by a veil—animatedly waved their cutlery and shouted poetry at each other as if engaged in a debate.

“Look, over there Alice. Do you see them?” the bishop said softly into her ear, pointing towards a table in the corner where two young women sat close together and kissed passionately, their desserts seemingly forgotten and untouched.

“They look very much like sisters!” Alice exclaimed with shock.

“Twins, by the look of them,” the bishop agreed. “Quite improper, wouldn’t you agree?”

“Quite so,” And yet, she was unable to tear her eyes away from the pair even as they were led by a hostess to a nearby table. ‘I wonder if they are truly siblings or merely reflections of each other,’ she wondered, recalling her dalliance with her reflection as she continued to stare.

“See anything you like?” her chaperone teased, startling her by brushing his fingertips along the nape of her neck.

“Yes. I mean no. I mean—perhaps,” she breathed, flustered as she tore her gaze from the pair and regarded the menu that had been set before her

without her noticing. Nor had she noticed that the rooks chose to stand rather than sit, resembling guards rather than guests.

“There are a wealth of delights to be sampled here.”

“I see that,” she murmured, her cheeks burning. Her brow furrowed as she stared at the menu which seemed to be written in something resembling hieroglyphics.

“I can order for you, if you wish,” the bishop said with a smile, coming to her rescue.

“I would be most grateful.”

The hostess was a willowy woman with mismatched eyes who, after the bishop recited a list of delicacies made her own suggestions to which he agreed to. Meanwhile Alice continued to watch the twins from the corner of her eye, strangely fascinated by their behavior, especially when their hands disappeared from sight beneath the table at which they were seated.

“One has to wonder if they’re so bold in public, what goes on behind closed doors,” the bishop mused, his hand disappearing beneath the table as well to settle upon her thigh, his fingers stroking the fabric of her dress.

“I can’t imagine,” Alice mumbled, biting her lip as the sensation began to stoke the embers of her lust.

“I think you can,” he teased, his touch moving upwards and inwards. As for Alice, she simply folded her hands upon the table and glanced nervously at the rooks and then around the room, concerned that someone might be observing her and then, finally, at the women, both of who had honey-blond hair and slim figures and were clearly unaware of being watched.

“Have you ever tasted another woman, Alice?”

“No. Yes? Her Ladyship . . .”

“Has the prick of a man, Alice. Not the same thing, is it. Part your thighs for me. Please.”

She spread her thighs, hesitating only slightly, and moaned softly as he pushed his hand between them, and began to stroke her cunny through the layers of her dress and undergarments. Her thoughts returned, once more, to her reflection and of what they had done together.

“Once,” she admitted in an unsteady voice, nodding slowly.

“Did you enjoy it?”

“Yes,” she admitted as her breaths became increasing shallow and her thighs parted further beneath the cover of the table.

“Would you like to taste them?”

She felt his gaze upon her nipples which were attempting to poke holes through her undergarments and dress. “I—I cannot say.”

“Cannot or will not?” He began to rub her skillfully and, in response, she lifted her hips and pressed them against his fingers, rocking slowly back and forth upon her seat, her eyes slowly losing focus.

“Please—” she whimpered, trembling, suddenly aware of their hostess setting a plate of greens before her with a curious smile.

“Yes?” She stood, paused, as if waiting for Alice to continue her request.

Blushing furiously, Alice took a deep breath and tried to gather her thoughts, blurting out the first thing that came to mind.

“I would very much like something to drink. Please?”

“Tea,” the bishop took over for her. “Your special blend would be perfect.”

He gave her a wink which she returned with a coy smile before leaving their table whilst Alice picked at the greens with a fork, examining them before taking a bite.

“Oh,” she moaned softly. “These taste lovely.”

“Just an overture of the delights still to come.”

He continued to tease her, his touch light, keeping her aroused, but no more. From time to time she would glance over at the twins, who were feeding each other from their plates, lost in their own private little bubble, thinking how nice it would be to be seated between them and enjoy the touch of their lips upon hers or better yet, the touch of their fingers upon her flesh. Closing her eyes she imagined it was their touch, rather than the bishop’s, that was slowly driving her mad. She wondered what it would be like to climax here, at their table, surrounded by strangers, some of which were quite strange indeed. All eyes would be upon her as she tried to mask the way her body trembled and shook and stifle her cries of ecstasy. They would know, though. How could they not?

“Your tea, Miss.”

Alice’s eyes fluttered open just in time to watch the host place a porcelain teacup before her. It was quite lovely. A pastel blue with tiny

white and yellow daisies pained along the rim. For the first time she noticed how pretty their server was, her mismatched eyes drawing her attention. They had a knowing look in them that made her blush furiously and look away, this time focusing on her tea.

“Oh!” she exclaimed softly, amazed, for steam rose slowly from the cup forming wispy images. A bird taking flight became a rabbit with twitching ears. The rabbit became a playful cat, which in turn, became an armored knight hold a sword which then became a fierce looking dragon and then, an elephant.

“How does it do that?” she asked, breathlessly, barely aware of her dress slowly rising, baring more and more of her stockinged legs.

“It’s a secret blend, brewed only here. It’s rumored to be magical, if you believe in such things.”

“In magic?”

“Yes. Do you believe?”

“I suppose I must, for I can think of no other explanation,” she managed, shivering as cool air touched the insides of her thighs.

“That is not the only magic it holds, Alice. Drink up.”

Lifting the teacup, she took a dainty sip. It was like nothing she’d ever experienced. It tasted like the best tea imagined, with a hints of something sweet, something sensual, and something forbidden, if those could be tastes.

‘I don’t see why they couldn’t be,’ she thought, and then, ‘And something else. Something magical, perhaps. Oh, and look, there I am. Dancing.’

Indeed, she was, or at least a version of her, made of curls of steam, danced upon the surface of her drink. She watched in wonder as steam Alice was joined by the twins who danced with her playfully, passing her back and forth. It was an enchanting vision to behold. Soon she was utterly and completely entranced, barely noticing the strange feeling that was spreading through her until she could ignore it no longer.

“I feel quite . . . strange.”

Not just strange. Lightheaded and giddy and sensitive to the touch. When the bishop brushed his fingers over her shoulder it felt like electricity spread like a net through her entirety. And what he was doing between her thighs was turning her into quivering jelly. Blushing, she realized that the

seat beneath her was becoming damp or, rather, wet as his touch grew more and more familiar.

“You’re warm,” he commented, and she nodded, taking another sip of tea, and then another, savoring them before swallowing, the strangeness growing within her. A lethargy fell upon her then. Her limbs felt strange. It was all she could do to sit up straight, so she concentrated very hard upon doing just that.

“It is quite warm in here,” she finally managed, her tongue feeling slightly swollen so that she had to concentrate on each word.

“Have another sip.”

“I think I shall,” she mumbled distractedly as she, in fact, took several.

“I feel like I’m floating. Am I floating?”

“Like a cloud.”

“Would you unbutton me?” she turned so that her back was too him, letting out a disappointed sigh as his fingers moved from between her legs to the buttons at the back of her dress, undoing them slowly, one at a time, peeling her like a banana.

“Still warm?”

“Quite!” she parried, nodding slowly as the fabric parted, baring her bare shoulders as well as the corset she wore. Soon, she’d been undressed from the waist up, only the lace undergarment hid her modesty.

“This is incredibly improper here in public,” she told the bishop.

“Quite so,” he agreed, pulling her golden hair aside, his mouth upon the nape of her neck. “Every eye in the place is upon the half-dressed whore right now, Alice. Every heart is full of lust.”

She shivered at the thought, her eyes rolling slightly back as his nimble fingers began loosening the laces of the corset.

“I will be indecent should you continue.”

“You will,” he agreed quite agreeably.

“I should demand that you stop.”

“Will you? I would if you asked, Alice. I would never do anything to you that you didn’t wish me to.”

“I—No.”

“No?”

“No. I won’t ask.”

“I thought as much.”

She felt the garment loosen. Soon, he had peeled it from her as well, revealing her small, perky breasts tipped by her swollen pink nipples.

“You are enjoying this, aren’t you.”

“No,” she demurred, casting her gaze down, and then across the room, meeting those of the twins who watched as well, smiling encouragement at her.

“I—”

“You wish me to remove your dress? In front of everyone?”

“Yes. Exactly. If you wouldn’t mind?”

“I would be delighted to. If that’s truly what you desire.”

“It is.”

“You’ll have to stand up, Alice. Can you do that?”

“I think so?”

She wasn’t entirely sure she could. It was getting harder to concentrate, after all, and moving her limbs seemed like a bother. Only, she was so warm now, as if she was standing in a window on a summer’s day, bathed in sunbeams.

Her gaze returned to the images rising from the half empty teacup once more. Before they had been foggy wisps. Now they were colorful images that changed constantly. A Lion. A house. A tree. A carriage. A waterfall . . .

She stood up slowly and took a step to the side whilst struggling with her dress until she’d pushed it over her hips. It slid slowly down her legs so that she could step out of it. Blinking, she looked as surprised as anyone at her state of undress.

“Turn. Slowly. Give everyone a good look.”

Without hesitation, she spun slowly, shuffling her feet, her cheeks burning with shame as she became aware of the obvious wet spot upon her silk knickers. She wanted desperately to sit down and cover herself, but it she seemed unable to.

“Such an obedient whore,” the bishop praised her, stroking her bottom affectionately. “Are you enjoying showing yourself off?”

“I don’t know. No. And yet? Perhaps? Oh, dash and bother. Yes. Yes I am,” she mumbled, exasperated.

“They’re watching you. I think they enjoy what they’re seeing. Why don’t you go over and introduce yourself, Alice.”

She didn’t have to ask to know who he meant. The twins. She turned her head, compelled, her feet moving of their own accord. It felt to her as if she was a puppet upon invisible strings and being guided by her chaperone’s voice.

‘I suppose it could be worse,’ she told herself, growing more and more breathless as the distance between them grew smaller and smaller. ‘At least I am still wearing my undergarments. I am quite sure I would have died with shame had I removed those as well! Oh, and here I am and unable to think of a single thing to say for, while they were quite pretty at a distance, the closer I am, the prettier they become!’

Alice’s feet paused, leaving her standing before the twins, her belly almost touching the table’s edge. One more step and she’d be brushing against it and her wet panties would be hidden from view. Instead, she knew she was giving them a tantalizing look at her sodden silk undergarments. Swallowing, she performed a small curtsy before addressing them.”

“My pardon for interrupting. I felt compelled to introduce myself. I am Alice, at your service, if you please.”

They smiled as one, their gaze flickering over her from her panties to her bare breasts up to her face and then down again. One of the twin’s gaze lingered upon her stiff pink nipples while the other captured her gaze whilst licking her lips.

“At our service. I quite like the sound of that. Alice is a such a pretty name and you are such a pretty girl,” they said in unison.

“You may call her Yee,” one told her, pointing to her twin.

“And you can call her Yum,” said the other, pointing as well.

And then, once more together, “Sit between us, if you like.”

Alice’s breath caught in her throat at Yee’s offer for hadn’t she been thinking of doing just that earlier?

“I would like that very much,” she gushed softly, her toes curling with excitement as Yum moved over one place and Yee patted the vacated seat firmly.

Chapter Nine

Yum and Yee

“You drank the tea,” Yee and Yum giggled while resting their hands lightly upon Alice’s bare thighs. “The special brew.”

“Yes,” she admitted, quivering as they ran their nails idly over her flesh. “And now?” Alice wondered if they always spoke thusly, in unison, their voices blending together perfectly.

“And now, sit perfectly still for us. Until it wears off, you’ll do anything anyone tells you to do. You should never drink anything without knowing what it is.”

“Anything?”

“Yes, anything,” repeated Yee.

“Not everything,” remarked Yum.

“She will too!” Yee declared argumentatively.

“She won’t! Not if it’s something she truly does not wish to!” retorted Yum.

For a moment, there was silence while Yee and Yum glared at each other, ignoring Alice for the time being, until, eventually, one capitulated.

“Perhaps not. But how could she ever say no to us?”

“I can’t imagine how she could.”

“Well, then. Everything and anything we ask her.”

“Exactly. Anything and everything we tell her.”

The disagreement concluded, they turned their attentions upon Alice once more, their nails tracking lazy swirls upon her sensitive inner thighs while Alice sat perfectly still as she’d been told, forced to bear witness to the sisters as they teased her, one set of hands stroking her thighs and then another teasing her breasts, fingertips traveling in a lazy spiral, each orbit drawing closer to her throbbing nipples. In no time her chest rose and fell dramatically with each breath and a trail of drool was slipping from the corners of her parted lips.

“You don’t mind being watched?” they asked, giggling playfully as Alice let out a soft moan at the realization that she was, indeed, being

watched. In fact, she was the center of attention. Even the hostess with the mismatched eyes had paused to enjoy the show.

“No,” she mumbled, compelled to answer truthfully, despite her reluctance to admit it. “I rather like it.”

“And why is that?”

“I don’t know.”

They began to tease her nipples, thumbs brushing over pink tips and then pinching, pulling and twisting until she began to whimper, softly at first and then loud enough to be heard by the entire room.

“Anything,” whispered Yee.

“And everything,” murmured Yum.

“Anything and everything,” sighed Alice, too overwhelmed with sensations to refute them, much to their delight.

“Bark like a dog!” Yee suggested.

“Woof!”

“Meow like a cat!” Yum told her.

“Meow.”

“Kiss me,” they told her in perfect harmony, leaning closer so that Alice could kiss them both at the same time while they pulled gently upon her thighs until they were spread indecently apart.

“We have a room upstairs, Alice,” they whispered in her ears. “Would you like to see it?”

“I—” she glanced toward the bishop who was watching her intently. He reminded her for a brief moment of the wild cats that roamed the fields near her home as they stalked the field mice that fed upon the grass. “I would although I am not sure I am allowed.”

“Leave that to us. Stay right here while we ask your companion.”

Alice nodded helpfully and watched nervously as the twins approached the bishop, speaking too softly for her to overhear. Not that she cared very much, for, as soon as she was alone, the floating feeling had returned. She felt as if she weighed no more than a feather and worried that someone might open a window and send her flying willy-nilly across the room. Or perhaps, if she sat long enough she would rise to the ceiling like a balloon and have to be rescued.

‘I do hope Yee and Yum realize my predicament and return soon,’ she thought, gazing across the room at the pair. That soon became difficult, however, as she found it increasingly difficult to focus on the twins for another apparition slowly appeared before her, much like the ones rising from her teacup.

“Hello Alice,” greeted the Cheshire cat.

“Hello, Cheshire,” she murmured, offering it a demure smile.

“Are you enjoying yourself?”

“I am not sure. I believe that I am being enjoyed much more than I am enjoying it. Or, perhaps they are equal? I cannot say.”

“And why would that be, Alice?”

“I am not sure I am myself right now.”

“If not, then who are you?” he asked with amusement, his eyes bright as he studied her.

“I am not sure of that, either. Perhaps I am in between being Alice and being Not Alice. Or rather, being That Alice and This Alice.”

“I wonder which you prefer, Not Alice and Not Quite Not Alice.”

“I think I prefer being This Alice to being That Alice. As for being Alice and Not Alice, I have yet to make a decision. Perhaps I am simply mad, Cheshire.”

He grinned at that. The biggest grin Alice had ever seen. So big that she hardly noticed when the rest of him faded from sight.

“I believe you may be, Not Alice. But I’ll tell you a secret. Only the best people are. Don’t forget what I’ve told you.”

‘Oh, dear. And what would that be?’ she wondered to herself. ‘Perhaps, if he had written it down somewhere. Or I had. Or someone had!’

“Cheshire! Come back!” she called out uselessly for once again, he had disappeared completely. Taking a deep breath, she waited for the twins to return, blowing it slowly out as they seemed to reach an agreement with the bishop and returned with joyful smiles.

“We get to play with you as long as the tea lasts,” they told her, each taking an arm and helping her up from her seat upon the padded chair.

“With any luck, it will last until supper!” each gripping an arm, they led her away from the crowded hall and toward a spiral staircase decorated with bright gold rails and plush red carpeting. Carefully, Alice put one foot in

front of the other until she reached the second story. From there, the sister's guided her, giggling giddily to a large wooden door.

"We are going to have so much fun together," Yee, or perhaps Yum, told her while Yum, or perhaps Yee said, "We are going to enjoy playing with you."

Then the door was unlocked and thrown open and Alice was escorted in and the door shut behind her.

And then, Yee or Yum whispered into her ear, as Yum or Yee fondled her bottom. "Take off your knickers for us, Alice. And then go sit on the bed like a good girl. The bedroom is through that doorway." They pointed simultaneously a red door in which images of naked women frolicking with all manner of creatures had been carved. It reminded her very much of her dream, in fact.

Blushing, she removed the last of her clothing, leaving her knickers laying upon the tiled floor before making her way to the bedroom, opening and then closing the door behind her, her heart beating a tattoo in her chest as she paused and looked around the room.

It was very feminine and colorful. Wildflowers painted upon a cream surface, adorned the wallpaper. Vases filled with flowers representing every hue of the rainbow filled the room. Lace curtains framed a cut crystal window. A pair of plump stuffed chairs framed a padded bench, their patterned fabric quite quaint. The bed itself, however, was what caught and held her attention, placed so that it was the centerpiece of the room. A huge four-poster bed, the bedposts supporting a canopy from which gauzy curtains hung. They were tied back with red velvet sashes.

"It's splendid," she murmured, admiration shining in her slightly glazed eyes.

"The sort of bed I have always dreamed of having! I wonder what tales it could tell if it could speak."

Remembering the doorknob, she paused, half hoping for a reply, but the bed remained silent, much to her disappointment.

'Oh, well. I imagine they would be quite lurid tales indeed. Perhaps it is best I not hear them,' she told herself as she took several steps forward, remembering her instructions, her pulse racing with every step.

'How do I get myself into these situations? I did not start out the day saying to myself, Alice? You should endeavor to perform six indecent acts

before breakfast and yet I find myself getting into trouble at every turn! Well, at least I can honestly say that this time it is most definitely not my fault. Had the bishop not made me drink that tea, I would still be fully clothed whilst dining on something quite scrumptious. I don't suppose anyone could possibly believe I am at fault for trusting him!'

She sighed and took several more steps toward the bed, unable to deny the arousal building within her as she drew nearer the bed, despite her protests.

'I do wonder what Yee and Yum plan to do with me. I do hope they haven't forgotten all about me already.'

A few more steps brought her to the bed. It looked quite inviting and she considered throwing herself upon it and stretching out like a cat and perhaps even nap for a time, but she'd been told to sit on the bed like a good girl, so she simply sat, hands folded demurely upon her lap, back straight and ankles crossed, and her chin tilted down so that it very nearly touched her chest, which is how the twins found her several moments later, much to their apparent delight.

"She looks delicious," they declared, giggling with joy whilst traipsing into the room after having taken the time to either undress themselves or each other.

Glancing out of the corner of her cornflower blue eyes, Alice appraised the twins, idly wondering if, indeed, they were exactly alike. Whilst she was quite petite, the sisters were quite tall. Honey-blond curls spilled over slim shoulders, partially hiding small breasts. Their eyes were dark and they both had a smattering of delicate freckles spattered across their faces.

"She would make a tasty pastry to nibble upon, don't you think?" Declared one.

"I concur!" Declared the other. "A most pervert dessert!"

"A dandy little candy!"

"Let's eat!" They both exclaimed as they rushed forward and flung themselves on the bed, taking Alice with them.

'Oh, dear, I certainly wasn't expecting that!' she thought to herself. 'They are quite full of enthusiasm!'

And then, there was little time, nor inclination, for further thoughts, musings, or wonderings for their hands and mouths seemed to be

everywhere at once keeping Alice quite busy, her own hands and mouth hastily responding in kind.

Until now, she hadn't been sure if she would enjoy being bitten, but she very quickly decided, between anguished moans of pleasure, that her nipples certainly enjoyed it. Nor had she been sure if she would like to be tickled, but despite the protests lodged between peals of laughter, she decided that it wasn't the worst possible treatment.

Nor was she certain that she would enjoy the taste of another girl's cunny ('No, not cunny, you silly nitwit,' she corrected herself. 'That's a word you would have used yesterday when you were an entirely different Alice, one who wouldn't have dreamed of licking at another girl's cunt like a lapdog.') but found herself to be quite receptive to having her head between the thighs of Yee, or perhaps Yum, and savoring her delights until she (Yee. Or maybe Yum. Not Alice) shook and shivered and squealed as she soaked Alice's face with her cunt juices (now that she had embraced the word, she found herself quite enjoying its employment and vowed to use it at every opportunity. Of course, this was all done in the passion of the moment and whether she would honor that vow in less impolite company remained to be seen).

"Round two!" declared the twins.

Round two found Alice pinned to the bed whilst one of the twins sat upon her head, nearly smothering her, and demanded she use her tongue like a whore ('A French whore, please and thank you!') as the other pushed her legs up and back so that she could do the same to her cunt. It wasn't long before Alice was slurping down the sweet ambrosia of Yum's—or Yee's—cunt as she quivered and shivered above her. Soon after, Alice also was overcome with passionate ecstasy, coating the face of Yee—or possibly Yum—whilst the other twin was licking her own discharge from Alice's mouth and cheeks.

"Round Three!"

'I hope that round three involves me curled up, my head on a pillow whilst being cuddled.'

The twins, however, had other ideas.

"I want to paddle her bottom," one of them announced.

"I want to paddle her pussy," proclaimed the other.

“Let’s!” they declared as one, roughly handling Alice and forcing her to her feet the middle of the room so that they could bind her wrists together with silk and then secure them to a ceiling beam, forcing her to stand on tiptoe while they danced around her gleefully, darting into to pinch her bottom or a nipple from time to time or, just as often, kiss her passionately, until she forgot all about curling up on the bed and dozing whilst being held.

“What shall we use to paddle her with?”

“A thimble!” objected the other.

“Too small! A wardrobe!”

“Much too big!” This time it was Alice who objected, before making her own suggestion, for she was very curious to see if she enjoyed being paddled as much as she had being spanked. “I don’t suppose you have a ruler?”

Yee and Yum stilled, staring at their playmate, smiles full of both admiration and speculation.

“Neither too big—”

“Nor too small—”

“Perhaps in the trunk.”

“Perhaps. Or perhaps not.”

“I am leaning towards perhaps.”

“As am I. We should go look.”

And then, together, sounding as one; “Stay right there!”

“I am hardly in a position to do otherwise,” Alice mumbled to herself as the sisters abandoned her.

And so she waited. And waited. And waited until her arms began to tire. And her toes began to ache. And her eyelids began to droop, all the while wondering what could possibly be keeping Yum and Yee.

‘If only I wasn’t compelled to stand here like this. I wonder when the effects of the tea will wear off?’

Giving it some careful thought, Alice began to wonder if, perhaps, it had and she just hadn’t noticed having been otherwise occupied. ‘I think I can escape my bonds. They don’t seem to be tied very well . . .’

In no time at all she was standing, her bare feet firmly on the floor.

‘I shall simply take a single step and see what happens’ and she did. And then another. And another, until she was quite sure that she was, once again, in control of her own destiny.

“Well, that’s a relief. Now, what to do. I am curious as to what happened to Yee and Yum. That said, I was so looking forward to taking a short nap. I don’t suppose it would hurt to lie down on the bed and close my eyes for a short while . . .”

So she did just that, arranging herself with her head upon a pillow before pulling a sheet over her and closing her eyes with a weary but satisfied sight.

“This has become quite the adventure.”

And with that thought, she fell into a deep and dream-filled slumber . . .

Chapter Ten

Father's Study

Alice found herself in a very familiar setting; her father's study, but not quite as she remembered it. Thankfully, she was wearing a dressing robe, for the idea of being naked in this most sacred of places would have left her completely flustered.

'It is a dream, after all,' she reminded herself. 'And I am not suddenly returned home.'

Looking about the room, she took note of what belonged and what didn't. Her father's plush reading chair and ottoman, his shelves of books, his side table (upon which stood a decanter full of brandy, a snifter, and his pipe), and his chessboard were all as she recalled them and yet, they were different. The decanter had a tag attached to the neck that read 'drink me'. The books had nonsensical titles to them.

'Dislogic and the Memory of Water by Walter Carpenter Oysterhead. The Body Alchemical by Professor Jonas Firefly Pratchett. The Art of Invisibility by Puffin McClamdish. I am sure I have never seen, nor heard, of any of these before! Oh, and look at this! Alice's Naughty Adventures! I am sure he wouldn't have something so lurid upon his shelves. I wonder if it has anything to do with me . . .'

Full of curiosity, she pulled the book from the shelf and took a seat with it on her lap, her feet resting comfortably upon the ottoman as she studied the cover. The words were etched in gold leaf upon red leather and there was an illustration of a young blonde woman whose clothing was in a state of distress and who had an uncanny resemblance to Alice herself.

"I wonder if it would—Oh, hello again, Cheshire. I don't suppose you've brought a pair of slippers with you?"

For indeed, the cat had joined her within her dream. At least his head had. He winked at her with both eyes and grinned lazily, his head spinning slowly until it was upside down.

"I've brought only my company. And advice, if you'd like. I've also learned a new riddle. Would you like to hear it?"

“I don’t suppose it would be very helpful in helping me make sense of this dream?”

“I don’t suppose it would, although it might be a pleasant diversion to while away the time until you make up your mind.”

“Make up my mind?” She asked, stroking the tome balanced upon her thighs absently.

“Precisely.”

With a sigh, Alice gave a small nod at which the rest of the cat slowly faded into being, once more revolving until it was right side up.

“What disappears as soon as you speak its name?”

Alice rolled her eyes, thinking of the cat’s habit of appearing and disappearing when she was alone. “I don’t suppose you are the answer,” she teased, the hint of a smile upon her lips.

“Perhaps you should say my name and see what happens.”

“Cheshire.”

The cat simply grinned and twitched its tail (which had suddenly appeared, although its body was still wholly absent).

Alice placed her chin upon her fist thoughtfully, having heard somewhere that one did their best thinking in exactly such a pose.

“I suppose the answer is quite clever.”

“Quite.”

“And, since I have always considered myself a clever girl, I should be able to work it out.”

“I would imagine so.”

“I presume you won’t give me even the smallest of hints?”

At that, the cat’s grin grew even wider, if such a thing were possible, at which Alice simply sighed and closed her eyes so she could concentrate better.

‘Riddles always vex me terribly, Cheshire, for the answers are always so obvious once you find them, and yet so difficult to find.’

“There’s a lesson in that, Alice, but perhaps you should concentrate on solving the riddle first.”

Alice mulled it over for a very long time. Thankfully, the cat didn’t appear to be impatient with her. In fact, it seemed to have forgotten about

her entirely as it settled upon her lap alongside the book and closed its eyes as if asleep.

‘Best solve this quickly,’ she told herself, ‘What disappears once you say—oh! Of course! Why didn’t I think of that before? I truly am quite clever at times!’ For, of course, she had solved it, and all without even the slightest of hints.

“It’s silence, isn’t it! Please tell me it is!”

The cat stretched and yawned, eventually regarding her with a single open eye and a bored smile.

“Very good, Alice, I was quite confident you would solve it, although you took your time about it. And now, since you have, I’ll give you a piece of advice.”

“Only a piece?”

“Think of it as a jigsaw puzzle. If you take all the advice I give you, it will form a picture.”

She did her best to look grateful, hoping that the cat would appreciate her effort. Seemingly, he did, for he didn’t disappear right away. Instead, one of his front legs appeared so that he could tap one of his sharp-looking claws against his temple, which made him appear much smarter than a cat had any right to be.

“My advice would be that not everything is as it seems. Appearances can be quite deceiving, Alice. You would do well to remember that.”

“But what—? Oh, Bloody hell!” she exclaimed with frustration, for before she could voice her question the cat gave her a wink and vanished once more.

“I am not sure what good that will do me, asleep or awake,” she grumbled, arms folded crossly across her chest. Eventually, she let out her breath and looked about the room once more, the book still unopened on her lap, her gaze settling upon the chessboard, her thoughts returning to her time upon The Looking Glass, blushing as she recalled how the chessman had chained her to the wooden wheel and made use of her cunt one after another and how it had made her feel.

‘I confess, I didn’t mind as much as might have,’ she thought, her heart beating just a little faster in her chest as she replayed the memory. ‘I might even admit to enjoying it.’

Leaning back in the chair, the large volume still unopened, she undid her sash and slowly pulled her robe open.

‘In my father’s study, too!’ she thought, smiling. ‘If this were not a dream, it would be completely scandalous. Imagine if he were to walk in and see me sitting here like this. I would never hear the end of it. I wonder if he would spank me . . .’

Another memory teased at the edges of the thoughts. Captain Foxtrot taking her over his lap and spanking her.

‘I suppose, since no one is here to tell me to behave like a proper young lady, it would be perfectly natural to stroke my cunny—excuse me—to play with my cunt like a French whore—no, like a French slut!’

While her cheeks burned at the thought, a different kind of heat had been kindled deep within, one that she stoked by spreading her legs somewhat apart and touching herself intimately with trembling fingers.

“I really shouldn’t, but I cannot help myself,” she breathed, her breasts beginning to rise and fall with each passionate breath, her nipples swelling until they ached. She touched one, wetting her finger in her mouth first, a shudder going through her at the sensation. Lifting her legs from the ottoman, she draped them over the arms of the reading chair, leaving herself spread wide open and quite exposed.

“Alice’s naughty adventures, indeed,” she moaned, teasing her swollen pleasure nub with her fingers as she felt her cunt begin to leak all over the leather of her father’s favorite chair, her eyes closed as she reveled in pleasure and slunk down so that she could easily slip her fingers inside of her quite tight, and very wet, pussy.

“Goodness me, I almost wish someone were watching me,” she gasped, pulling and twisting her nipple, and then the other, the sensation making her whimper softly. “Her Ladyship, perhaps. Or the bishop. Or Yum and Yee. All of them, standing over me, watching as I play with myself, my fingers inside my soaking wet cunt, using them to oh—oh—oh—Oh!”

Her entire body seemed to lift from the chair as increasingly violent waves of ecstasy burst within her again and again like firework explosions in the night sky until, utterly spent, she collapsed breathlessly upon the plush chair.

‘I suppose this is where the dream ends and I shall awake beneath the sheets, my head upon a pillow once more,’ she mused, unable and unwilling

to open her eyes.

And yet, when she finally opened them once more, she was still seated in her father's study.

'How curious,' she thought. 'I wonder why I am still here? Perhaps there's a clue within this book. I imagine there is only one way to know for certain.'

And with that, she opened the book to a random page, and began to read quietly to herself.

Alice awoke from her dream quite suddenly, surprised to find the bishop leaning over, leering at her nakedness as he pulled away the sheets, uncovering her entirely.

"Good evening, Alice," the bishop greeted her with a cruel smile.

"Good Eve—" she began, stopping abruptly as the rest of the room came into focus. Just behind the bishop were the rooks that had been sent to guard them and each of them held one of the twins captive, hands over their mouths so they could not speak. And behind them stood a quartet of cards wearing red hearts upon their surfaces and armed with sword and shield.

"I don't understand," she said with a confused frown, her brow furrowed, looking beyond him at the Queen of Heart's guards. "What are they doing here?"

"They are taking you to their queen," he said with a shrug.

"I thought you were here to protect me!"

"I was. But I got a better offer. It seems that someone with your qualities is in great demand these days. I did warn you that the queen enjoys pretty girls, and you, my dear, are exceptionally pretty."

"What happens when Her Ladyship discovers me gone?"

"I'll simply tell her that you had help escaping, but that I caught the conspirators," he chuckled whilst nodding his head towards Yee and Yum. "I do not think she'll mind, seeing as she'll have doubled her investment."

"You are a villain!"

"Yes, I supposed I am. A very wealthy villain, at that. Farewell, Alice. I shall miss your company. Perhaps, if destiny wills it, we shall meet again."

Alice felt like crying as she watched him and the rooks dragging Yum and Yee from the room, leaving her alone with the Queen's soldiers, who looked quite menacing as they advanced upon her.

‘I hope they do not mean to ravish me! I do not think I could stand it if they did!’

Her heart beating frantically in her chest, she closed the book loudly and stood, so that it fell to her feet.

“Such treachery and betrayal! Oh, and I was silly enough to have trusted him. Whatever am I to do now? I cannot stay asleep forever and yet, the moment I wake up, I’ll be a prisoner of the Queen’s guard who will likely ravish me night and day before delivering me to their ruler. And then, who knows what will happen to me, for I have heard that royalty has a taste for entertainments that are quite perverse! Worst of all, the very thought has quickened my pulse with unnatural arousal. Oh, whatever shall I do? Cheshire? I don’t suppose you might have an answer for me?”

But true to his nature, the Cheshire Cat did not come to her aid. Nor did anyone else. Sighing, Alice decided that she might as well accept her fate and wake from her dream, which she did almost immediately to find the scene in the twins bedroom exactly like it had been in the book.

“Dash and bother,” she muttered, glaring at the bishop as he stripped the covers from her and then, before he could say a word, grabbed ahold of her pillow and hit him with such force that it burst open, filling the air with a cloud of downy feathers.

“I shall not go without a struggle, blackguard!” she cried defiantly, standing as she reached for another pillow and used it to strike him yet again. A moment later the door burst open with a mighty crash and the room erupted in madness, card soldiers unsheathing swords, the rooks wielding their spears as Yum and Yee bit and clawed at them. As for the bishop, he leapt upon Alice and wrestled her to the bed, straddling her and pinning her under his weight, her small wrists caught up in his iron grip, as he glowered angrily at her.

“Do not try to thwart me, Alice, for it will not go well for you,”

Alice struggled in vain, trembling at the sounds of battle filling the room, unable to see anything past the bishop’s furious face as he subdued her. And it was because of that, that she did not see the blow that rendered him senseless on top of her.

Chapter Eleven

Nobody

“Didn’t I tell you I’d find us a battle?”

“Contrariwise, it was me, wasn’t it, who said it.”

“Ain’t true!”

“Most certainly is!”

Alice was still laying beneath the bishop, hoping he wasn’t too badly injured (for despite his betrayal, she didn’t wish any real harm upon him) while listening to two impressively large men armed with what appeared to be very large baby rattles argue.

“Logic says otherwise.”

“Ouch!” one cried as the other hit him over the head with his rattle.

“Ain’t about logic, it’s—”

“Dee! Dum! Shush. You’re scaring Alice,” Yum and Yee exclaimed in unison, for Alice was indeed quite frightened by the turn of events, especially since her saviors seemed just as menacing as her captors. After all, hadn’t she been rescued by pirates, only to be ravished (not that she had minded so very much) by the chessman and then throw into a jail cell? Not to mention, the bishop’s treachery was still very much on her mind.

“It’s his fault!” they both proclaimed, managing to look both embarrassed and angry at the same time as they pointed their rattles at each other.

Thankfully, they seemed to be cowed by the sister’s present, one of whom continued to glare at them whilst the other gently helped Alice out from under her unconscious assailant.

“There’s nothing to worry about,” Yee, or perhaps Yum, assured her. “They may look fearsome, but they have good hearts. Alice, may I present Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum.”

Alice nodded as she examined her rescuers. Like Yee and Yum they were identical only, unlike Yee and Yum they were less pleasing to look upon. Their faces were ruddy and they had pug like noses and they were

quite large in girth as well as height. Their eyes, however, were bright and almost twinkled as they bowed in unison.

“At your service, Miss Alice.” While their voices were quite rough, they seemed friendly enough, now that they weren’t arguing with each other.

“Likewise,” Alice said, meaning to curtsy which was a reminder that she stood before them stark naked.

‘How strange that I only just now noticed it. Only a day ago I would have been mortified at the thought while now, although rather embarrassed, I don’t feel the need to swoon. Still, I would very much prefer some manner of dress.’

“I don’t suppose you would mind . . . showing me your backs so that I can get decent?”

“You look proper decent to me,” Dee, or perhaps Dum, remarked with a smile that showed off his crooked teeth.

“That’s not what she meant, halfwit. She meant she doesn’t want us staring at her while she’s starkers.”

“I don’t mind at—ouch!”

Alice watched as they exchanged blows with their rattles once more, only stopping when Yee and Yum stamped their feet in unison.

“Behave!”

Looking rather embarrassed and slightly crestfallen, the pair stopped what they were doing and, with one last glance at Alice, during which their ruddy faces turned slightly ruddier, they turned their broad backs to her.

“As I said,” the sisters said with a sigh, “They have good hearts. It’s their brains that are lacking.”

“Ah,” she replied, eyeing the robes the plaid patterned robes twins were wearing. “I don’t imagine I can borrow a dressing gown?”

“Of course!” they both exclaimed, hurrying her over to the wardrobe and fussing over her until she was covered in a pink and white striped robe. Not only that, but they’d discovered matching undergarments for her to wear as well.

“There. You look quite pretty,” beamed one of the sisters.

“Pretty enough to kiss,” beamed the other, turning word into action and placing a lingering kiss upon her lips.

“Good enough to—”

“Not in front of you know who, Yee!”

“I wasn’t actually going to!” huffed Yum.

Alice thought that she might not have minded so much, but perhaps it would be wiser to leave that thought unspoken, so instead she gazed around the room at the aftermath of the short, but violent, battle that had left the bishop, both rooks, and all of the Queen’s guard laying unconscious.

“I don’t suppose it would be wise to be here when they wake up,” she murmured.

“I suppose not,” chimed all four of her companions.

“We should flee,” suggested one of the sisters.

“Where too?” wondered the other.

“We know a place!” both brothers (for Alice had assumed that they were, indeed, brothers, and most likely twins as well) remarked, looking smug.

“It’s safe.”

“It’s sane.”

“It’s hardly sane.”

“Not likely safe, either.”

“Most definitely not safe.”

“And completely mad.”

And then, as one, they turned to Alice and bowed at the waist, before proclaiming, “Don’t worry yourself, Miss. We’d be delighted to take you there.”

“Where is there?” Alice asked, unsure of the wisdom of accompanying the brothers to a place that was not only quite unsafe but most assuredly mad.

“Can’t tell you.”

“Won’t tell you.”

“No. Can’t. We could, but we won’t.”

“Contrariwise!”

“Exactly!”

“Oh, Dear,” Alice sighed as she found herself being pushed down the stairs by the two large men while Yee and Yum followed in their wake, the entire quintet slipping out unnoticed (as unnoticed as two very large men

and three rather pretty girls dressed only in robes could be) into a back ally. From there they made their way quickly to the edge of town, moving so quickly that Alice was quite out of breath.

“I don’t suppose we could pause for a moment?” she asked, feeling somewhat faint and realizing that it has been a very long time since she’d had a proper meal or either an improper one (although she’d had several that she’d considered indecent and even unnatural).

“No time, no time,” the brothers declared, although they did take pity upon her so that she ended up cradled in the strong arms of Dum, or perhaps Dee as they left Phefferton-on-the-nusse behind.

‘I suppose this means that I am a fugitive now. Funny, I don’t feel any different. I am still Alice. This Alice, to be precise. Certainly not That Alice. Not after last night!’

Smiling, she gazed at the twins, recalling the feel of their hands and mouths as well as the taste of their pussies, which she had quite enjoyed and looked forward to perhaps tasting again.

‘I don’t suppose I shall ever be That Alice again. Nor would I want to.’

“Where are we headed?” Alice ventured as they crested a hill so that the town was lost from sight.

“That way,” One of the brother’s pointed.

“I mean, were specifically.”

“Can’t get more specific than that, Miss,” the other brother pointed out.

“Could,” retorted the first brother, which earned him a fierce glower as the other brandished his rattle menacingly.

“Behave!” The sister’s demanded loudly, and they did with a sullen look, one that vanished quickly into excited smiles and twinkling eyes a moment later.

“I don’t suppose you know any good walking songs Miss?” Dum asked.

Before Alice could reply, Dee announced that he knew several, one of which he began singing (or perhaps bellowing was a better way to describe it), Dum joining in with his own bellow.

“I once took a wander

Walking over yonder

Before I’d gone hither and yon

I found my two feet

Upon a strange street
Walking from twilight to dawn
Oh walking we go to get where we ain't
But never to get where we is
Sitting is fine for a man with no cares
But walking is better
Much better it be
Then sitting around on our chairs”

And so it went, the two serenading Alice, Yee, and Yum with walking songs until they could barely hear themselves think, any pleas of quieting down met by even more robust volume until, thankfully, they suddenly went silent.

‘Thank goodness,’ Alice thought with a sigh. ‘Finally, some peace and quiet.’

Only, it was not to be. Not for long, at least, for there was a very good reason, apparently, for the Tweedle’s cessation of song.

“I don’t suppose you heard that.”

“I didn’t hear nothing.”

“Exactly”

“We should run.”

“We should.”

And so they did, with Alice still cradled in Dum’s arms, bouncing with every step whilst the twins followed in their wake as swiftly as they could in slippers and robes.

“Who are we running from?” Alice asked fearfully, her voice soft.

“Nobody,” was Dum’s response.

“Oh.”

“Exactly, Miss.”

They kept running until they came upon a wood bordered by a small stream that burbled happily, apparently unaware of anything menacing from which to run (although Alice realized, much later, that streams, by nature, tended to neither run nor walk).

“Where are we?” Alice asked as Dum set her down on her feet, her voice soft in case nobody was close by, listening.

“Tulgey Wood,” One of the sisters answered, reaching out to take her hand.

Alice peered across the stream at the wood, thinking that it looked nothing at all like the gentle woods she was familiar with. In fact, it was quite the opposite, looking rather dark and foreboding.

“It looks rather threatening.”

“Ominous,” agreed the twins in unison.

“Are we going through it?”

“No,” answered Dum, shaking his head slowly, his smile grim.

“Thank goodness for that,” Alice replied, breathing a sigh of relief.

“Not through. In.”

“In and not out.”

“I don’t like the sound of it.”

“Can’t be helped. Nobody won’t be able to find us in there.

“Nobody will be able to find us,” Alice corrected him.

“Contrariwise. Nobody won’t be able to find us.”

“Last thing we want is for nobody to find us.”

Dee just nodded, his eyes twinkling, despite his grim smile. “Would best, Miss. Now come on, no use dragging your feet.”

“You’ll get them wet.”

“And dirty.”

“Nothing worse than dirty feet.

“Dirty wet feet is worse.”

“Not worse than wet dirty feet.”

“Much worse—ouch!”

This time it was Alice who shouted at them as they beat each other about the head with their rattles.

“Stop that!”

“Yes, Miss,” they both said contritely, eyes lowered as they sulked side by side, doing their best not to look at her as she shook her finger in their faces.

“You had best start behaving yourselves.”

“Sorry, Miss,” they both mumbled, looking even more contrite if that was possible.

“Now come on. Let’s get on with this.”

And so it was that Alice and Yee and Yum and Dum and Dee entered the Tugley woods in single file while nobody watched with narrowed eyes from a distant hill, chuckling softly.

They walked slowly through the woods until it grew too dark to see the path before them and the Tweedles announced that it would be a good place to settle for the night. Alice thought that it would have been charming had there not been a sense of unease in the air. Gnarled oaks bloated out the sky over head, their branches intertwined above their heads, vines clinging to their bark. Unkempt hedges covered the floor, as did a variety of dark petaled flowers and moss-covered stones. It was amongst a circle of just such stones that they had come to a halt.

“I don’t suppose anyone thought to bring something to dine on,” Alice asked hopefully, her stomach growling discontentedly.

“Not a crumb,” Dee, or perhaps Dum, replied.

“Though I suppose we could do some foraging.” Dum, or perhaps Dee, added helpfully.

“Lots of truffles.”

“And berries!”

“To be found.”

“If only they had already been found,” Alice muttered so that the others wouldn’t overhear, for she was feeling quite cross, not to mention cold, for a chill breeze was making its way through the trees, rustling the leaves.

“You stay here where it’s safe, Miss,” The Tweedles told her. “While we gather a scrumptious feast.”

“A frabjous banquet,” agreed the twins sisters.

“Enough to feed an army.”

“And their horses.”

“Whatever you do, stay right where you are and you’ll be safe, Miss.”

“Don’t move an inch. We’ll be back before you know it.”

“Or before that.”

“In one shake of the leg.”

“Possibly two.”

“No more than three!”

“Oh, go already,” Alice commanded, doing her best to hide an affectionate smile. As exasperating as the Tweedles could be, she was beginning to grow quite fond of them. It was hard to stay mad for very long, for they did, indeed, mean well.

And so, they left her to settle down upon a pleasantly smooth rock to wait for their return.

‘I do hope they are not overly long,’ she thought, a shiver teasing through her as the chill breeze discovered her hiding place. ‘And I hope that Nobody happens upon me while they are gone.’

Unfortunately for Alice, Nobody had already happened upon her, content to watch her from the shadows until it was sure that her companions were out of hearing. Then, and only then, Nobody slipped from the shadows of the trees. One moment she had been staring up at the twilight sky through the tree branches whilst daydreaming about laying in a feather bed between Yum and Yee while they touched her in very intimate places and the next there was a shadowy figure standing directly before her, regarding her with the sliver of a smile and eyes that looked like twin moons.

“Oh!” she cried out in surprise as she leapt to her feet. “Who are you? Where did you come from?”

The creature, for that’s what she imagined it was, chuckled coldly as it sprang, picking her up and throwing her over its shoulder before bounding off gracefully through the darkening wood.

“Help!” she cried out as loudly as she could. “I am being abducted by a fiend! Help!”

She continued to call out, her pleas unheard, until finally, the dark creature slowed, its way blocked by a vine covered bluff beside a burbling stream, presumably the one they had crossed earlier, although this one seemed less jolly. It paused momentarily, pushing aside a tangle of vines, revealing a dark recess that looked suspiciously like an entrance.

Panicking, Alice fought with a strength born of fear, but it was for naught. The creature simply tightened its grip upon her and stepped forward, enveloping them both in complete darkness.

Alice called out one last time before all hope of being rescued was gone forever, her voice swallowed by the dark oaks of the wood. And then, she did the only sensible thing left to her. She swooned.

Eventually, she awoke, a feeling of disappointment seated deep within, for not a single dream had come to her while she was asleep. Nor had any rescuers. In fact, nothing had changed in the slightest, unless one counted her eyesight adjusting to the darkness a change.

“Good morning.”

“You speak,” she mumbled, rubbing her eyes and yawning. “And what is so good about it?”

“Of course I do. Did you imagine me a beast?” Having imagined exactly that, Alice decided not to answer, allowing it, or rather, him, to continue. “I have the attention of a beautiful young lady. For me, it is the best of mornings.”

“Who are you?”

“Nobody.”

Alice forgot to be fearful and crossed her arms over her bare breasts as she glared at him.

“You are obviously somebody,” she muttered.

“It’s a conundrum, isn’t it? You’re correct, I am obviously somebody, and yet, I am Nobody.”

“If you don’t wish to tell me your name, then I will not share mine as well.”

“You’re Alice. And I am Nobody. My Father was Everybody, my mother, Somebody and I am Nobody.”

Alice sighed, wondering if she would someday run out of sighs, for she it seemed she’d been doing it far too often since arriving here.

“How do you know my name?”

“I know everybody’s name so it stands to reason I would know yours.”

“More nonsense,” Alice muttered, uncrossing her arms as she realized something had changed, only she hadn’t noticed it at first. Her robe was missing, leaving her once again naked, only she wasn’t completely naked, for she was wearing a most unusual pair of knickers. They seemed to be made of metal, rather like a knight’s armor.

“This is Wonderland. Nonsense abound here.”

“Where did these come from? And why am I wearing them?” she asked, having decided to change the subject to one less maddening.

“I was wondering when you would notice. Its a device to keep beautiful young ladies pure of body, if not of heart. It’s called a chastity girdle.”

“I don’t understand,” Alice said, exploring the contraption with her fingers and hands.

“It’s quite simple. I have locked it into place upon you and, as long as I hold this,” Nobody held up a slender key fashioned from silver, “No one can access your feminine charms.”

“You mean my . . . my cunny?” she asked, blushing, unable to bring herself to say ‘my cunt’ in front of the shadow man that had kidnapped her.

“Yes,” he chuckled, tucking the key somewhere within the shadows that he was made up of. “Your cunny is off limits to everyone. Even you. Especially you. Well, almost everyone,” he finished with a devious grin.

“I don’t understand.”

“Very soon you will.”

“Oh,” was all she could think of to say in response.

“I don’t suppose you’ve ever seen a bumblebee, Alice.”

“No, I can’t say that I have.”

“Curious little creature. They’re only found in the Tugley Woods. They’re quite slow moving. Hardly move at all. Unless it rains, that is. Or they get wet. Seems a little moisture excites them terribly. They get quite active, Alice and once they get going . . . well, you’ll see soon enough.”

“What do you mean?” Alice asked, but Nobody reclined seemed to just fade from view in the dark, reminding her a little of Cheshire.

‘I wonder where he is,’ she thought to herself. ‘I wouldn’t mind his advice right now. Even a riddle would be welco—oh!’

Alice felt a strange and not wholly unpleasant sensation within.

“How curio—oh!”

“Sounds like it’s waking up,” came a voice from the darkness followed by a cruel chuckle.

“What do yo—oh! Oh!”

What had at first felt like a mild tremor turned into an insistent vibration centered withing her cunny.

“The curious thing is, the more moisture, the more active it becomes.”

“I—dash and bother and bloody hell!” she said with a moan as the buzzing within her became more insistent as her arousal grew

proportionately.

“Get it out of me,” she moaned, clawing at the device trapping the bumble beetle within her.

“And why would I do that? I’m quite looking forward to watching it warm you up for me. Eventually, you’ll become desperate enough to beg me.”

“Beg you?”

“Yes, Alice, beg me. To free you from your terrible torment. Eventually, your need will overrule all else and I hold the only key to your salvation.

“You think you can—oh. Oh, no, oh dear,” she moaned long and loud as the creature inside her began to buzz and vibrate with an intensity that was impossible to ignore. Unable to speak, or even think, she fell to her hands and knees and began to writhe and moan with overwhelming pleasure, her climax building deep within and yet stopping just short of sending her over the edge until she thought she might go mad.

“Such a lovely sight,” Nobody purred mockingly as he watched her. “I wonder how long you can withstand such pleasurable torment?”

Alice had no answer, for she was wondering the same thing. Perhaps it would be best to give in now and beg for release.

‘I’ll not give him the satisfaction,’ she told herself as another wave of pleasure crested, threatening to crash through her and then ebbed once more, leaving her gasping, hands upon her breasts as she tugged and pulled desperately at her nipples.

“No!” she screamed, hips bucking as she trembled from head to toe, trapped in the throes of unending ecstasy.

Chapter Twelve

The Room of Doors

“Please!” Alice cried as yet another almost orgasm began to build within. She’d lost count of the number of times she’s almost gone over the edge, only to be pulled back yet again. Enough that she was willing to do exactly as Nobody had claimed—beg him to release her and do whatever he wished to her as long as he would finally let her climax.

“Please release me and make me—oh! Oh no. Not again!”

She barely heard his chuckle so intent was she upon the bumblebee within her pussy vibrating deep within her until she was sure she would soon go mad with desperation.

He moved closer, squatting before her, a key upon a slender chain dangling from an ebon finger.

“What would you do for this?” he asked with a knowing smirk.

“Anything. Anything at all,” she whimpered as she clutched at the metal belt, attempting to pry it from her quivering hips.

“Would you let me fuck you, Alice?”

“Yes,” she answered with a despairing moan.

“In the mouth?”

“Yes.”

“Or the ass?”

“Yes, even there. Please!”

“I’m not sure you’re desperate enough yet.”

“I am!” she cried out, her fingers clenching and unclenching as she felt herself reach the crest once again and linger there for an eternity before, once again, receding. Frustrated, she cursed at him like a sailor. Amused, he simply shook his head and began swinging the key back and forth like a pendulum.

“You’re drooling. It looks delectable upon you. Your lips glisten so very prettily. I bet they would feel good around my prick were I to just slide it in.”

“Do it!” she cried as she began tugging and twisting at her nipples again.

“Oh, I plan to. In fact—what is that?”

Confused by the question, Alice’s breath caught in her chest she felt it coming once more, knowing that she was to be denied yet again. And then, she heard it too. The off-key cry of a bugle followed by a familiar—no! Two familiar voices!”

“To the rescue! Charge!”

Had anyone told her just a few hours ago that she would be so glad to see Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum once more, she might have scoffed and yet now their voices were like the sweetest of music upon her ears!

“Help!” she cried out as she writhed around on the floor of the cave nearly overcome by yet another non-gasm. “Oh, please, help me!”

“We’re coming Alice!” the Tweedles cried in unison, the sound of their feet filling the darkness of the cave. She could just make out their smiles and their silver rattles in the darkness. And the key for, unsurprisingly, in his surprise, Nobody had forgotten all about it.

‘Never look a gift horse in the mouth, or so father often says,’ Alice thought to herself, taking the opportunity offered to grab at the key with both hands even as her rescuers bowled into Nobody and began to strike at him with rattles raised.

At first, Alice thought that they would soon overcome him. But then, as she watched, she realized that as well as being quite cruel, he was also quite skilled in the art of battle and soon it became quite evident that, outnumbered as he was, he very well might prevail.

‘Dash and bother and bloody hell!’ she thought. And then, a moment later, a different thought occurred. ‘I have the key! Oh, Alice you are such a clever girl! Now, to simply unlock this awful device and be free!’

Triumphantly, she fit the key into the keyhole, but before she could turn it, a noisy mass of legs and arms and snarling face crashed into her, sending her rolling further into the darkness where she encountered the rim of a very large hole into which she tumbled!

“Help!” she screamed as she succumbed to gravity and began to fall like a stone dropped into a well. “Help me!” she tried once again, her voice echoing as she continued her descent into the pit.

“Oh, what a terrible way to end my story,” she said out loud, certain that it was indeed the end. And then, a very curious thing began to happen. She began to slow, or rather, her descent slowed. It was as if she now weighed

no more than a leaf. Drifting slowly down, turning this way and that and even head over heels, she took notice of the darkness diminishing until she could see the side of the pit into which she'd tumbled into.

'Why, this is not a pit at all, although what it is, I am not quite sure yet, for a pit would have roughly hewed walls of stone, or perhaps even bricks, and yet, the walls are made of earth. Not only that, but they are anything but plain. Curiously, it appears that I have fallen into a pantry!'

It did indeed resemble a pantry for the walls were lined with shelves baring all manner of bottles, jars and tins. As she fell, or rather drifted, she did her best to read the labels.

'Rose honey. Aprodasiac from Minsk. Hogweed Jam. Ginger tea biscuits. Poppy and mommy seeds. Essence of Philosophy. Trumpet mushroom powder. Sardinian sardines. Tincture of Appleseed. Jubjub oil. All so exotic and strange. Black peppermint. Dried orange peelings. Oh, and what's this? Dolls!'

For the shelves she now drifted past were decorated with dolls of all sizes, from fancy porcelain ladies to plumply stuffed dolls with button eyes and everything inbetween. There were even a few stuffed animals mixed in. Bears. Cats. Mice. Rabbits. Lizards. A calico elephant and a gingham Horse.

Next she drifted past what must have been a library, with books of every possible kind filling the shelves. Anatomy, astrology, philosophy, alchemy, biology, physics (which she considered attempting to read as she floated past in hopes that it might explain why she was able to drift slowly past rather than fall at a surely fatal rate), history, art, and even some picture books.

'While I would rather fall slowly than quickly, I do hope that I shall come to a stop upon a reliable floor sometime soon.'

Next she passed wardrobes, some of which had been left open so that she could admire some rather fancy and presumably quite expensive fashions.

'If only I could control my descent,' she mused, 'I could play dress up for I am rather tired of being undressed. Which reminds me! I have the key!'

All it took was a simply turn and she was free of the armored device that Nobody had fitted her with.

“Free at last!” she exclaimed as she flung it from her, noting that it, too, fell rather slowly.

“At last!” echoed a tiny voice from between her thighs, accompanied by a strange wiggling sensation as the bumblebee wormed its way from her still very wet pussy.

“Oh!” she uttered in surprise. “You can talk.”

“Of course I can,” grumbled the insect, the ghost of a frown upon its tiny face. “Why wouldn’t I be able to?”

“Where I come from, insects can’t talk,” Alice explained, blushing with embarrassment.

“Sounds like a terribly dull place,” the bumblebee muttered before launching itself into the air and unfolding its wings before flittering off.

“Well, compared to here, I guess it is, but then, Wonderland is rather a terribly strange place and often quite vexing! And look, there below me is the bottom and I shall be rather glad to feel the ground, or in this case, the floor, beneath my feet once more.”

Before she could utter another word, she was indeed feeling smooth tiles beneath her bare feet as she alit in a rather large circular room with an assortment of doors leading, presumably, out. As for the room itself, it reminded her of her father’s study as it had appeared in her dream. She half expected Cheshire to simply appear out of nowhere to ply her with a new riddle and was somewhat crestfallen at his lack of presence.

“I wonder if I’m dreaming again,” she murmured, looking around the room whilst wondering if she should pinch herself, just in case she was. In fact, it seemed like such a good idea that she did just that.

“Such a relief!” she declared after deciding that she was quite awake. “Now, what to do next. Take a look around, perhaps. I wonder if one of the doors leads to a closet full of pretty things to wear. In truth, I am quite tired of being naked. A hot bath would also be much welcomed, but I am not getting my hopes up.”

Deciding that it made sense to try the doors one by one until she found what she was looking for, she strolled across the room, passing the table that should have held a chessboard. Instead, there was a glass bottle containing a pinkish liquid, a cupcake on a plate, and a pipe. Taking a closer look, she noticed that each had a small tag attached to it, with a single carefully scripted word upon it.

“Eat me,” she read, eyeing the cupcake. It was rather pretty with cream colored frosting and small blue frosting flowers decorating it.

“Drink me.” The teacup was likewise decorated, as was the saucer it sat upon.

“Smoke me.” Of course, the pipe held to the same thing. It seemed to be made of white tinted glass and had blue flowers painted along the rim of the bowl.

“Cheshire had said something about tea and cake,” Alice recalled out loud. “Only it has been so long ago and so much has happened since that I cannot recollect exactly what it was. Oh, dash and bother. I wish that Wonderland wasn’t so confusing or confounding. Why can’t anything be easy here?”

Alice half expected an answer from any one of the furnishings in the room. A doorknob, perhaps, or a table. Maybe even the cupcake upon the table, but she was disappointed in that, eventually letting out a soft sigh.

“I guess I shall have to work it out on my own. I wonder if the doors have keyholes through which I could peer so that I can decide which of them to try. I shall pick one at random and see what I can see.”

With an eye to the keyhole of the door nearest her she discovered a most welcome surprise. It seemed to lead into a rather sizable closet full of fashions of every hue and color.

“At last!” she declared and wasted no time in opening the door and stepping forward, somewhat overwhelmed, for the closet was as lengthy as many a hall and was lined with enough outfits that one could go an entire year and never wear the same one twice.

She began to examine them, one at a time, touching them carefully, yet not daring to take any off the hanger, for they looked far too fanciful for a someone as common as Alice to wear, or so she thought at first. Then it struck her. While That Alice would never try on such finery, This Alice just might.

“I am sure that This Alice would at least try on something, especially since This Alice is tired of not having anything to wear. Nor does This Alice wish to catch a chill and, while it is not drafty in here, who knows what the climate might be like upon the other side of another door. The only question is, which to try on first. Perhaps I shall go alphabetically by color, alizarin being first, then amaranth, amber, amethyst, apricot, aqua,

aquamarine, asparagus, auburn, and finally azure. After that, well, perhaps I won't need to look further than that."

As it turned out, Alice was well into the F's before she found a suitably pleasing style in an equally suitably pleasing fuchsia.

"Oh, this is quite lovely," she decided, holding it out at arm's length and then to her before a full length mirror, one in which her reflection appeared to be just that, a reflection. By then she was feeling quite peckish and remembering the small cake upon the table.

"After I am dressed," she promised her reflection which, apparently, agreed with her for it simply nodded its head in affirmation, much to Alice's relief.

"I don't suppose there are undergarments as well."

Looking around she spied a rather large dresser with several drawers in which there were, indeed, all manner and color of pretty brassieres, bustiers, camisoles, chemises, corsets, drawers, knickers, shifts, slips, stockings, and suspenders. So many, in fact, that Alice felt quite overwhelmed and decided to sit down upon a plump footstool until she felt sufficiently recovered to make a decision, all the while aware that her stomach was quite unhappy about its current state and showing its displeasure by growling threateningly.

"I best not take too long," she murmured as she rose to her feet. "Perhaps it would be easier if I simply closed my eyes and left it to chance."

She took her time dressing, enjoying the sensuous feel of silk and lace upon her soft skin. She'd chosen undergarments of tangerine, thinking they complimented the color of her dress perfectly. Knickers that with so little material that they would be considered scandalous anywhere but in a brothel and a bra that barely hid her rosy pink nipples. Lace suspenders held up silk stockings that felt slinky as she pulled them over her calves and thighs. A corset that laced in front rather than in back which she had tightened as much as she could stand so that her figure resembled an hourglass. She liked how it pushed her breasts up, making them look fuller. She stood for several minutes in the looking glass, striking poses that she imagined what it would be like to actually be a French whore, blushing at how wicked she was being and at the hint of dampness that was slowly

growing on her orange drawers and how visible her nipples were as they poked against the silk of her brassiere.

“Perhaps I will simply forego a dress and comport myself such,” she said with a giggle, tilting her head saucily as she blew a kiss to the sexy girl in the mirror.

‘Of course, that could lead to mischief should I meet pirates or bandits or men with nefarious intentions, so perhaps it would be best not to,’ she decided, although the idea of meeting such men while dressed solely in undergarments made her pulse race the damp spot upon her knickers spread until she wondered if she’d soon have to change into a new pair.

‘Oh, dash and bother. This Alice doesn’t care a whit what anyone might think, not that they’ll see. Only I will know . . . Oh dear. I can’t believe this, after all that has happened! I am simply shameless.’ she scolded herself, having noticed that her hand had made it’s way into her knickers without her permission and her fingers had begun to caress her pleasure nub teasingly.

“Oh, but it feels so good,” she sighed, her eyes closing so that she didn’t have to watch herself behaving indecently. “And no one is here to judge me for being wicked . . .”

With that in mind, she gave in to temptation, watching herself in the looking glass as her hand moved inside her panties. Her breath began to quicken and her pulse race and she began to moan as she reached out with one hand to steady herself against the mirror frame as she pushed two slender digits inside of her grasping cunt. Spreading her legs apart, she began to properly fuck herself, her cheeks flushed as she panted and purred.

“You are such a naughty slut,” she admonished her reflection as she felt a long denied climax building into an inferno inside her until she was overcome with such passion that she lost all control, thrusting a third finger into her tight wet cunt as far as she could as she let out a passionate cry and came, her juices pushing their way past her fingers and coating the insides of her thighs. Shaking, she sank to the floor, her palms pressed against the rug upon which she knelt, hair hanging over her face as she tried to catch her breath.

“Oh, my oh my,” she finally managed, her hand still trapped between her thighs, her fingers dripping with her discharge. “Oh my oh my oh my.”

Eventually she managed to make her way to her feet once more, aware that she smelled like a French whore, and not caring in the least, at least not at present.

“I should finish dressing,” she mused out loud, still unsteady on her feet. “And then explore the other doors. I really should. Only I would rather just stand here all day and do that over and over until I am too exhausted to stand, in which case I might consider kneeling or perhaps laying down whilst doing it, that said, I fear my stomach is becoming increasingly upset with me and there is cake and tea.”

Despite her hunger, she took her time dressing, wanting to look pretty. ‘Not that there is anyone to notice, but sometimes it’s enough to know that, if there was, they would certainly compliment me.’

The dress was far fancier than anything she’d ever tried on before. Risque as well, for it was made of lace that was so sheer that one needed guess at the color of her undergarments.

“Not that I give a fig, let alone two,” she decided with a firm nod, her chin pushed out defiantly. Picking out a pair of leather boots, she slipped her feet into them and laced them up to just below her knees. “I wonder if I should compliment my ensemble with a bonnet and parasol. It might add an air of properness, although, when one has their wet knickers on display such as I have, it might be considered a useless gesture.”

Returning to the room in which she had begun she strolled carefully towards the table upon which the small cake had been placed, mindful of her boot heels, something she wasn’t altogether used to.

‘It certainly looks harmless. Quite the opposite, and I am terribly hungry. I can’t imagine it would hurt to take a bite or two.’

She did just that, pleasantly surprised to discover that it was harmless, for how could something so incredibly scrumptious be harmful?

‘This might possibly be the best cake I have ever tasted,’ she thought, taking another bite and moaning softly as her mouth was filled with a delightfully sweet flavor. ‘I don’t think I can stop at simply having a bit or two. I must have the entire cake.’

Once she had finished it her tummy didn’t feel quite so empty. In fact, despite it being such a small cake it seemed to sate her appetite perfectly.

Feeling quite content she placed the now empty plate back on the table, beside the pipe.

‘Smoke me? I should think not. Only gentlemen smoke. It’s simply not lady-like. And yet, I am not much of a lady, or so I have discovered.’

She eyed the single match and striker that lay alongside the pipe, wondering what it would feel like to smoke a pipe. ‘I wonder if it has a taste or just an aroma? I never thought to ask father. Nor am I sure exactly how one goes about smoking. Perhaps it is just a matter of puffing? Maybe I will try it and, if I decide it is not for me I will simply never do it again.’

That decided, she picked up the pipe and placed the stem to her lips. Thinking back on all the times she had watched her father light his pipe in the comfort of his study she bit down on the stem whilst striking the match head against the striker. Once lit, she placed it over the bowl and sucked in as hard as she could, dimpling her cheeks with the effort, until she could taste a smokey sweetness fill her mouth, and then her throat, and then her lungs until it was all she could do to keep from coughing, at which point, she exhaled and did cough.

“Perhaps smoking a pipe is not for me,” she decided out loud as she replaced the pipe on the table. “I think that, next, I’ll explore some of the other doors and see if they lead anywhere interesting. Perhaps the blue one.”

Before she was half way across the room a strange feeling came over her.

‘I feel . . . fuzzy,’ she decided, for that was the word that best described how she was feeling. It was a nice kind of feeling so she wasn’t overly worried about it, concentrating on the door which, strangely, seemed to be getting farther and farther away with each step rather than closer.

‘How very curious. Perhaps if I were to walk away from it, I might get closer,’ she decided, and did just that, taking a careful step backward whilst still facing the door. Much to her delight, the door seemed to grow closer, or at least larger, and so she took another step, and another, until the door was towering over her head.

“Why, I had no idea it was so large!” she exclaimed out loud, her voice echoing in the large room. It was, in fact, much larger than Alice recalled, as was the table upon which the cake, bottle, and pipe had been placed. “Oh, Dear. I fear that the room hasn’t gotten larger. I have gotten smaller! Dash and bother. Now what am I going to do?”

She looked around her at all the doors. Each one had a knob that was too high for her to reach, even if she stood on tiptoe.

“At least I have stopped shrinking. Oh, but my head feels quite funny. Not only are my thoughts growing fuzzy but it feels like I am floating.”

Glancing down at her feet she realized that she was, indeed, floating slowly off the floor.

“It’s almost like being in the pond behind the house. I wonder if it is possible to swim through air. I guess there is only one way to find out.”

She began to wave her arms around as if she might be swimming in a large pond, quite pleased that she had thought of this solution to her dilemma. Soon she was floating next to the door knob.

“Hello,” she announced warmly, curtsying in mid air.

“Why, hello to you as well,” the knob replied brightly. “I can’t recall having seen you before and I most certainly would have remembered such a pretty bird such as yourself.”

“I’m not a bird, silly,” Alice giggled, her thoughts growing even fuzzier. She blinked, trying to focus on the knob, for it seemed that there were now 4 identical knobs on four identical doors. “I’m an Alice.”

“Well, you certainly look like a bird. And you’re flying, so it’s only logical to assume that you are, in fact, a bird. Besides, I have never heard of an Alice before. Perhaps you are confused.”

Alice nodded absently, thinking the knob—or rather, knobs, for now there seemed to be six of them—were correct. She did seem rather confused. Maybe she really was a bird. That would explain why she was able to fly, or at least float. And she did seem to be covered in pretty colors much like the plumage of a bird.

“Perhaps I am. My pardon. Although I have absolutely no idea what kind of a bird I am.”

“A yellow crusted contrarian wobbler would be my guess. Or perhaps a three toed tangorio.”

“Perhaps,” Alice murmured, her small hands resting upon the brass knob so that she didn’t float way in the middle of their conversation. “I don’t suppose you know what’s on the other side of the door.”

“I do, in fact,” the knob corrected her eagerly. “A beautiful garden full of butterflies and flutterbies and every flower you could possibly imagine as

well as some you couldn't possibly imagine," it proclaimed.

"It sounds delightful," Alice slurred, for it seemed that not only had her thoughts grown fuzzy, but so had the rest of her. "Would you mind opening up so I can see for myself?"

"I would be happy to," the knob nodded, turning slowly until the door began to swing slowly open, allowing Alice to drift through, before closing once more, firmly behind her as she floated into the most lovely garden she had ever set eyes upon.

Chapter Thirteen

The Sisters

Had Alice been her normal size, she might have run laughing down the garden path, stopping to push her nose into this bloom or that and inhale the wonderful bouquet of scents that they had to offer. Still, she could admire them from afar. Or rather, from below.

“So many colors, some I have never seen or even imagined!” she exclaimed, turning in place until she’d made a full circle. “I wonder whose garden it is. Mostly likely a wealthy lord or even a Duke or an Earl. Dash and bother, I wish I was my normal size once more so I could enjoy it better.”

With a sigh, she began to walk along the garden path which was quite a chore for someone so small, since it was paved quite unevenly with mismatched bricks.

“Perhaps not a Duke, nor an Earl,” she concluded, for it seemed that the garden had been ignored judging by the weeds growing up between some of the bricks. “A shame, for it must have been quite lovely and tame and now it has gone quite wild.”

Soon, she came to a fork, or rather, the path forked, one path leading to the her right, the other to her left.

“This way or that?” she wondered, worrying at her lip in indecision, startled as a voice from above answered her.

“Depends upon where you wish to go.”

“Who is that?! Show yourself!” she cried out whilst doing her best to hide behind a nearby dandelion stem.

A very large and familiar grin appeared suddenly.

“Oh!” She gasped, recognizing the smile of the cheshire cat. “You shouldn’t go around scaring people like that!”

“I’ll do as I please, if it pleases you. Not that it matters if it does or doesn’t.” the cat answered, his disembodied tail fading into view as well. “And it would have been rude not to answer your question.”

“Well, I suppose it would have been,” she reluctantly agreed, not wanting to be disagreeable as she realized that she was now mouse-sized while the cat was still cat-sized and that his teeth were very sharp and pointed.

“Now that we have that sorted, might I suggest you go that way?” as he spoke, he pointed with his tail down the path to her right. “Seeing as how that way,” his tail motioned to her left, “leads to certain death.”

“Oh my!” she gasped, her hand covering her mouth, her eyes wide as her gaze followed the cat’s tail. “I suppose I should thank you for warning me, Cheshire.”

“Not at all,” replied the cat. “Those of us who are mad should always look out for each other.”

“But I am not mad.”

“Of course you are. Take pride in it. After all, all the best people are.”

Before she could speak again, he’d vanished, once more, into thin air.

“Well, that was certainly helpful,” she murmured, turning toward the direction the cat had suggested. “I am of half a mind to believe that this is a dream, but whether it is or not, I most definitely do not wish to die.”

She began walking down the right path, which was apparently also the correct path, unable to help but continue to admire the flowers towering overhead, none of which she could put a name to. “I suppose, had I paid more attention in class, I might know some of their names—”

“Or, you could ask.”

“Oh my!” Who is that?” she exclaimed. Startled, she looked around in confusion, but was unable to see anyone or anything hiding amongst the flora.

“Silly girl. I am right here in plain sight. As for who I am, I am Dahlia. Who are you?”

“Alice,” Alice answered slowly, looking upwards, for that is where the voice seemed to be coming from.

“Well, Alice, it is nice to meet you.”

It was then that she realized that it was one of the flowers speaking, one of the ones she had been admiring earlier, with wide lavender petals that were almost translucent.

“You’re beautiful.”

“Why thank you. I wish I could say the same about you. You’re rather plain looking. Not at all colorful like me.”

“Oh,” she murmured, thinking the flower might be quite pretty, but it was also quite rude.

“Nor as well spoken, apparently. I don’t suppose you’re very clever, either.”

“I am quite clever,” Alice retorted, glowering at the flower. “Clever enough to best father at chess.”

“Not clever enough to introduce yourself without being asked.”

“I wasn’t aware that you could talk.”

“Of course I can talk, my dear child. She wasn’t aware I could talk, sisters.”

A chorus of giggles broke out as stems bent and twisted so that a trio of lavender flowers could get a closer look. Now that they were eye level, Alice could make out exotic faces in the center of the blooms.

“I beg your forgiveness,” she murmured shyly and curtsied. “But where I come from, the flowers don’t talk.”

“Perhaps you just don’t listen,” one of the flowers replied. To Alice, they all looked and sounded alike, so she was uncertain if it was Dahlia or one of her sisters who addressed her.

“Perhaps,” she admitted.

“Well, at least she has manners,” one of the other flowers praised, reaching out with a bright green frond to brush, the tip of which brushed her arm gently.

“And she isn’t as ugly as the other rodents.”

“I’m not a rodent,” Alice said indignantly, stamping her foot. “I’m a—”

“Shush, dear,” warned one of the flowers, its voice low as it curled its leafy frond about her waist and pulled her close.

“Who, how—”

Before Alice could finish her thought another frond was pressed against her face, covering her mouth and muffling her words. For a moment she considered struggling, but the flower’s whispered words changed her mind.

“Quietly. The grounds are not as safe as they used to be. Now, be still and stay silent until she passes . . .”

Alice very much wanted to ask who 'she' was, but her unspoken question was soon answered as a very loud buzzing sound filled the air, announcing a very strange sight. Alice would have gasped out loud had the flower not been covering her mouth with one of its leafy fronds, for a creature out of nightmares was suddenly hovering over the bricks, its translucent wings buzzing vibrating noisily as they kept it aloft.

'A giant wasp,' she thought. Only she was only half right. While it was striped black and yellow and had the wings of a wasp, and the antennae, it only had one pair of legs and one pair of arms, which were both very feminine. As was its face, although its eyes were very waspish, as was its smile.

'Her smile,' Alice amended, noticing small perky breasts above a wasp-like waist and what looked like the vertical slit of a cunny between her thighs.

'Oh, and a stinger!' For, indeed, there was a stinger at the base of her spine, one that dripped with a viscous green substance that could only be venom. She looked both magnificent and terrifying all at once.

Alice and the trio of flowers watched in silence, breathes held, as the waspwoman seemed to scan the path and the flowerbeds to either side for what felt like an eternity until, finally, she sped off, her feet skimming the flora, growing smaller and smaller until she disappeared around a bend. Only then did they let their collective breath out with a sigh of relief.

"It was a paradise here before she came," one of the sisters griped.

"We were well tended and well cared for," grouched another.

"And, best of all, we were admired," complained the third, who Alice decided had to be Dahlia, for she seemed the most vain of the trio.

"But now, as you can see," one of them made a sweeping motion with the leaves on her slender stem, "everything is in disrepair."

"How terrible for you," Alice remarked with sincerity.

"Tragic," they all agreed in unison.

"I don't suppose there is anyway to get rid of her."

"No. Well, Perhaps," One of them murmured softly.

"There might be," Whispered another.

"Only it would require . . . assistance," purred one of the sisters as her frond stroked along Alice's arm in a most pleasant manner. "For which we

could be quite grateful.”

“Appreciative,” one of the other sisters added, her soft frond caressing Alice’s calf.

“Indebted, even,” hummed Dahlia as she brushed against the tops of Alice’s breast delicately, the tip of her leafy frond tracing the top of her corset, making the young woman shiver.

“Oh, but it would be most dangerous.”

“Quite risky.”

“Extremely treacherous.”

“I see,” Alice managed, not quite seeing at all for, while she was normally quite bright, it was hard to think straight when she was being fondled in such a manner.

“I don’t suppose you would consider helping us?” they asked in unison as they continued to tease Alice.

“I—” she managed, the rest of her thoughts slipping away as they began to touch her in earnest.

She felt another leaf upon her other calf, soft and almost silky as it wrapped around her ankle while the other slide further over her stocking until it found the bare flesh of her inner thigh. Another leaf navigated along her arm, and another down her back, teasing her spine through the corset she wore. The one upon her chest dipped a tip beneath her brassiere seeking out her hardening nipples while yet another began to pluck at the laces of her corset quite nimbly.

‘It seems that I am being constantly undressed and taken advantage of. Not that I mind so very much.’

After that thought, she found it hard to think at all as the flowers continued to touch and tease her until she was unable to think at all, barely noticing as her stocking were pulled down her legs, her corset was unlaced and tossed aside, and her brassier was torn away. Soon, her suspenders and panties joined them and she was laid upon upon the soft earth, leaves curled around her ankles so as to part her thighs as the tips of their fronds flickered against her swollen nipples and her throbbing button whilst another teased her nether lips apart and slipped into her dripping wet pussy.

“Please,” she managed, her words lost in a moan of unearthly pleasure.

The flowers responded with vigor, another leaf tip circling her puckered arse then pushing slowly into her until she began to writhe with pleasure. One of the sisters, which she couldn't begin to guess, pulled her closer, into her petals, positioning the human girl so that her aromatic cunt was centered just so . . .

If Alice had actually paid better attention during the lecture on botany, she would have known that flowers have both male and female reproductive organs, the female being in the center and called the stigma, and the male being to either side and called stamen. While Dahlia and her sisters thought of themselves as female, they were, in fact, hermaphrodites. That is, both male and female. Not that Alice was aware of this fact. All she knew was it felt quite amazing to have the thick pollen coated head of a thick stamen push past her swollen and parted lips and enter her.

"Yes," she panted, breathing heavily, eyes wide as she felt her inner walls being pushed apart as the flower claimed her hot wet cunt.

"Yes," she moaned as it began to push in and out of her, each time pushing deeper.

"Oh, god, yes!" she cried out as a second stamen joined the first, it's thrusts timed so that when the first was pushing into her, the second was pulling out, making it feel like she was being fucked at an impossible rate of speed as the other two flowers held her helplessly still whilst managing to continue to tease and torment her erogenous zones mercilessly until she was inflamed with passion.

"I—" She managed, trying to warn them (after all, she wanted to be polite as was possible, regardless of the situation) that she was about to be overcome with a burst of pleasure that might, possibly, distress the delicate sensibilities of the flowers. Despite her best intentions, she was unable to finish the thought before a tidal wave of intensity rushed through her at breakneck speed.

"Oh!" she screamed, the single word seeming inadequate for what she was experiencing and yet unable to find any others in her newly found lexicon of erotic expressions. The flowers, however, understood perfectly.

"Breathtaking!"

"Inspiring!"

"My turn!"

Alice felt herself being passed to another of the sisters, too weak to protest (not as if she would have if she was able), her climax still thrilling through every surface of her exposed flesh, as they continued to brush their silky fronds over her most sensitive places. Soon, she was once again positioned within one of the sisters petals, a prick like appendage pushing into both her pussy and her bottom so that she could feel them pressing against each other within her.

“Oh, dear, please be careful,” she exclaimed worriedly as both her holes were filled.

“I promise not to damage you,” the flower reassured her. “In a moment, all your worries will be banished.”

True to it's word, she soon lost herself in sensations of immense pleasure, groaning loudly, her hips rolling and rocking as she writhed upon the thick stamen inside her. Soon, she felt another crescendo building deep within her, one that threatened to be even more powerful than the last.

“I—” she managed once again, making up for her lack of manners the last time, but unable to complete her warning before she was lost in a haze of sensation that robbed her of her senses. This time her climax was so powerful that she thought she might pass out, and indeed, she did for a brief moment before regaining her wits, shivering and moaning and shaking from head to toe as the flowers continued to drive her mad, touching her everywhere until she was reduced to a quivering wet mess.

“Astounding!”

“Astonishing!”

“My turn!” cried Dahlia, for she had yet to experience Alice in this way.

“Oh, please,” Alice managed as she was pulled close, once again, and enfolded by translucent lavender petals.

“Don't you fret, lovely Alice,” Dahlia said softly, taking pity upon the poor girl. “Unlike my sisters, I will be gentle.

“Oh, thank you,” Alice murmured, quite spent.

And, true to her word, Dahlia was most gentle, wrapping Alice in her petals protectively and turning her back to her sisters so that she was alone with the girl. Alice sighed and mentally prepared herself to be fucked senseless once more and then, something quite unexpected happened. Dahlia began to rock her gently and sing. It was the most beautiful and possibly the tenderest of lullabies and her voice felt like honey. Alice

smiled softly, as she closed her eyes and let the song drift over her. Soon, she felt like she was made of butter, melting in the warmth of a cocoon of soft petals.

‘This is what it’s like to be loved,’ she thought, purring softly as she began to drift from the waking world to a landscape of dreams . . .

Chapter Fourteen

Doctor Paine

Alice blinked, surprised to find herself sitting on an uncomfortably hard wooden chair in front of a very large desk, behind which sat a very large man with an incredibly bushy mustache and sideburns and very little hair on top of his head. He looked very official, as did the room he inhabited. He also sounded very official (in other words, quite pompous).

“So, these adventures you had. You believe them to be real? That you really were captured by . . .” he paused, glancing down at an open notebook. “Tiny pirates. And then by . . . giant chess pieces?”

Alice simply nodded, feeling a little confused and more than a little fuzzy as she searched her memories, recalling all that had happened to her. How Captain Foxtrot had spanked her. Her reflection in the mirror. How the chessmen had lined up behind her while she’d been tied to the ship’s wheel and . . . used her and how much she’d liked it. On and on her thoughts traveled, mostly focusing on her sexual escapes . . . What had happened in Captain Honeyglass’s cabin. The stature of the Bull-man. Yim and Yee. The bumblebee . . . All of it.

She felt herself becoming dangerously aroused. Worse, he—she wrinkled up her face trying to put a name to the man behind the desk, finally coming up with one—Doctor Carpenter. Worse, Doctor Carpenter was watching her intently whilst making notes with a quill pen in his notebook, a strange expression on his face.

“And yet, you know that all of these things you claim to have happened are impossible?”

Again, Alice nodded, feeling unsure. They’d felt so real, after all, like real memories.

“It’s only impossible if you believe it is,” she murmured, more to reassure herself than to offer an answer to the question.

Doctor Carpenter sighed, shaking his head slightly as he removed his glasses and cleaned them with a square of cloth, his gaze wandering from her face down to her breasts where it lingered for far longer than polite. Blushing, Alice squirmed on her seat, glancing down and realizing that she

was wearing a grey cotton dress that was a little too tight for comfort, so tight, in fact, that she could hardly blame the doctor for staring at her breasts since the state of her nipples was obvious.

“Oh!” she gasped, mortified as she covered them up with her hands and kept her eyes downcast. ‘How embarrassing!’ she thought, squeezing her knees together and swallowing nervously, waiting for him to break the uncomfortable silence.

Finally, he cleared his throat and addressed her softly, his voice careful as he talked to her as if she was a child.

“I think it would be in your best interests, Alice—you don’t mind if I call you Alice, do you?”

Alice shook her head, wondering what else he would call her. ‘Slut, perhaps? Whore?’

“I think it would be in your best interests to stay with us for a while and let us help you see that none of that was real. Think of it as being ill and letting us cure you. I think that you will find your stay with us not entirely unpleasant. We have some very fine doctors here, all eager to see that your mind is put right. All I need you to do is sign your name on this consent form.”

He pushed a very impressive looking form towards her, offering her his pen as she leaned forward, reading slowly through it. It seemed quite straightforward. She was simply giving him permission to treat her while she stayed at the hospital for a few days.

“And, when I am better, I can go home?” she asked, taking the pen and pressing the nib to the form, then pausing, an inner voice that sounded suspiciously like Cheshire teasing at her thoughts.

‘They think you’re mad, Alice, and want to cure you. Don’t let them. Stay strong. I’ll come find you when I can. Remember, you’re not crazy. Your reality is just different from theirs.’

She lay the pen down on the desk, shaking her head slowly, a shy smile upon her face. Cheshire was her friend and she trusted his advice, after all.

“Thank you, Doctor Carpenter, but If it pleases you, I think I’d just as soon go home now. If you could have my things sent?”

“Oh, Alice, Alice, Alice,” the large man sighed and frowned as he reached for a bell upon his desk.

“Why is a raven like a writing desk?” she asked suddenly, her eyes bright and her brow furrowed, giving the doctor pause.

“Why is what?”

“Why,” she repeated slowly, each word precisely pronounced, “is a raven. Like a writing desk, Doctor?”

“I don’t—”

“Because there is a B in both and an N in neither,” she giggled softly, the sound drowned out by the ting-a-ling of the bell. Moments later, the door swung open on squeaky hinges and a striking woman in a nurse’s uniform entered.

“Yes, Doctor Carpenter?”

“Mistress Sinclair? Can you please take Miss Pleasance to Ward 4?”

“I’m sorry,” Alice spoke up, somewhat alarmed. “I thought I was to be sent home.”

“No, my dear. Although it pains me greatly, since you’re obviously not interested in getting better, for your own safety I’m going to have you committed until such a time that you are cured of your delusions.”

Alice stood suddenly, stamping her foot upon the floor, her voice indignant. “You have no right!”

Doctor Carpenter simply laughed as he turned the form towards him, picked up the pen, and signed her name on the bottom.

“There. Now I have every right. Enjoy your stay, Alice. I will be seeing much more of you quite soon.”

Alice shivered at his words, as they were accompanied by a calculating leer that chilled her to the very bone.

“Go away,” Alice muttered as the Cheshire cat regarded her from midair in her small room. Not only small, but grim, for it lacked windows and everything in it that wasn’t Alice had been painted or dyed a particularly dreary shade of grey.

“Stop feeling sorry for yourself, Alice. If you’re not careful, you’ll lose all your muchness and then what will you do?”

“My muchness?” Alice asked, her voice sounding muted and tired. “What is muchness?”

“The quality or state of being in great quantity, extent, or degree,” Answered the cat. “Or, more simply put, that which makes you, you.”

“Then I fear I have already lost it, dear friend, for a day ago, I had been This Alice and now I am That Alice once again.”

“Well then, we’ll have to get you out of here so you can resume being This Alice.”

Alice simply snorted, for there was no point in arguing, nor any point.

“Don’t give up hope, Alice. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have a tea party to attend.”

Before she could manage an answer, the cat had faded from view, leaving her alone upon the only piece of furniture in the room—a thin mattress upon a metal bed frame.

Moments after the cat had faded from view, Alice heard a key turning in the lock of the heavy metal door, doing her best to straighten the wrinkles from her smock as it opened, emitting the imposing figure of Mistress Sinclair accompanied by a pair of brutish looking male orderlies.

“On your feet, Miss Pleasance,” she ordered, her voice cold and sterile.

Alice obeyed as quickly as she could, nervously standing before the tall woman while doing her best not to look any of her visitors in the eye.

“Back straight. Heels together. Shoulders back. Chin up. Eyes straight ahead. Good girl. Now, tongue out.”

“Tongue out?” Alice asked timidly.

“Time for your medication,” Mistress Sinclair explained.

“What medi—”

The tall blonde tutted loudly then snapped her fingers. “Mister Hart.”

One of the orderlies stepped forward with a cruel smile, a small white tablet held between thumb and forefinger.

“Open wide, girl.”

“But I—”

Before she could finish her protest, he’d grabbed her face roughly, pressing one thumb into her right cheek, and one finger into her right, forcing her mouth open.

“Tongue out, Miss Pleasance!” Mistress Sinclair snapped and Alice complied, eyes widening as the pill was forced into her mouth.

“Now swallow.”

Alice swallowed, gagging on the bitter tablet as it went down.

“You’d best learn to behave, Miss Pleasance, or the next time it won’t be nearly as pleasant. Is that understood?”

Alice nodded, her fists clenched in anger at her treatment. What kind of hospital was this? Certainly not one that treated its patients with decorum or dignity.

“Now come along. We don’t want to be late.”

“Late for what?”

“Your treatment.”

Flickering electric lights lit the way. The hallway walls had been painted a bluish-white and the floors tiled to match. Despite her slippers, she could feel the chill on the soles of her feet. The same chill that rose goosebumps all over her exposed skin. With each step it seemed to seep through her thin cotton dress and even into her flesh, raising goosebumps all over her body and making her shiver.

“I am very cold,” she told Mistress Sinclair, her teeth chattering. “Might I have a scarf or perhaps a coat?”

“No, you may not. Now hush. I am not at all fond of spoiled young women who constantly complain. Spare the rod, spoil the child.”

‘I was hardly spoiled!’ Alice thought, indignantly, but she kept her thoughts to herself being more than a little afraid of the stern Nurse who was in charge. Even the hulking orderlies seemed to be a little nervous in her presence, which did offer Alice a modicum of hope, not at all liking the way they looked at her when they thought Mistress Sinclair wasn’t paying attention.

The corridor seemed to go on forever. They walked past many doors, each with a number upon it, exactly like the one barring Alice’s room, although it was impossible to tell whether or not there were occupants behind them. For all she knew, she might be the only patient in the entire ward.

‘Oh, I do hope that someone misses me. Perhaps the Yee and Yum and the Tweedles are out looking for me. Why, they might even be just outside, plotting and planning my rescue. Any minute now I will hear their voices and the sound of mayhem as they battle a small army of orderlies, laying about them with vim and vigor with their fists and rattles!’

But, wish as she might, there were no sounds of a fracas to be heard, nor even the muted footsteps of stealthy sneaking. There was only the sound of

their own footsteps echoing down yet another otherwise empty hallway and her own trepidatious heartbeat as they navigated the maze of corridors until finally, they reached a pair of double doors with the words 'Examination Room' etched in yellow upon a dark blue plaque.

"Here we are, Miss Pleasance," Mistress Sinclair announced, producing a set of silver keys upon a steel ring. "Now, remember. Best behavior!"

The lock turned with a loud click and the Orderlies, Mister Hart and his companion pushed them open wide.

"Oh," Alice gasped, peering inside, for the room was, indeed, worthy of a gasp of surprise. Inside were all sort of strange devices, many of which looked like they belonged in a hospital facility, some of which looked like they'd been taken out of a laboratory (although what their purpose was, Alice had no idea. They just looked rather scientific), and some that she imagined might have come directly from the Tower of London, for they looked quite menacing.

"How curious," she purred, as she was guided into the room, for she was suddenly feeling very relaxed, her trepidation slowly fading to be replaced with a sense of quiet anticipation. In fact, she could feel a spark of something else flare up within her and, although she couldn't quite put a finger on the feeling, it felt quite pleasant. "It must be the medication," she mused, unaware that she'd voiced her thoughts out loud until Mistress Sinclair answered.

"I see it's beginning to take effect. Good."

"I'm feeling . . . nice," Alice said slowly, unable to find the correct word, or words, to convey the feeling slowly taking over.

"Yes, it has that effect," Mistress Sinclair responded with a wry chuckle, the first sign of mirth Alice had seen from her since their first meeting. "It has some very curious effects, in fact. Right now you're feeling very relaxed, I assume."

Alice smiled and nodded her head slowly whilst curling her toes playfully inside her slippers for the simple reason that it felt quite good.

"It also makes you amenable to suggestions, which will be quite helpful during your examination. For example, stick out your tongue, Alice."

Without pause, Alice stuck out her tongue as far as she could manage, her eyes drawn to the nurses. She felt a little dreamy and she didn't seem to be able to stop smiling.

“That’s a good girl. Now put it back in your mouth.”

Again, Alice complied, feeling a surge of warmth at being told she was a ‘good girl’. For a brief moment, she questioned her reaction, but quickly shrugged her doubts aside, for it was so much easier to simply accept that it made her feel good.

“Soon, it will begin to affect your libido. You’ll find yourself easily aroused at first, and then you’ll begin to crave physical stimulation, especially that of a sexual nature.”

Alice nodded, having already noticed the first effect taking place, for her nipples had begun to swell and ache to the point of distraction as she gazed up at Miss Sinclair’s intoxicating eyes and she could feel her cunny growing wetter and wetter with every breath she took.

“There is one side effect that you might not enjoy as much. Or perhaps you will, given your nature.”

“Oh?” Alice replied, only mildly concerned, distracted by the heat of desire that she could feel building within her, making it hard to concentrate.

“Yes. It seems that, while your libido, or your state of arousal if you prefer, will grow, the stronger it gets, the harder it will be to climax. In fact, when it is at its peak, you will find it impossible to achieve orgasm. Many find this quite maddening. What your reaction will be, however, is yet to be discovered. That is the point of today’s test, or tests, if you will. Do you understand, Alice?”

“I think so?” she answered, unsure if that was the correct answer or not, but unable to come up with any other, for her thoughts had become very focused upon the heat building between her thighs.

“Good. Now, let us begin. Please undress, Miss Pleasance. Make sure you fold your dress and place it neatly upon the chair to your left. Slippers go under the chair. You may leave your knickers and brassiere on for now.”

Without hesitation, although she did turn her back to the orderlies who seemed quite intent upon watching her disrobe, she bent over and removed both slippers and placed them under the chair and then, just as quickly, pulled her dress off over her head, folded it neatly, and placed it upon the chair as she’d been instructed. A part of her recognized that the air in the room was still quite chilly and yet, she didn’t feel cold. She supposed it was because the heat within her was keeping her warm.

“Now, let’s get your measurements and your vital signs. Come stand over here on the scale, please.”

Alice stood still as Mister Hart announced her height (152 centimeters), her weight (7.7 stones), and the measurements of her breasts (32), waist (24 inches, and her hips (33 inches) all of which was exceedingly embarrassing, especially since he took every opportunity to ‘accidentally’ fondle her until she was quivering with barely suppressed desire.

‘At least I know that I am no longer in danger of becoming That Alice again,’ she mused, for there was very little doubt that she was, indeed, This Alice at present, for it was impossible to ignore the wetness of her knickers and the prominence of her nipples. Nor was there a way to pretend that every brush of his fingers or even the measuring tape made her gasp softly and squirm with pleasure despite admonishments to ‘please hold still’.

“Mister Hammer. Vital signs, please.”

Just like Mister Hart, the other orderly seemed happy to touch her inappropriately as he took her pulse (150 beats per minute which raised Mistress Sinclair’s eyebrows!), temperature (38C), and listened to her heartbeat with a stethoscope (elevated).

“It seems you are a very healthy young woman,” Mistress Sinclair announced.

“Mister Hammer, Mister Hart. Help Alice up on the exam table while I consult with Doctors Carpenter and Paine.”

The exam table was a very strange looking contraption—more of a padded table with strange metal extensions rising from one end that ended in something similar to a horse’s stirrup. There were a number of leather straps attached to various points along the table that apparently buckled.

“Now be a good girl, and sit yourself here,” Mister Hart ordered, patting the table with one meaty hand whilst giving her bottom a firm swat with the other.

“Oh,” Alice moaned softly as she pushed herself up on her toes and took her place on the table, her legs dangling over the edge.

“The Doc’s going to want your knickers off. Your brassiere, too.”

“Don’t worry, we won’t look,” Mister Hammer added with a devilish grin. “Much.”

Shyly, Alice removed her underthings, carefully folding them as she though Mistress Sinclair would like, before handing them over to the

orderlies who most definitely had lied about not looking. Not that in the state she was in, she minded much. Or at all. She reminded her self that This Alice actually enjoyed such attention although she did keep her legs crossed at the ankles and her hands folded demurely in her lap whilst blushing and trying to hide a secretive smile by keeping her chin down.

“You know, Mister Hammer,” Mister Hart said. “Don’t she remind you of one of those French girls? The ones they put on postcards?”

“She does at that, Mister Hart. One of those girls dressed up in all that frilly underwear.”

“Only she’s not got any underwear on, does she.”

“Not a stitch.”

“And it’s a bit of a stroll to the Doc’s offices.”

“That it is, Mister Hart. What are you proposing?”

Alice listened to the exchange, her blush growing deeper as she realized a small pool of her arousal was forming on the padded leather upon which she was seated, wondering as well what Mister Hart was proposing.

“I was thinking that maybe, if we asked nicely, she’d pose for us. Just like on a postcard. Be real nice of her, don’t you think?”

“I do at that. Would you like to ask her, or should I have the honor?”

“I think that, being my idea, I should be the one to ask.”

“Fair enough, Mister Hart. Fair enough.”

And so, without further discussion, Mister Hart turned his lust-filled gaze on Alice and parted his lips to reveal a lusty grin, asked exactly that and Alice, who rather liked the idea of being on a postcard dressed, not like a French girl, but naked, like a French whore, looked quite thoughtful for a brief moment before asking a question of her own.

“How, exactly, would you like me to pose?”

To which Mister Hammer, answered—“With your legs spread nice and wide so we can see your dirty bits.”

“Like this?” Alice asked demurely, her cheeks burning with shame while the rest of her burned even hotter with desire, as she lay back on the table on her elbows and slowly spread her legs for the men, well aware that her pussy glistened with her arousal. Their mouths gaped open as they stared and leered at her, making her feel like the dirtiest of French whores imaginable.

“Just like one of Bethany’s girls.”

“Only prettier.”

“And cleaner.”

“And you don’t even have to pay her.”

“Not a single farthing.”

‘They remind me a little of the Tweedles, only not nearly as pleasant,’ Alice decided, though she kept the thought to herself. ‘Nor had the Tweedles ever discussed me, at least not in my presence, so rudely!’

“Bet she’s tighter, too.”

“And wetter.”

“Much wetter. Look at her. She’s leaking like a sieve.”

“And look at those nipples.”

“Hard as diamonds.”

“You could cut rocks with them.”

“I want to suck on them.”

“You could ask.”

“I could. Or I could just do it.”

“You think?”

“Not like she could stop me, even if she wanted to.”

Mister Hart, of course, was right. Alice couldn’t have stopped him, even if she’d wanted to, which she wasn’t sure she did.

“Mistress Sinclair, though.”

Mister Hart nodded, his face turning sour as he lowered his voice. “I’d like to give her a good hard banging.”

“Not likely. Best we just finish up here before she returns or she’ll have our heads.”

“A shame. Maybe . . .”

“Yes?”

“Maybe,” Mister Hart grinned as he eyed Alice shrewdly. “Maybe we can pay her a visit later this evening. When everyone’s gone home for the night.”

“Maybe we could.”

“Would you like that, girl?”

Trembling, Alice just stared at the orderlies, her eyes wide as her imagination ran wild. She'd be helpless to stop them if they did. Even one of them would be too much for her to fend off and both of them? Swallowing, she pictured herself trapped in her little room as they tore her clothes and pushed her against the wall and then took turns using her over and over, filling her tight cunny—cunt—with their wicked seed . . .

"I might," she whispered, her cheeks burning.

"Hear that, Mister Hammer? She might."

"She most definitely might, Mister Hart. That's for later. For now, we best get on with readying her for the Doc, don't you think?"

"I do think. Now girl. Don't give us any reason not to be gentle and we'll be gentle as can be. Understood?"

Alice simply nodded doing her best not to resist as they man-handled her roughly, but not too roughly, onto her back on the table, taking her feet and placing them in the stirrups and then strapping her in place, the thick leather belts securing her torso, with her arms to her sides, to the table and her legs to the metal extensions so that they were bent at the knee and spread, exposing her most intimate anatomy.

'I am not sure I like this at all!' Alice decided. 'And yet, I am not sure I dislike it either.'

Before she had a chance to decide, either way, Miss Sinclair returned followed by a man with skin the color of chocolate and dressed in a white coat. She noticed that he was carrying the notebook that the nurse had entered all of her particulars in earlier. He was quite handsome and more than a little intimidating.

"Good day, Miss Pleasance," he greeted her, his voice deep, each word carefully pronounced. While she couldn't place his accent, it sounded quite exotic to her.

"Good day, Doctor . . .?"

"Doctor Paine. And how are you today?"

"I am not sure," Alice responded timidly as Doctor Paine stood over her, surveying her, his expression stoic.

"That is to be expected, Miss Pleasance."

He paused, taking several moments to read through Miss Sinclair's notes, which Alice could only presume also contained Doctor Carpenter's

observations. She wondered what he had to say about her? Hopefully nothing unkind.

“Nothing for you to be too worried about. I’m just going to give you a thorough examination and perhaps run a few tests. Miss Sinclair is going to assist me. Mister Hart, Mister Hammer. If you’d be kind enough to return to your other duties. I’ll send for you when I’m done.”

“Sure thing, Doc,” They said in unison, straightening up their backs as they left the room, the heavy metal door closing behind them a clang.

“If you don’t mind, Miss Sinclair, I don’t wish to be disturbed.”

Alice watched as the formidable woman secured the door behind them before returning to the doctor’s side and bending slightly over Alice so that she could regard her with a cruel smile.

“This room is soundproofed. No one will disturb us.” While she seemed to be reassuring the Doctor, it was Alice whom she addressed, her lips forming a tight smile.

“Thank you, Miss Sinclair. Now, if you could roll that surgical tray closer, I’ll begin.”

Positioned as she was, Alice could just lift her head and turn it towards the Doctor and his beautiful assistant as she rolled the steel tray closer, but not enough to get even a glimpse of what might be on it, which made her quite nervous indeed.

“What are you going to do, Doctor?” she asked with a slight tremble in her voice, at which Miss Sinclair gave her a withering look, after which she decided that it was best not to ask any more questions or voice any concerns.

“Do exactly as I tell you, understood?” Doctor Paine instructed as he took a seat on a padded stool and rolled himself along the table until he was situated between her legs.

“Yes, Doctor,” Alice squeaked, although it was a quiet squeak, one that a mouse, cornered by a cat, might make. As for the doctor, he was humming softly as he carefully chose a steel tool from the tray. From Alice’s perspective, it looked like a trio of small spiked wheels with a handle attached.

She continued to watch nervously, tensing up as the doctor being running it lightly along the insides of her thighs. It felt surprisingly nice.

Not at all painful, and she started to relax a little, despite the discomfort of being so exposed.

“Normal reaction. Very good.”

He continued to use the device alongside her cunny, making Alice giggle a little for it tickled.

“Lie still, Miss Pleasance,” he warned, for she’d not been able to keep herself from twitching.

She did her best as he ran the spiked wheels along the other side of her parted slit, and the inside of her other thigh. By the time it was done she was breathing heavily, obviously aroused.

“She’s responding quite drastically,” Doctor Paine commented.

“She was given 300mg of Nymadenoxy-Methamphospate earlier, Doctor.”

“That’s double the usual dose, Miss Sinclair,” he murmured as he brushed the spiked wheels over Alice’s swollen button, at which she closed her eyes and let out an impassioned moan.

“Yes, Doctor, it is.”

Smiling, she arranged Alice’s blonde tresses carefully behind her ears, the back of her fingers caressing her temple and cheeks tenderly while the doctor rolled his stool from between Alice’s legs so that he was seated opposite his assistant. He then began to run the spiked wheel along the back of her hand and along her arm until he reached her shoulder.

Alice felt what seemed like liquid sunshine filling her, especially where he’d touched her with the steel pinwheels. It was a frabjous sensation, one that she’d never imagined, let alone experience. By the time he began wheeling it downward over her heaving chest, towards her small breasts and hard nipples only the straps holding her down kept her from squirming about on the table.

“How does that feel, Miss Pleasance?”

“Wonderful,” she moaned, letting out a sharp gasp as the steel pins found her nipple.

“And this?” He began teasing the other nipple causing her for the very first time in her life to take the Lord’s name in vain. Later, she would feel a terrible sense of guilt and shame for it, but that wouldn’t stop her from doing it again and again in the days to come.

“Very good. Miss Sinclair, if you would please sample her discharge?”

Taking a thin length of steel and a small glass dish she took her place between Alice’s thighs and inserted the instrument, twisting it several times until it was coated with the girl’s copious juices which she carefully deposited into the vessel which she then placed on the tray.

“Stick out your tongue, please.”

Obediently, she did as the doctor ordered, holding it out as still as she could while he ran the prickly wheel over it. “No, keep it out,” he admonished when she would withdraw it. A moment later Miss Sinclair wiped the metal depressor off on the muscle, giving Alice a heady taste of her own pussy.

“You may withdraw it now.”

“Nurse, speculum please.”

Alice watched, barely aware of what was taking place now that the drug within her bloodstream was playing havoc with her senses, as the blonde assistant handed a strange metal device over. Moments later she felt something chill being pushed between her nether lips and into her wet pussy and then a strange sensation of being opened up, much like it felt to have a cock inside of her.

“Let’s have a look, Miss Pleasance. Unsurprisingly you are not a virgin. When was the last time you had sexual relations?”

Alice did her best to think. So much had happened so quickly and she wasn’t sure how to define sexual relations. Did masturbation count? What about the bumblebee? And Yum and Yee? Did he only mean sexual relations with men, or with anyone? And what about flowers? Or doorknobs, for that matter?

“I’m not sure,” she managed, breathlessly, doing her best to comply with his question. “Yesterday, perhaps?”

“I see. And how many men have you had sexual relations with?”

Again, Alice was flummoxed. How many? She’d lost count. And did Captain Honeyglass count as a man? What about the statue of the bull? It did have a prick after all.

“I’m not sure,” she said with a moan as Miss Sinclair ran the tips of her nails over her bare breasts.

“One? Two? As many as three?”

“No, more.”

“Four?”

“A dozen or more?” she cried out as she felt her nipple being pinched, carefully at first and then harder, so hard that she feared blood might be drawn.

“So many for one still in the bloom of youth? Tsk, tsk. I am beginning to wonder if we have a classic case of nymphomania, Miss Sinclair. What is your professional opinion?”

“The patient exhibits every sign, Doctor. An extremely high libido. She’s quickly aroused by the merest touch. Just listen to her moan when all we are doing is examining her.”

“I think you’re right. I think I’m going to recommend that she stay with us for at least a fortnight.”

“I am sure that Doctor Carpenter would agree.”

“I’ve been hoping to try out an experimental treatment and I think Miss Pleasance might be the ideal candidate. In the meantime, let us continue. Clamp.”

To Alice, it looked like a pair of scissors, only they were bent near the end. Not that she was able to get a good look as Doctor Paine leaned over her, blocking much of her view momentarily as he tugged at her nipple. Scared that he was about to cut her, she began to struggle against the straps binding her to the table, but to no avail.

He chuckled softly as he shook his head and she felt a kiss of cold steel against her nipple, then a squeezing sensation that went from uncomfortable to incredibly painful. Naturally, she began to thrash and scream.

“Halfway there,” Miss Sinclair announced, holding Alice’s head between her hands firmly while the doctor applied a second clamp to her other nipple making her scream out loud once more.

“How does that feel, Miss Pleasance?”

How did it feel? Like stubbing your bare toe against the armoire. No, more like kicking it. No, worse than even that! And yet, it felt good too, or at least her pussy seemed to think so, for she felt it twitching and clenching around the device still embedded in her, as she fought for breath, knowing she was about to come so hard she feared she might blackout . . .

And then . . . nothing but agony and ecstasy as she hovered on the edge of climax for an eternity, begging Miss Sinclair, Doctor Paine, God, Jesus, anyone listening, for relief.

“Miss Sinclair?”

“A side effect of the medication, Doctor Paine. Most patients are unable to achieve orgasm.”

“I see. Interesting. How long does that last?”

“Between four and five hours in my experience.”

“Heightened arousal without the ability to climax. It must be excruciating.”

“I’m certain that it is, judging from our patient’s reaction. Please remove the speculum. I’d like to try one more thing before we’re done with this session.

“Yes, Doctor,” she said with a nod, removing the steel device spreading the walls of Alice’s pussy wide as the doctor moved his stool between her thighs once more.

“Clamp, please.”

Taking the clamp from Miss Sinclair’s hand, he moved closer to Alice as his assistant held her head up so that she could watch in horror as he held the instrument open and placed the flat end to either side of her sensitive swollen button and began to squeeze . . .

Chapter fifteen

The Caterpillar

Alice groaned, her eyes closed as she tried to shut out the soft sunlight warming her face as she woke slowly from a very strange dream. One might even call it a nightmare! She'd been in a hospital or, more accurately, an asylum, one in which the doctor and his stunningly beautiful and cruel assistant had given her a very strange examination. She remembered it vividly, almost as if it was real. And afterwards, she'd been visited by a pair of orderlies who took advantage of her in her small cell with no regard for her protests (not that she had protested overly much—had it not been for the desire to keep up appearances as a well behaved young lady, she'd have given up the pretense of fighting them off, something they seemed to enjoy as much as she did).

And now? Now she was, apparently back in the garden, nestled in the warm grass. She was naked, not that she was bothered by it. It was something she was not only growing used to, but starting to enjoy the freedom of not worrying about wearing clothes. 'This Alice,' she decided, 'likes showing off a little, especially when there is no one there to see her.'

"Hello, Alice, I see you've returned to us," said a familiar voice.

"Oh, hello, Cheshire. Was I asleep long?"

"Long enough. I was beginning to wonder if you ever planned on waking up."

Alice sat up and stretched idly, gazing around the garden, curious as to where Dahlia and her sisters had disappeared to.

"One can't sleep forever, I suppose, nor would I wish to. I had a most unsettling dream."

"Do tell," the cat said with a yawn, looking slightly bored as he spun slowly in midair, looking not the least interested in actually hearing about her dream.

With a sigh, she brushed it off like one would dusty cobwebs from an old book and stood up.

“I’m feeling a bit peckish. I don’t imagine there’s anything for me to eat?”

“If you don’t imagine it, then no. Why don’t you try imagining it instead.”

“Oh. Do you think that would work?”

“What I think isn’t important. It’s what you think that matters.”

“Well, then.”

Alice closed her eyes and imagined a long table laden with all of her favorite dishes, scrunching up her face as she did so, thinking that it might somehow make her wish more likely to come true. When she opened them, alas, nothing had changed (except for the cheshire cat, who was now nothing more than a pair of eyes and a smile).

“Dash and bother,” Alice exclaimed with a frown which was followed by a sigh. “I’m afraid my wish was in vain.”

“Perhaps you’re in need of a cock.”

“Pardon?”

“Cocks make the best vanes. Everybody knows that. The wind will always blow in the direction it wants to go. I suggest you follow it. My advice, that is.”

“Sometimes you make no sense as all,” Alice grumbled at which the cat simply smiled even wider before disappearing completely, leaving her alone amongst the blades of grass.

“I suppose I shall have to pick a direction . . .”

She looked around. There were no signs posted, nor any paths (which was strange because she was quite sure there had been a path before she’d fallen asleep) nor any sign of life, all the flowers seemingly either sleeping or simply just flowers.

“It would be very convenient to be Alice sized again,” she mumbled to herself, half expecting someone, or something, to agree with her.

Disappointed at the following silence, she shrugged her shoulders and set off in a random direction, hoping that she’d come across someone, or something, that could give her some guidance.

After walking some time she began to realize that the garden was growing wilder as she went. Where before it has seemed like someone had been tending it carefully, now it seemed as if it had been left on its own.

Soon, it became overgrown, sometimes shutting out the sunlight and casting Alice in cool shadows, making her wish that she had a scarf or perhaps a cape to keep her warm. Even a pair of knickers would have been welcome.

As she made her way around a tangle of thorns, careful not to let them prick her exposed flesh, she heard what sounded like a violin being played, somewhat poorly, in the distance.

“Violins rarely play themselves,” she noted as she paused to listen, unable to recognize the tune. “They’re usually played by someone. Hopefully someone who can tell me where I am and maybe even point me towards the nearest town.”

As she made her way towards the music, a path appeared and, as it seemed to be going in the right direction, she followed it until she came upon a small clearing in which a large mushroom grew in the center upon which reclined a very strange creature.

“I do believe that is a caterpillar, only I have never seen one quite so large, although I have never been quite so small, either, so perhaps it is all a matter of perspective,” Alice mused out loud as she stepped into the clearing and announced herself (remembering her manners for once).

“Excuse me and a good day to you, Sir. I was wondering if you could help me? I seem to be lost.”

The very large, and very blue, caterpillar turned, staring down at her, whilst adjusting a pair of spectacles with one pair of hands, of which he had at least a dozen (pairs, making it twenty four in all, some of which were gloved and some of which weren’t). Another pair held a violin (which he’d stopped playing the moment Alice had asked her question) and a bow. Yet another held a tea cup and what appeared to be a pipe attached to some sort of hose and leading to a large amber vase surrounded by a smoking haze that sat beside him.

“Who are you?” the creature asked, blinking through the lenses of its glasses at her.

“My name is Alice, Sir.”

“I see. And what are you?”

“Lost?” she answered, thinking it an appropriate answer at present.

“I see,” it repeated, raising the pipe to its lips and seeming to inhale after which it exhaled, blowing several nearly perfect smoke rings into the air all of which floated lazily towards Alice, settling around her. The smoke had a

surprisingly pleasant aroma. It was almost sweet. It was also quite heady and Alice, after breathing some in felt like she was floating. Coughing softly, she waved her hands until she could see once more.

“And why are you?”

“Why am I?”

“Precisely.”

“Why, I’ve never considered why.”

“Well, you might want to begin. The sooner the better. You might find yourself getting lost less often.”

Alice was silent a moment as she did indeed consider why. Unable to come up with an acceptable answer, however, she sighed and sat down on the soft soil, placed her chin in her hands, and stared up at the caterpillar.

“I really would like to be unlost.”

“I would advise you find yourself, then.”

“I would also prefer to be big again.”

“Were you big before?”

“Not really. But I wasn’t small, either, which I am now.”

“Ah,” remarked the caterpillar as he took another puff on his pipe, this time blowing out a cloud of smoke that looked remarkably like a horse which he blew her way once more, so that she was once more lost in a sweet smelling cloud.

“Climb up here with me. While I can’t help you with being lost, I can help you with being small.”

“Oh, would you please? It would be a great relief to be my proper size once more!” Alice exclaimed, her smile bright as she stood. Gazing at the large mushroom, she noticed ridges that almost resembled the rungs of the ladder circling the stem and leading into a hole through which, she hoped, she could make her way to the surface of the cap.

“I’ll be but a moment!” she called up, skipping happily over and then climbing quite carefully until she was, indeed, alongside the strange creature where she took a seat, pulling her knees to her chest and encircling her legs with her arms.

“Would you care for some tea?” the caterpillar asked, taking a sip from its cup whilst eyeing her carefully as if she was the oddity and not it.

“Yes, please. I would be grateful.”

“Then you should find the hatter. He always has a pot on.”

“Oh,” Alice said. “I don’t suppose he has something to snack upon too?”

“I’ve never known him not to.”

“Where might I find this hatter?”

“Just follow the signs. I assume you can read, can’t you?”

“Of course!”

“Good. Then you’ll be fine,” the caterpillar said with a nod, taking another puff from the pipe. This time the smoke ring resembled a bird and was sent skyward.

“Would you care for a taste?” He held out the pipe to her. Curious, she took it, and tried to mimic the caterpillar, holding it between her lips and inhaling deeply . . .

“Oh my,” she managed, breathing it out again, coughing as she did. As before, she felt like she was floating, only this time the feeling didn’t seem to be fading. She felt contentment seeping into her. While before she had been eager to find her way, and proper height, once more, now it didn’t seem quite as important. Nothing really seemed very important, in fact. It felt nice to simply ‘be’.

“I am Alice,” she mumbled to herself. “This Alice, not that Alice. The Alice who is a very naughty girl who likes to be treated like a French whore and doesn’t give a fig what anyone thinks of that.”

She sighed happily, leaning against the caterpillar, surprised to find him covered with soft fuzz. Nuzzling her cheek against his side, she did her best imitation of a purr and closed her eyes, overcome with a sense of joy.

As for the caterpillar, he took up the violin again, playing a playful little tune that made Alice want to dance, so she did, standing in front of him and swiveling her hips and shaking her tits, all the while giggling giddily. She barely noticed when he put down his violin and the music stopped. Nor did she notice when he put his teacup and pipe aside. She did, however, notice his beckoning fingers. Moving closer, close enough that he could reach out to her, his gloved hands stroking and caressing her all at once, from her slender ankles to her trembling thighs. Over her shimmering hips and quivering breasts. Along her ribs and up and down her arms.

She felt them on her wiggling bottom and her shivering belly and, best of all, on her sensitive mound and her parted lips and her swollen button and oh, inside her wet and hungry cunt, filling her as she began to slowly

thrust and roll her hips forward and mew and moan as the lust rose inside her, filling her until it brimmed over and something wonderful and amazing burst inside of her filling her with ecstasy that seemed to roll through her like ocean waves on the beach, each one mightier than the last until she let out a cry and climaxed so hard that it was as painful as it was pleasurable.

Afterwards, she encouraged him to lay atop her, doing her best to wrap her legs around his thick body as he sought her wet cunt with his thick hard cock, sinking it slowly into her as she rolled her hips, his hands touching her everywhere, his member ploughing deeper and deeper until it began to swell, stretching her tight cunny wider and wider. She felt it rippling, as if something ball like was passing through it, the feeling driving her towards yet another climax.

“Oh, oh, oh!” she cried out as she felt him explode within her, filling her with a thick gooey substance and something else, something soft and round and egg-like that seemed to set itself deep within her womb.

She lay like that for quite a while, underneath the blue caterpillar, his fuzzy body rubbing against her, his cock still hard inside her, so that every time it, or she, moved or shifted she shuddered with pleasure, each climax slightly less violent than the one before it until, after a dozen or more, she barely took notice of them at all, other than to quietly gasp and smile at the apex.

“Oh, that was nice,” she whispered when it seemed, finally, the last one had overtaken her. Sighing, she let the caterpillar cuddle her tenderly, it’s body wonderfully warm against her nakedness, its hands pulling her against it even as she closed her eyes and slipped in and out of wakefulness until the clearing began to darken, harkening the arrival of twilight which is when she discovered a miracle had taken place before her and she hadn’t even noticed. The caterpillar was no more. In its place was a shiny hard shell through which she could still see it, if vaguely.

Recalling her lessons on the subject of natural sciences, Alice presumed (quite correctly) that the caterpillar was now encased in what she identified as a chrysalis.

“I suppose the next time I see you,” she murmured, wiggling out from underneath the former caterpillar carefully, “you’ll be changed, much as I am. I wonder if I, too, shall sprout wings one day and no longer be either

That Alice or This Alice, but something entirely different? Hopefully, whatever I became, I will be normal-sized once more!”

She kissed the caterpillar on, what she guessed, would be the crown of its head before standing and stretching, her muscles stiff and tired after their vigorous workout. It was then that she noticed a small plate setting beside the hookah (for that is what the smoke filled base was actually called) upon which sat a cake sized piece of mushroom and a piece of script upon which had been printed two words, one after the other.

“Eat me,” Alice read out loud, holding the paper in one hand and the slice of mushroom in the other. “A final gift, I suppose.”

And so she did and, moments later, she began to grow . . .

Chapter Sixteen

Crossing Argyll Meadow

Now that she could see beyond the shrubberies that ringed the clearing, Alice didn't feel quite as lost. The Caterpillar had told her to follow the signs, or rather, the sign, since there was only one.

'Argyll Meadow. I like the sound of that. I could do with a leisurely walk, although it doesn't look nearly as pleasant as the meadows I'm used to. In fact, I'm not sure it's even a proper meadow.'

In Alice's experiences, meadows were usually covered with grass and populated with wildflowers while this meadow seemed to be covered with shallow water and lily pads.

'Argyll Fen would be more appropriate, in my humble opinion.'

Still, there was a path meandering between the pools of water and it appeared to be relatively dry, so she set out, careful to avoid getting her feet wet, for she did not wish to catch a cold. As she made her way through the wetlands, she began to admire the beauty of the place. While certainly not a meadow, it had a certain charm, if you enjoyed gloomy wet places, that is. By now, Alice had become quite used to travelling about naked and thought very little of continuing to do so. After all, there was no one else about to see her, and even if there was, there was very little she could do about it unless she came upon a wardrobe along the way which was highly unlikely, or so she thought. Unless, of course, she was to find herself in a village or a town full of shops. Of course, she had no coin, nor anything to trade with, so she supposed she would have to rely upon the kindness of strangers in such an event.

"Eventually, this path should lead somewhere," she mused out loud. "After all, it is a very nice trail. Oh, and here is a bridge and it's quite charming!" she exclaimed, somewhat surprised, for indeed, she had come to a small stone bridge that crossed a particularly deep stretch of water, and it was, indeed, quite charming as small animals were carved into the stone posts and there was a small metal plaque upon the small gate that blocked her way. Fortunately it didn't seem to be locked. Pausing, she read the sign.

“Tread quietly and sing no songs, nor stamp your feet in mirth, lest you wake what dwells beneath.”

“A warning,” she whispered, a sense of dread filling her, for it did indeed sound dire, and she had nothing to defend herself with should she be set upon. Still, she supposed that, as long as she tread lightly, she’d have nothing to worry about, and so, very carefully (for the hinges appeared to be rusted over) she opened the gate and stepped out onto the bridge, nervously eyeing the water for any sign of danger.

‘It seems rather peaceful,’ she thought as she made her way across the bridge, trying not to hurry, lest she wake whatever fearsome creature made its home beneath her feet, holding her breath when she heard a loud croaking. Peering nervously over the short stone rail on her left, she spied a dapper-looking (for it wore a scarlet coat decorated with gold buttons and brocade and a black tricorn also trimmed with gold) frog sitting upon an unusually broad lily pad.

“Do be quiet,” she shushed the frog, holding her finger to her lips.

“How rude, not to mention impertinent,” the frog replied in a thick Scottish accent. “I will not be shushed by the likes of you. Who do you think you are?”

“I’m Alice, and I don’t mean to be rude,” she said hurriedly, “But if the sign upon the gate is to be believed, a fearsome creature lies within these waters and I would very much hate to see him gobble either of us up for dinner.”

The frog just snorted loudly at her announcement and shook his head.

“Don’t believe everything you read,” it croaked. “Nor everything you don’t read, for that matter. In fact—”

What other pearls of wisdom the well-dressed frog planned on sharing were swallowed up, much like the frog, as a huge gaping maw full of razor-sharp teeth rose out of the water and swallowed the lily pad upon which he was sitting, as well as him, whole.

Alice let out a surprised cry at the sight and turned to run even as several thick tentacles burst from the water, sending her running as fast as she could towards the far end of the bridge, her heart pounding with fear as they followed, close at her heels.

Glancing back, she quickly realized that it was very unlikely that she could outrun them, and yet, what choice did she have, so while she

continued to sprint as fast as she could, she was not surprised when one of the slick appendages wrapped itself around her waist, a multitude of small suckers attaching themselves to her exposed flesh, bringing her to a sudden halt, just long enough for the others to wrap themselves tightly around her limbs. Despite her best efforts to free herself, her struggles were in vain and she quickly found her feet parting company with the bridge as she was lifted into the air.

“Help!” she screamed, the sound echoing across the churning water as several more tentacles rose from the surface, suckers opening and closing like mouths as they sought her out.

“No!” she cried out, flailing as more and more wrapped themselves around her, kicking and striking uselessly until she was pinned in midair, no longer able to defend herself or her virtue, for that matter, for one of the tentacles seemed intent upon probing intimately between her thighs.

“Oh, please stop!” she cried out, breathing hard as she felt its tip caressing along the edge of her pussy and then stroking delicately in a clockwise circle around her sensitive button.

“Oh, please, don’t,” she said breathlessly, her eyelids fluttering and her thighs quivering as it continued its exploration of her nether regions even as another tentacle encircled her pert breast, the tip teasing her hardening nipple in a like-wise manner.

“No, oh, no, please?” she moaned, ceasing her struggles, unable to keep her hips from rolling as she felt undeniable waves of pleasure wash through her, her flesh growing warmer with each stroke and caress.

“Oh my,” she gasped as she felt the tip of a tentacle pressing against her bottom, teasing her puckered hole in a manner most decidedly not unpleasant. After that, she ran out of words and simply gave into the flames of lust being fanned within her as the monstrous tentacles had their way with her, slipping over her naked body, gripping her flesh, stroking and caressing her mercilessly. She felt suckers attaching themselves to her nipples, pulling and twisting, creating a tug of war of pain and pleasure that made her cry out. Between her legs, her swollen pleasure nub was receiving the same treatment. She felt her juices begin to overflow, dripping from her slit, coating the tentacle that was invading her, and the one the joined it. She felt her bottom being forced open as a third explored that hole as well, the sensation of being ravaged in both entrances heavenly.

She felt something inside her building, welling up deep within, until she couldn't contain it any longer and she let out a high pitched wail of unearthly pleasure until she was too hoarse to continue. She felt it pumping jets of hot cum into her cunt and she came again. Another tentacle pushed its way into her mouth and began to pump cum down her throat and she came again. And again when the one in her bottom filled her bowels full of copious amounts of seed. And then, when she thought it impossible that she climax again, she did. Not just once more, not just twice, but thrice, during which she went limp and passed out.

What happened after that, she could not say. Nor how long she was unconscious. When she awoke, she was covered entirely in cum. Not only that, but it dripped from her cunt and her bottom and her mouth (it tasted oddly like toasted marshmallows she decided, somewhat surprised). She lay upon the edge of a large pool of water upon a small grassy knoll, beside the path she'd been travelling, or so she thought, for the bridge upon which she's been attacked was no longer in sight. Sitting up unsteadily, and then rising to her feet, she surveyed her surroundings, spying a stand of trees not too far distant.

Other than being sore in all the places one would be sore if they'd been ravished by a tentacled creature risen from waters of a rather large pool, she didn't seem to be harmed in any way, and so, she set off, once again, upon the path which seemed to be leading her towards the copse of what appeared to be young oaks, thinking to herself that it would be nice to find a secluded cottage nearby, in which lived a kindly old woman who would offer her tea and cakes and perhaps a proper meal before offering her a warm bed with plump pillows and soft cozy blankets so that she could get a proper night's sleep and, perhaps, dream of sheep standing lazily upon a grassy hillside.

"But this being Wonderland, I am most assuredly not going to find anything of the kind," she said with a sigh as she made her way slowly towards the oak trees, pausing, her brow furrowed as she caught what sounded like raucous voices carried on the wind. They seemed to be singing, although what, she couldn't guess, for she was too far away to hear either the words or the melody clearly.

"I suppose I should take a look," she decided, for voices meant the possibility of food and drink and, while it was all fine and good to talk to

oneself, she'd never considered herself a particularly witty conversationalist and it would be a nice change to have someone else to talk with.

And so, she continued on, her stomach growling with each step, until the words of the song began to become clear. Someone was singing a birthday song, only it wasn't exactly a birthday song. It was, in fact, an un-birthday song, which seemed rather strange to Alice.

'But it would be even stranger if it did not seem strange,' she thought to herself. 'Oh, I do hope this means there will be cake, whether it be birthday cake or un-birthday cake! I'd best hurry, in case it's all been eaten before I arrive!'

And so, without further ado, she did just that.

Chapter Seventeen

The Tea Party

Alice paused behind one of the oak trees just as the un-birthday song stopped, her experiences in Wonderland giving her pause. The scene before her, while somewhat strange, wasn't particularly alarming. In the middle of a clearing sat a large rectangular table covered with all manner of treats such as cakes and scones and jam, to name just a few, as well as a very large teapot and bowls for cream and sugar. No fewer than twelve chairs surrounded it, only three of which were occupied.

'He is very handsome,' thought Alice, her eyes drawn to a gentleman in a velvet green suit and top hat and a red bow tie. She thought his unbuttoned coat, untucked shirt, and his uncombed hair, of which there was too much to be entirely contained by his impressive chapeau, made him look quite dashing. She watched as he picked up the teapot and poured himself a cup of tea, getting a glimpse of sparkling blue eyes and a roguish smile.

To his immediate right was a brown skinned beast with prominent teeth, huge brown eyes, and a pair of rabbit ears poking out of his mop of bright ginger hair. And upon his right, standing upon a chair and still barely able to see over the top of the table stood a portly mouse-like creature wearing nothing but a patchwork frock and an orange scarf.

"Another song!" called out the hare, for that's what the rabbit eared creature most resembled.

"Yes, please, Hatter, sing some more for us. And more tea, if you please," the mouse-like creature joined in, his voice pitched high.

"More tea!" the man in green crowed with a toothy grin. Stepping up on the table and upsetting a dish of small cakes in the process, he tipped the teapot so that a stream of hot tea cascaded into a large tea cup, splashing over the rim haphazardly.

"There you are, my dear dormouse."

"Please and thank you," returned the dormouse, bowing at the waist. "And don't forget, you promised us another song."

“I did?” Alice thought he looked a bit confused for a moment. She really couldn’t blame him for he hadn’t actually promised anything. But then, his brows shot up and he took a step forward, one foot landing on a plate of scones, cleared his throat, and began to sing.

“Sing a song of marmalade
And sparkling wistful bees
Then kiss a fair young maiden
And push her to her knees
Pull out your throbbing manhood
And wiggle it around
Then push it rudely ’tween her lips
So she can’t make a sound.”

The hare and the dormouse clapped and hooted as the Hatter took off his hat and bowed, calling out as he leapt off the table into an empty chair.

“All change!”

Alice couldn’t help but giggle as all three scrambled from their seats and began to race around the table, bumping into each other several times before throwing themselves into unoccupied chairs quite breathlessly.

“More tea!” cried the hare, holding up an empty teacup.

“Yes, please and thank you,” added the dormouse, his cup held up as well until the hatter, once more, filled it to overflowing.

“Another song!”

“Another?”

“Another!”

“Very well . . . Autumn lay on a hilltop high
Her fair hair tickling Summer’s thigh
Whilst Winter was busy kissing her feet
And Spring was suckling at her teat

Autumn rolled over and kissed Summer's muff
While Winter sat gazing at dandelion fluff
And Spring worked her way up to her throat
I'd sing you more, but that's all I wrote."

Alice decided that they were harmless. Eccentric, perhaps, but certainly not dangerous. Also, the hatter was not without charm, being quite handsome and having a splendid voice that suited the whimsical nature of his songs. Also, she was still quite hungry and the sight of all that lovely food, far more than any three, no matter how healthy their appetites, could possibly eat in one afternoon, helped her to overcome her caution.

Stepping out from her hiding place behind the huge oak, she cleared her throat, drawing their attention, intent upon introducing herself.

"Good day, good sirs. My name is Alice and I was wondering—"

"Before she could finish, however, the dormouse turned towards her, its eyes going wide as it let out a squeak and threw itself upon the table, pulling a sugar dish over its head as if to hide.

"A girl! And she's naked!" cried the hare, his ears twitching every which way as he too, attempted to hide, crawling under the table so that only his huge furry feet, sticking out from under the linen table cloth, could be seen.

The Hatter, however, seemed more curious than cowed by her appearance, leaping up from his chair and, once more, standing upon the table, knocking over a jar of marmalade as he strode to the side nearest Alice, his eyes glittering with an intensity that left her unable to continue.

"She is, indeed, naked," he mumbled, his gaze raking over her, making her blush as she attempted to cover herself with her hands, suddenly quiet self-conscious about her state of undress. "And quite fetching, as well. I wonder if she would like to join us for tea."

"Tea!" cried the dormouse, lifting the bowl off his head, his fur coated with sugar.

"Tea!" echoed the hare, although he chose not to show his face.

"Tea would be nice," Alice decided out loud, giggling a little at the comical sight of the dormouse as he shook himself, grains of sugar flying everywhere. "Although I am very hungry and would welcome a score or perhaps one of those delightful looking cakes."

“All change!” called out the hatter, and pandemonium erupted as the hare burst out from under the tablecloth and the dormouse leapt from atop the table and all three scurried around the table. Alice, not wanting to be left out, joined them, running in circles as fast as she could until everyone flung themselves into an empty chair and held out an empty teacup which the hatter was only too happy to fill. Breathlessly, Alice reached for a cake, taking one with raspberry colored frosting and biting into it whilst thinking it was the best cake she had ever tasted, for she was indeed, quite ravenous.

“A song!” called out the dormouse suddenly.

“Yes, another song!” the hare joined in, banging his fists on the table.

“Another song?” frowned the hatter, pushing his top hat back on his head, and scratching his ear.

“Oh, please,” Alice muttered, her mouth full of cake, not wanting to be left out.

“What about a riddle instead?”

“No riddles!” shouted the hare, looking suddenly very angry and throwing his teacup so that Alice had to duck to avoid being struck.

“Very well,” the hatter sighed, wrinkling his nose in thought, his gaze drifting towards Alice or, more specifically, Alice’s bare breasts, winking at her conspiratorially.

“Widgets and cuckoo clocks ticking and tocking
Lovely young lasses without any stockings
Pretty as flowers and smelling like rain
I love to spank them with a length of good cane.”

Suddenly, he leapt up on the table and dancing along the length of it, upsetting plates and dishes and silverware as he went.

“Widgets and cuckoo clocks ticking and tocking
Lovely young lasses in need of defrocking
Only this one has come to us already undressed
And honored us as our most favorited guest!”

“Bravo!” exclaimed the Hare, giving the hatter a standing ovation upon his chair, one ear flopping over one large brown eye.

“Masterful!” chimed in the dormouse, climbing up on the table and doing an energetic jig.

All eyes then turned to Alice in expectation as silence settled over the clearing.

“What did you think, my dear?” Asked the hatter, cocking his brow and frowning.

“Oh, well done, indeed. Quite splendid,” Alice managed, blushing once more, a half eaten cake in her hand and more than a hint of frosting coating her lips.

Her companions erupted in cheers at her pronouncement and she suddenly found herself pulled up onto the table by the hatter and waltzed from one end to the other, then back again, upsetting cakes and jams and even the teapot as she was madly whirled around until she found herself tottering on the edge, her arms flailing about as she tried to keep her balance before toppling onto the soft grass, giggling giddily.

“Oh, that was marvelous fun. I don’t suppose someone could bring me another cake?”

“Cake!” shouted the hare.

“More cake!” the dormouse squeaked.

“Change!” the hatter bellowed and Alice found herself suddenly pulled to her feet, the hare upon one side, the hatter upon the other, doing her best to keep up with them as they held her arms tightly and ran her around in a dizzying circle. This time, when they halted, she found herself seated upon the hatter’s lap and laughing breathlessly.

“Another song!” requested the dormouse.

“Sing to us!”

“Oh, yes, please do,” Alice added, not at all bothered at how he pulled her close, his hand cupping her breasts. After all, he was quite handsome. Taking a scone from the table, she lathered it with jam and took a bite, content to sit quietly as the hatter sang once more, his chin resting upon her shoulder, his words seemingly for her, his voice quite dreamy, or so she thought.

“Riddle me this, and riddle me that

Said a charming young man in a velvet green hat
To a maiden fair with long blonde hair
Upon my lap, she sat, she sat.”

Alice couldn't say she minded, particularly, when she felt something swelling in his trousers, feeling it pushing against her bare bottom. After all, she was feeling content, now that her belly was no longer growling with hunger. She sighed softly as he continued.

“Riddle me that, and riddle me this
Said a charming young man awaiting a kiss
From a maiden fair who has not a care
Eagerly awaiting a moment of bliss.”

Nor did she object when his hand drifted downwards, opening her thighs for him moaning softly as he began to tease her pussy until it was dripping wet with need. Nor did she mind so much when the hare—whom she had somehow forgotten all about!—poked his head from beneath the table directly between her legs and began to kiss the insides of her thighs. Breathlessly, she spread them further apart, welcoming his soft fur and tickling whiskers and cold nose.

“Riddle me, Alice, and riddle me quick
Said a charming young man intent on dipping his wick
Into your pink kitty so wet and so pretty
Let's seal the deal with a kiss and a lick”

Alice shivered as he tilted her head back and to the side so that he could kiss her, his tongue slipping between her lips just as the hare's tongue slipped between another pair of lips. Gasping, her hips twitched forward as her mouth and cunt were explored, the song apparently having come to an end, at least for now.

“Mmm,” she murmured as she felt another mouth upon her swelling nipple, sharp teeth teasing tender flesh whilst beneath she could feel a hand fumbling, eventually unleashing the hatter's prick from hiding. It felt warm, hot even, as it pressed between her cheeks. It felt quite impressive, she thought, as she was flooded with a different kind of hunger. Now that her belly was full, her pussy seemed somewhat envious.

“Oh, my,” she gasped as she felt the tip of his prick being guided so that the tip of it pressed against her tight little pucker. She did her best to rise up

so that she could accommodate him, panting as he began to feed his cock into her tight hole, relaxing as she settled down, gravity taking over until she felt the tops of this thighs once more against hers, his cock embedded in her anus, his hands gripping her waist as he helped her ride him.

She whimpered as the dormouse continued to tease her nipples with its tongue and sharp teeth and the hare lapped and licked at her overheated pussy. She felt herself building slowly to something wonderful. She began to quivering and tremble, her moans growing in volume, and then . . .

“Change!”

Chaos erupted around her as the hatter, the hare, and the dormouse pushed and pulled at her until she was bent over the table, her tits in a plate of cakes, frosting covering her nipples. Beneath her, she felt the dormouse’s tiny teeth on the nub above her cunt, making her squirm and kick, whilst behind her the hare was gripping her hips, his thin prick piercing her as its furry balls slapped against her backside.

“Oh, she’s delightfully tight,” he cackled, thrusting into her at a furious and relentless pace, forcing her to grip the table cloth tightly, once again feeling something wonderful building inside of her as she was roughly fucked and licked and bitten until she was about to explode and then . . .

“Change!”

“Oh, bloody hell!” Alice exclaimed in frustration as what was about to be an amazing climax was spoiled once more as she was prodded and pushed until she was laying on her back upon the table, legs spread and bent at the knees, the hatter above her, his cock sinking into her cunt, the hare behind him, pushing his prick, wet with his juices, into the hatters bared bottom, whilst the dormouse was busy licking the hare’s testicles.

“Riddle me this,” groaned the hatter as he began pumping and humping, his thick cock filling her as he mauled her petite tits with his hands and kissed her hungrily, his spittle mixing with hers whilst she shook and shivered and whimpered with ecstasy, bucking her hips hard against his, lost in pleasure, lust building to the boiling point and then . . .

“Change!”

“For the love of God,” complained Alice loudly, frustrated by yet another untimely interruption as once again activity swirled around her until she found herself down on hands and knees, the hatter’s cockhead pressed against her lips while the hare was shoving his into her ass, clumsy fingers

pulling her cheeks apart. Where the dormouse had disappeared to, she couldn't say, nor was she overly concerned, feeling herself already on the edge of orgasmic bliss as she was fucked from behind whilst slurping and sucking on the hatter's beautiful thick cock, tasting both her ass and her pussy on him, something That Alice had never even imagined and yet This Alice welcomed it.

"Oh, my!" she cried out, as the dormouse suddenly reappeared, his tongue working magic upon her pleasure nub, his small fist pushing past her nether lips followed by his entire arm.

"Oh, yes," she screamed, feeling a tidal wave of pleasure rising up from an ocean of lust, ready to wash over her and carry her away. She wondered if she would be lost at sea, or perhaps drown, never to be heard from again, but the thought didn't cause her concern. She would perish gladly if they would only let her come. She began to scream, the sound muffled, the hatter's prick filling her mouth, the hare thrusting into her like a run away steam engine, the dormouse tickling and nibbling her pussy until, finally, she felt the waves crash into her and wash her away as she screamed for what seemed an eternity until she could do more than collapse upon the grass, unable to speak or move or even think.

Chapter Eighteen

Imprisoned

“Would you like some more tea?”

Alice smiled as the face of the hatter filled her vision. She was laying upon her back upon the lawn, damp and sticky and still very much naked, not that she was overly concerned at the moment.

‘He is very handsome,’ she thought, gazing into his twinkling eyes and his infectiously mad smile. ‘And a true gentleman, too!’

For, as she was thinking those thoughts, the hatter had helped her to sit up and gently placed his coat around her shoulders, restoring a small bit of modesty as well as warding off a cool breeze which was blowing through the meadow.

“Yes, tea would be most welcome,” she eventually replied. “And perhaps another cake, if there are any left?”

“Of course!”

He sounded delighted at the prospect of pouring her another cup and fetching her a small cake on which to nibble.

“Thank you ever so much.

“The pleasure is all mine,” he smiled and winked and then, did something both surprising and not surprising at all. He kissed her on the mouth tenderly.

“Oh!” Alice managed, feeling a little out of breath when he was done, for indeed, it was a splendid kiss, one that she felt all the way down to her toes.

“Do you know what time it is?” he asked.

“I am quite sure I have lost all track of time,” Alice admitted, smiling shyly, a rosy blush coloring her cheeks.

“Tea time!”

Leaping suddenly to his feet, tea splashing from the teapot in his hand, he ran to the table and started filling all the tea cups while the dormouse and the hare flung themselves into empty chairs.

“What is the difference between a mock turtle and a lemon pie?” the hatter bellowed as she climbed upon the table, hat in one hand, teapot in the other.

“Three hours!” shouted the hare.

“A ball of yarn!” answered the dormouse robustly.

Alice, not wanting to be left out and feeling a bit giddy after finishing her cake, called out as well.

“A flock of geese!”

“Correct!” answered the hatter, although to whom, she wasn’t quite sure nor was she entirely sure that it mattered.

Just then, she saw a familiar smile appear above one of the empty chairs, followed by a familiar pair of eyes and, eventually, an entire cat.

“Oh, Cheshire, I am so very glad you could join us,” Alice gushed, rushing over to her familiar friend and throwing her arms around him. “Would you like some tea? Or perhaps a cake?”

“Perhaps later, my dear. I don’t plan on staying. I just wanted to warn you that the queen’s guard is nearby. Perhaps it would be wise if you didn’t draw their attention.”

“Oh, dash and bother!” Alice said, stamping her foot. “Just as I was beginning to enjoy myself too.”

“Everything has a price, Alice. Always remember that.”

And with that, he faded from view, leaving Alice with the hatter and his cohorts who were busy arguing, quite loudly, over the sugar bowl. So boisterously, in fact, that they could be heard for quite some distance . . .

“Hatter? Hare? Perhaps it would be best if you were to quiet down a little?”

“Quiet down? Unlikely!” proclaimed the hatter, twirling his hat before setting it rudely upon his head. “Might as well ask a Bandersnatch not to snatch banders!”

“Or a jabberwock not to wock jabbers!” the hare said unhelpfully.

“But the Queen’s guard will hear you!” Alice implored, not quite expecting the reaction that followed.

“The Queen’s guard?” the hare whispered, his ears twitching and his eyes wide with fear.

“Where? Here?” the dormouse squealed, wetting itself.

“Twinkle bats and oyster shells,” whimpered the hatter, looking wildly around the clearing, obviously distressed.

“Yes, well, no, not yet, but nearby, or so said Cheshire, and he is rarely mistaken about such things.

“Aw, well, in that case, there is only one logical thing to do,” declare the hatter, looking suddenly quite calm and somewhat regal as he stood in the center of a platter filled with cakes. He bowed deeply in Alice’s direction, his smile almost heartbreaking.

“It’s been a pleasure, but I fear our time together has come to an end.”

Before Alice could even open her mouth, let alone get a word in edgewise, the rather handsome madman was sprinting as fast as he could into the surrounding trees, followed closely by the hare and the dormouse (who was riding upon the hare’s shoulder, clutching him with his tiny claws, his eyes tightly shut) leaving Alice alone once more, although not for long, for the Queen’s guard were indeed near, and they had come to investigate what all the shouting was about. And that is how they discovered Alice, dressed only in a green velvet frock coat, and looking quite disheveled as she licked a bit of errant frosting nervously from her lips.

“At attention!” cried out a very large nine of hearts, its arms and legs protected by well polished mail, a steel helm upon its head.

The other cards, of which there were six, if you didn’t count the nine, came to a halt, standing rigidly in formation, the butts of their pike planted firmly on the grass covered ground while the nine, obviously an officer, stepped forward, drilling Alice with his gaze.

Nervously, for he looked quite serious, she took a hesitant step backward.

“Halt, miscreant!” the nine barked.

Shaking, Alice did just that, her heart beating furiously as the card guard stepped forward, approaching her, his mail clanking with every step until he stood before her, towering above, his eyes glittering dangerously.

“State your name, rank, and suit!”

“Alice, Sir. Just Alice. I don’t believe I have a rank or a suit?”

“No rank? No suit?” The card leaned forward until its rather impressive nose was almost, but not quite, touching hers. “Insubordination of the first order, is it?”

“No, Sir,” she returned, her voice trembling somewhat. “But I don’t have a rank or a suit or even a title.”

“Preposterous! Three! Four! Seize her for questioning!”

Panic set hold as a pair of cards advance, their faces stern and merciless. Spinning on her heel, she ran in the direction that the hatter had fled, hoping to out pace them, not daring to look over her shoulder, knowing that they were gaining by the sound of their heavy footsteps.

‘I can lose them amongst the trees,’ she told herself, as she made it to the edge of the clearing. ‘Just a few more steps . . .’

She let out a frustrated cry as she was yanked back on her ass, one of the guards having grabbed her tailcoats just as she was about to pass beneath the limbs of the great oaks . . .

“Please pay attention, Alice,” Doctor Carpenter spoke, disapproval coloring his words.

Alice blinked, wondering where she was and how she’d gotten there. She was lying on her back on a flat surface, staring up at the ceiling. She tried moving, only to discover that she was held down by several thick leather straps crossing her calves, thighs, waist, and chest. Not only that, but her ankles and wrists were cuffed and attached to the examination table as well.

“I’m sorry, Doctor,” she apologized, doing her best to keep calm as she turned her head to regard him, her eyesight decidedly fuzzy. “What were we talking about?”

The Doctor sighed as he removed his glasses, cleaning them carefully with his handkerchief before replacing them on his large nose. “Impossible things. You were telling me of your capture by . . . playing cards.”

“Oh, right!” Alice nodded, letting out her breath as she recalled being dragged before Captain Nine of Heart by her coattails. He’d asked her again for her rank and suit, and again, she insisted that she had neither.

“He told me that I’d given him no choice but to take me prisoner in the name of the Queen of Hearts. I was shackled, Doctor, and led by a chain about my throat. We walked for the better part of the day until we reached the palace of the Queen. I was then paraded through the courtyard, wearing nothing but the hatter’s tattered green velvet cloak and then taken to the dungeon and thrown, quite gently, thankfully, into a cell and told to behave myself. Having very little choice, I promised not to make any trouble and

not to attempt an escape. Quit honestly, I was too tired to come up with a plan let alone see it out, so I curled up on a small straw mattress in the corner and, well, that is the last thing I recall up until just now.”

She watched as the doctor made notations in his notebook, glancing up to leer at her occasionally thoughtfully. Glancing downward, she realized that, while she no longer wore the hatter’s coat, she did have on a pair of plain cotton knickers and brassiere.

“So, Alice. You are sure that these . . . delusions of yours are real? The talking flowers? The creature in the fen? The Hatter and the Hare and the talking playing cards?”

“When said out loud, I guess it all seems rather . . . odd,” Alice admitted, licking her lips nervously as he leaned forward to stare at her intently, a frown building beneath his bush mustache. “And yet, it feels too real to discard as a mere dream.”

Doctor Carpenter shook his head and heaved a great sigh. It sounded quite sincere, as if a great weight had been rested upon his shoulders. Alice felt a pang of guilt about causing him such disappointment, although she held firm to her belief that her memories were true. Wonderland did exist and she had been there. No matter what anyone else thought, she wasn’t crazy.

“I think that we have reached a point where counseling is no longer effective, Alice. I think it’s time to return you to Doctor Paine’s care. I’ll have to turn you over to Mistress Sinclair, I’m afraid. I really did hope to avoid that . . .”

Alice shivered, a vague memory of being taken to a terrible place where very cruel things were done to her. An image of an imposing blonde woman in a starched white uniform passed through her thoughts, causing her to shiver.

She watched, trepidation filling her chest, as the Doctor moved to her side and cupped the back of her head with his large hand, lifting it.

“Open wide, Miss Pleasance. Time to take your medication.”

Faintly, she recalled being given drugs before, drugs that had elevated her libido until she would do almost anything to relieve it, and yet, had prevented her from any relief, rendering her unable to climax.

She began to struggle, doing her best to force her lips closed, but the Doctor merely forced her mouth open, pushed the large white pill past her

tongue and forced her to swallow. It left a bitter taste in her mouth as it went down.

It wasn't long before she began to relax. Thirty minutes. Perhaps less.

"How are you feeling now, Alice?" Doctor Carpenter eventually asked, his eyes full of curiosity as he looked up from his desk, where he'd been studiously taking notes.

"Nice, Doctor. I feel nice."

"And? What else, Alice. Tell me everything. I need your complete honesty."

"Warm. No, hot. And . . . lusty," she admitted, blushing hard, finding it impossible to censor her words.

"Good. That means the drugs are working."

Startled, Alice glanced towards the door at Mistress Sinclair. She was as just as imposing and beautiful as she recalled, and her smile was cruel.

"This is a variation on the Nymadenoxy-Methamphospate you were given last time. We needed a test subject and, since you have such a positive reaction the last time, you were the obvious choice. Now, lay back and I'll release you. Best behavior, Miss Pleasance. I expect nothing less from you. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Mistress Sinclair," she managed, heat washing through her with every brush of fingers, no matter how brief. By the time she was freed from her bounds, she was panting softly with desire, her thoughts clouded by unimaginable need. Letting out a moan, she attempted to touch herself, managing to get one hand inside her knickers before Doctor Paine's assistant captured her wrist and roughly yanked it from between her thighs.

"If you're unable to control yourself, we will have to restrain you. Do you think you can behave?"

"No," Alice moaned, finding it impossible to lie.

"Very well, then. Hammer! Hart! I'll need your assistance."

A familiar duo appeared in the doorway. Mister Hart and Mister Hammer. Alice remembered them well from her last visit to the asylum. A shudder ran through her, remembering how they'd talked about her and touched her when she'd been under the effect of the medication last time. If this was truly the dream, and Wonderland real, she desperately wished to

awaken once more. And yet, to what? There she'd been thrown naked into a dank prison cell, awaiting an unknown fate. Here?

'Much the same,' she thought to herself as Mister Hammer Gripped one arm tightly and Mister Hart the other, pulling her to her feet and marching her in the wake of Mistress Sinclair, presumably taking her back to Ward 4 wherein lay Doctor Paine's Examination Room.

"Where to, Mistress Sinclair?" Mister Hart inquired, as they walked Alice down the corridor, the blue-white tiles cool against her bare feet. Above her head, electric lights flickered, casting strange shadows on the sterile walls. She felt goosebumps growing on her bare flesh, feeling exposed, dressed only in thing cotton undergarments, and yet, despite the chill air of the hallway, she felt an inner heat burning within that spread slowly from her core until it reached the tips of her fingers and toes.

"Doctor Rose's office, Mister Hart."

"Doctor Rose, Mistress Sinclair? Not Doctor Paine?"

"Was I not clear, Mister Hart?"

"Perfectly clear. I just thought—"

"You're not paid to think, Mister Hart. You are paid to do as you're told. Is that understood?"

"Understood, Ma'am."

"Good. As for you, Alice, Best behavior. Back straight, chest out, chin up. I have matters to attend to. I am sure that Mister Hart and Mister Hammer will take good care of you until I return. if they value their employment, that is."

Alice watched the tall blonde stride off, unable to keep herself from admiring the way her bottom moves under her skirts. It was a lovely bottom, after all. As soon as she disappeared around a corridor, Mister Hart chuckled softly.

"How do you feel about having a little fun with our patient, Mister Hammer?"

"I might be persuaded, Mister Hart. What do you suggest?"

"Nothing that would get us into trouble. Just a little amusement."

He grabbed hold of Alice's hair, his thick lips pressing against her ear, his stubble scratching her cheek.

"You wouldn't tell on us, would you, girl? Not if we were nice to you."

“We are very nice, after all.”

“The nicest.”

Alice shuddered as Mister Hart slipped his hand into her knickers, his thick fingers rubbing her already wet cunny until she moaned.

“I think she likes that, Mister Hart.”

“I do believe she does, Mister Hammer.”

She moaned as Mister Hart pushed one of his fingers into her tight little hole until she could feel his knuckles pressing against her engorged nub.

“She’s very wet, Mister Hammer. Very wet.”

“How wet, Mister Hart?” Mister Hammer asked as he began to undo his pants.

“Like a river.”

Alice moaned louder, her knees weakening as Mister Hart began to push his finger in and out of her, twisting it inside of her until all that held her up was his finger inside of her.

“The Doctor said that, no matter what happens, the pill they gave you won’t let you . . .”

“No matter what, Miss Pleasance. Seems a shame.”

“A terrible shame.”

“Just because she can’t, Mister Hart.”

“Doesn’t mean that we can’t, Mister Hammer.”

“If we’re quick about it.”

“Very quick.”

“And discreet.”

“She would never tell, would you, Girl?”

“Not if she knows what’s good for her.”

“Not if she wants to—”

Alice let out a long guttural groan as Mister Hart pushed another finger into her cunt, filling her tight hole, stretching her.

“Later, when she’s back in her room.”

“And the pill wears off.”

“And she’s in her restraint jacket.”

“Unable to touch herself.”

“Desperate.”

Mister Hammer pulled the cups of her brassiere down, exposing her and fondling her tits roughly until she was panting breathlessly.

“So desperate.”

“But we could make her . . .”

“Yes, we could. But only if she’s nice to us.”

“Are you going to be nice to us, Miss?”

“Yes, please. I’ll be very nice to both of you.”

“And not tell anyone?”

“Not a word to anyone. I promise.”

“There you have it.”

“She’s practically begging us, isn’t she.”

“Mistress Sinclair did ask us to look after her.”

“Take care of her.”

“Please,” Alice interjected suddenly, feeling herself pushed slowly to the edge of what she could bare. “Please make me come. Please! I’ll do anything you ask!”

“She did ask.”

“I heard her too.”

“Well then . . .”

“Best get on with it then.”

Alice found herself sinking to her knees, Mister Hart’s wet fingers trailing up her arm, leaving a trail of her fragrant juices on her bare skin.

“Open wide, girly,” Mister Hammer told her, his voice thick with lust as he presented his cockhead, pushing it rudely into her mouth as she parted her lips.

“Suck me. That’s a good girl.”

Alice moaned around his cock, sliding her tongue over it, her mouth wet with spit. She felt the heat of lust building quickly between her thighs, her juices drooling from her swollen cunny lips to drip on the cold tile.

Mister Hart pulled his own cock from his trousers. It was already full and thick and hard as he rubbed it against the back of her head.

“Take it,” he commanded. Alice reached out and took it in her hand, wrapping her slender fingers around it. Knowing exactly what he wanted,

she began to stroke him, slowly at first and then faster as she heard him moan.

“She’s got a mouth like one of those expensive whores.”

“The ones neither of us could ever afford?”

“The same.”

“A fancy French whore.”

“Only nastier.”

“And cheaper.”

“Mister Hart?”

“Yes, Mister Hammer?”

“I think I’m about to—”

Alice felt his cock swell and twitch inside her mouth moments before she was flooded with cum. She did her best to swallow it all down, but there was more than she could handle and the excess spilled from either side of her mouth and down her chin.

“Oh, that was good, Mister Hart. You really need to experience it for yourself.”

Alice found her mouth filled with a cock a second time, this one even larger than Mister Hammer’s, so much larger that she almost choked, gagging as she did her best to pleasure him.

“You were right about her mouth, Mister Hammer.”

“Like an expensive whore, Mister Hart?”

“Even better,” he moaned, his eyes closing in ecstasy as Alice sucked and slurped until he couldn’t take it anymore.

“Oh, god, I’m going to—”

And did, filling her mouth to brimming with his seed, laughing as she did her best to swallow it all, much of it sliding down her chin and onto her bared tits.

“Such a mouth.”

“I bet her cunt will be just as nice.”

“Can’t wait to find out.”

“Tonight. When everyone’s gone home.”

Alice shivered, her cunt clenching at the thought of laying awake in her room, anticipating the moment when the thuggish orderlies would pay her a

visit.

‘They promised me,’ she told herself. ‘Promised me that I could come. More than once. There are two of them, after all. Maybe thrice. Maybe more. Oh, if only I could now!’

“Would you like that, girl?” Mister Hart asked, grinning as he wiped the cum from her face with the hem of his shirt.

“Yes, please, you promised,” she moaned, heart pounding with lust against her ribs.

“It’ll be our little secret,” Mister Heart said with a salacious wink. “No one else needs know.”

“Long as you don’t tell anyone, we’ll make sure you feel good as often as you’d like.”

“Our secret,” Alice whispered, nodding her agreement. “No one else needs to know.”

“Now let’s get you to where you need to be before anyone’s the wiser.”

Chapter Nineteen

The Lion and The Unicorn

Alice awoke suddenly, shivering, the air quite chilly on her naked flesh, which was rather strange, or so she thought, seeing as she'd been immersed in hot water, or so she had thought.

"I must have been dreaming again," she murmured as she shook her head. "Or perhaps this is the dream . . ."

Other images seeped into her mind, however, making her re-consider whether it had been a dream or a nightmare. She was having a bath. It was quite pleasant, only she'd been shackled in the tub so she couldn't escape. There was a doctor. Of that she was sure. Doctor Rose. And she'd been ever so cruel, draining the tub until it was filled only with Alice, and nothing else.

"Oh, Now I remember!" she exclaimed, panicking as she realized that, while she was no longer in the porcelain tub, she was still shackled and helpless. Heavy brass not only held her wrists and ankles, but her waist and neck. Attached to each was a chain so heavy that she could hardly move and they were attached to a steel ring in the center of a small brick windowless cell.

"It seems I have been imprisoned!"

For indeed, it did seem so. The only way in, or out, of the cell was an ominous looking door, in which there was only a thin slit. Just enough to peer out, or in, although, secured as she was, she was unable to do so.

She shivered again, closing her eyes as more memories teased at the corners of her mind. Doctor Rose had attached nasty looking clamps with teeth that bit into her flesh on her most intimate places and she had done nothing to prevent her.

'It was the medication they gave me,' Alice reminded herself. 'I would never have let her otherwise. Would I?'

She was no longer sure of herself or anything. The clamps had been attached to wires which, in turn, were attached to a strange contraption that buzzed like a bee hive. At first she had been curious as to its purpose. And then the Doctor had thrown a switch on it and she felt the strange sensation

in her trapped nipples and her pleasure button. It had felt good, at first, but then Doctor Rose had turned a dial and it felt like the sting of a wasp, or perhaps the kiss of a hot poker. Or lightning! She'd screamed at which Doctor Rose had made some notes before resetting the dial.

Alice began to remember everything with clarity. How Doctor Rose had continued to turn the dial a little higher each time, and leaving it on for longer, sending searing pain into her most sensitive and pleasurable bits, intent on torturing her. And then it happened. She almost climaxed. It didn't dull the pain. The pleasure simply rode alongside it, matching it, each near-orgasm heightened by it. She still screamed each time, but it was screams of pleasure as well as pain. Even more disconcerting, eventually the pleasure became too painful to bear and yet, the pain became increasingly pleasurable, until she couldn't tell which was which. Even worse, she remembered what she'd been told. The medication wouldn't allow her to climax.

'If I am not able to, I will surely go mad!' she thought, gasping and moaning as the dial was reset to zero once more. 'Or perhaps I will die, unable to take this torment any longer.'

And each time, Doctor Rose took notes, otherwise ignoring Alice's screams, shushing her as she begged to be let to climax, promising anything and everything, crying out for mercy.

And now . . .

"I wonder where I am. Oh, if only someone would come along and tell me what has become of me. The asylum, perhaps? Or a prisoner of the Queen's guard? Or maybe I am lost in another dream? This is all rather confusing."

"If wishes were apples I'd bake you a pie," chuckled a familiar sounding voice directly above her.

"Oh, Cheshire! It is good to see you!" she sighed, looking up to see the cat, or at least its head, floating above her.

"It is good to be seen, Alice. It seems you have, once again, gotten yourself into quite a pickle."

"It seems that way, although surely, I am not to blame. I don't suppose you could enlighten me as to where I am?"

"The Queen's dungeons. Not a place I would have advised you to visit, had you asked. But then, you never asked, so here we are."

“Well, you could have offered. For someone who prides themselves on giving advice, you’re not very good at it.”

The cat just grinned, which infuriated her immensely.

“I don’t suppose you’ll help me to escape.”

“There is no escape, Alice. I am afraid that the best advice I can give is to simply accept your fate. Perhaps the Queen will take a liking to you. I am told she does like pretty young women, and you are certainly both pretty and a young woman.”

“This is all terrible unfair,” Alice said sulkily, her chin on one fist, her lips forming a pout.

“Most things in life are. Give her majesty my regards when you meet her.”

And just like that, the cat was gone once more, leaving Alice alone with her worries until, eventually, she closed her eyes and fell into restless slumbers in which giant butterflies were chasing her as she sailed down a river in a rowboat towards a dark tunnel full of jagged rocks. And then, she found herself in her father’s study, standing beside his inkwell, holding his quill like a spear, for in her dream she was very small. As she stood there, she could hear footsteps in the distance. Very heavy footsteps. Steeling herself, she put on her best defiant glower, imagining herself a great warrior of legend—a Valkyrie or an Amazon—and raised her make-shift spear as the door swung open . . .

She awoke with a startled gasp as she was poked in the ribs by a steel booted foot.

“Wake up, girl.”

Towering above her was a most handsome man, dressed in golden armor, his hair the color of the sun. One eyebrow was cocked quizzically as he prodded her again with his toe, his green eyes glittering as he spoke once more.

“On your feet. Come on, I don’t have all day.”

Alice struggled to her feet, quite a feat when one is weighed down by heavy shackles and chains.

“Curtsey.”

Sighing inwardly, Alice performed a clumsy curtsey, well aware of his sharp gaze taking her in, blushing a soft shade of pink as he took special

interest in her breasts and the area between her thighs.

“Hard to tell if she’s pretty or not, filthy as she is. I suppose I should have her cleaned up.”

This was said to the guard just outside the door. He was holding a large ring of keys in one hand and a cruel looking baton in the other.

“I’ll have her hosed and scrubbed down, if it pleases you, m’lord.”

“Yes, do that. And find something for her to wear. Something pleasing to the eye. I will send my man for her this evening.”

Without saying another word, he turned on his heel and left, leaving Alice with a rather displeased looking guard.

“Best not give me any trouble, or I’ll make you regret it,” he told her, leering as he freed her from her chains, all but the one attached to her collar, using it as a leash to force her to her feet and out of the cell. He led her, tugging impatiently when she faltered, out to an small courtyard in which there was a fountain and some benches.

“In you go,” he said, pointing to the water in the large circular basin. Thankfully, he removed the leash, freeing her, taking the opportunity to grope her breasts and pinch her nipples, much to her dismay.

Alice eyed it, shivering. At least it looked clean. With a sigh, she climbed in. While it was cold, it felt invigorating. She noticed a brush and a bar of soap on the ledge and used them to carefully scrub herself until she felt delightfully clean, keeping her back to the guard at all time, nervous of the way he looked at her. She wondered if he’d take advantage of her state once she was clean.

‘He’s a card,’ she mused, glancing over her shoulder, wondering what was under his livery. ‘Does he have a cock? Perhaps it’s a very thin one . . .’

“Hurry it up. His Eminence is expecting you soon and he’ll want you prettied up.”

“Who is he?” Alice wondered out loud, curious as to the identity to the handsome, if seemingly cruel, man in whose company she would soon be.

The Guard barked out a laugh. “Who is he, you ask? Everyone knows who he is. The Knave of Hearts. He’s the queen’s lover, although you would do yourself no favors calling him that to his face. Or to anyone else in the palace, for that matter.”

To emphasize his point, he drew a line across where Alice supposed his throat was with one finger.

“Oh!” Alice exclaimed, her eyes going wide. “Then I shall do my best to keep my tongue so that I may keep my head!”

Alice hurried along until she felt as clean as she’d been since her adventure had started, stepping out of the fountain, water sluicing from her bare flesh and golden tresses.

“I don’t suppose you have a bathing towel?”

“Miss Mince will have one.”

“And who is Miss Mince?”

“The Royal Seamstress. Now come along.”

This time, it wasn’t her breasts he groped, but her bottom and, had she been a little slower to move, he might have fondled her pussy as well.

‘Is everyone in Wonderland so rude?’ she wondered as she hurried ahead of him, just out of reach, down a long hallway until they reached a plain wooden door painted blue, the imprint of a needle and a spool of thread stamped upon it in gold leaf.

The Guardsman rapped his knuckles upon the door, taking the opportunity to fondle Alice’s bottom until both sets of cheeks were quite pink, only stopping when the door cracked open to reveal a single owl like eye.

“How can I serve you?” inquired a soft feminine voice.

“Another tart for the Knave of Hearts, Miss Mince. He wants her prettied up.”

“Does he now?” The door swung further open, revealing a small woman with huge yellow eyes and tangled auburn curls framing a bird-like face.

“You know his tastes.”

“Indeed I do.”

Although her words remained quiet, her tone was one of disapproval. The door opened further. Alice stood shivering as the seamstress appraised her with her owlish eyes, her lips forming a thoughtful frown as she wiggled her fingers at the guard.

“Off with you. Return in four hours. Now, come inside, my dear. First things first. A towel, a robe, and a cup of tea.”

“Four hours? His Eminence will . . .”

“His Eminence will just have to wait until I’m done with . . . what did you say your name was, dear?”

“I didn’t, but it’s Alice, Ma’am.”

“Just call me Mitzy, Alice. Until I’m done with Alice. Now leave us be or four hours will become six.”

And with that pronouncement, she closed the door on the guard.

“The guards here are terrible rude,” she said, handing Alice a towel. “Now, dry yourself off, dear, while I fetch you a robe to preserve a modicum of modesty. No manners at all. The guards, Alice, not you. I am sure you have lovely manners.”

“Thank you,” Alice blushed, taking the towel from the bird-like woman, her eyes darting around the room. It did indeed have the look of a seamstress’ work place. Bolts of a variety of fabric were laid out upon tables and spools of thread, scissors, and needles were everywhere. Several dressmaker’s dummies were lined up against one wall, most of which wore extravagant dresses and equally fancy bonnets.

“Here, put this on and please, sit.” Miss Mince gestured to a daybed, piled with pillows, against one wall. “I’ve put some tea on as well, and I’ve scones if you’ve an appetite. Jam, too, should you wish. No sense in rushing about. We’ll get you fed and comfortable and then we shall see about making you . . . well, you’re already pretty, but prettier. Too bad it’ll be wasted on the Knave. He has no real appreciation for beauty. He’s a base man, despite his title.”

Alice did her best to take all that the seamstress said in as she made herself comfortable among the cushions, her mouth watering somewhat at the mention of scones.

“Now, I’m thinking pink, to match out the blush in your cheeks and your lovely pink lips and to compliment your locks. I’ll need to take your measurements but first, tea! I shall return in a trifle.

Alice watched, bemused as the woman disappeared through a narrow door, giving her a moment to relax alone and contemplate her fate.

It was nice, she thought, to have a nice robe to cover herself with. Although she’d been wandering around Wonderland half naked since she’d arrived, it wasn’t her preferred state. There was a sense of vulnerability always in the back of her head, not to mention it was hardly proper for a young lady, such as herself, to be showing off . . . well, everything.

‘And Mitzy says she’ll dress me,’ she thought with a smile. ‘And maybe, if luck is with me, I can stay dressed until I choose otherwise!’

With that thought, she took a seat upon a comfortable looking seat and waited patiently for the seamstress to return, which she did, eventually, carrying a tray with a pair of teacups, a teapot, a plate of scones, and a small pot of Jam.

“Here we go, Alice. As promised. A meal fit for a lovely young woman such as yourself. Take your time, my dear, for afterwards we have work to do, for I intend to transform you.”

They sat in comfortable silence, sipping their tea and daintily nibbling on scones, until all that was left were the dregs of tea leaves and some crumbs.

“Feeling better?”

“I am, thank you very much!”

“No thanks needed. Now, to get to work. Please stand and, if you don’t mind, remove your robe so that I can take your measurements. After that, you should probably nap, for you’ll not be needed for a good hour or two and, if you don’t mind my saying so, you look like you could use a few winks.”

And, so, Alice did all that was asked of her before putting her robe back on and settling upon a very comfortable looking chair. Closing her eyes, she thought to herself that it had been a very unsettling day indeed and that, perhaps, it would be nice to take a short nap and do her best to put the events of the morning as far from her mind as she could. And with that, she fell into a deep slumber, into which dreams slipped sneakily in, never mind that they were most certainly not invited . . .

Once again, Alice found herself standing upon a featureless surface, surrounded by a ghost-like fog that swirled about her body. Strange lights flickered in the mist surrounding her, much like fairy lights, illuminating the massive dais enough that she could see distant shapes at its edge, arranged in a circle surrounding her. As before, she wore a cloak of feathers that fastened above her breasts and cascaded down her back, spreading out upon whatever surface she was standing upon. Beneath it she was naked, her feet bare, the metal beneath her feet sending a chill through her.

“Dash and Bother. I was so enjoying the comfort of a plump chair, a full belly, and a warm room.”

Letting out a sigh, she brushed at the dew clinging to her skin, shivering as she turned full circle, peering into the dim fog as she tried to guess the nature of the shape surrounding her, blushing as she remembered the bull-man that she'd 'ridden' upon the last time she'd been here.

"What else?" she wondered aloud. There was a mermaid and a goat-man. And the bull-man, of course. The others, however, she'd never gotten the chance to examine up close. Nor from far away, for that matter.

"I suppose that I should examine those. Perhaps they are part of a puzzle and, if not, at least it's something to do."

With that, she set off in a random direction whilst nervously humming a nonsensical tune until she came upon one of the shapes.

'He's quite handsome,' Alice thought, pausing to study the first statue she came to. From the waist up, the figure was a well-built man with rather imposing muscles, a quiver at his side, and a long bow in one hand. He looked quite savage and his face was quite stern. From the waist down, he had the body, and four legs, of a horse.

'Rather the reverse of the bull-man,' she thought. 'I think there is a name for him. A centaur. I believe I read about them in one of father's books on Greek mythology. He looks as if she would be quite fierce if he was of flesh and blood. I wonder if . . .'

Unable to help herself, Alice glanced between the centaur's back legs, her breath catching as she caught sight of its huge prick. Perhaps even larger than the bull-man's had been. Her pulse began to race as she caught herself entertaining thoughts of how it might feel inside her.

'Such notions,' she scolded herself, blushing furiously. 'I am even worse than a French whore. Only a—oh, I cannot even think the word, let alone say it! Perhaps there is hope for me yet.'

Trembling, she turned from the imposing statue and stared blankly through the fog, her heart pounding in her chest, for as she fought to vanish the image in her head of being bent over on hands and knees while the half-man half-horse stood over her, ready to plunge its gigantic cock into her cunt, her fingers were busy stroking her breasts and nipples until she felt something pleasantly warm and wet making its presence known upon her inner thigh.

'I must not,' she lectured herself and, for once, actually taking her own advice she stood there for a very long time with her eyes closed, fighting

the urge to let her hands have their way with her erogenous zones.

‘It might be best,’ she finally decided, ‘If I distracted myself and explored further. Perhaps I’ll discover a statue that is less tempting. An obelisk, for example. Or a cross. Even a tombstone would be preferable. It would certainly help change my mood!’

Before she could take a single step, she heard a curious sound, much like an eggshell being broken. Startled, she spun around and peered through the fog, unable to see anything other than the dark shape of the centaur.

‘I am sixty percent sure I am not hearing things,’ she began, pausing her silent remark as she realized that the dark figure had grown since she’d last set eyes upon it. ‘Grown or gotten closer and I fear it is the latter and I am not sure whether to stand my ground or flee!’

Before she could come to a decision the creature came out of the fog, bow in hand, its gaze raking over Alice, a leer forming upon its lips.

“You do not belong here,” it, or rather, he announced, leaning forward until his face was inches away from hers. Alice’s breath caught in her chest as she gazed into the darkest deepest eyes she had ever imagined.

“I think I am lost. Or possibly misplaced,” Alice told him, swallowing as she took a step backwards. “I know that I’m in a dream, but I’m not sure whose dream it is.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. This is not a dream. Do I look like a dream to you? Can a dream do this?”

Before she could respond, the centaur reached out and grabbed Alice’s hair in his fist and lifted her so that only her toes touched the ground.

“Unhand me!” Alice cried out in surprised anger, at which he let go, laughing as landed upon her bottom on the hard metal surface.

“That was quite rude,” she admonished as she got back to her feet and attempted to arrange her cloak so it covered her nakedness.

“Don’t move,” the centaur hissed suddenly, pulling an arrow from its quiver and nocking it.

“I’d—”

“Be silent, foolish dolt,” it warned her quietly, eyes narrowing as it stared over her head.

And then, Alice heard a sound, one that could only be described as an unsettling scuttle. She remained frozen in place, fear gripping her as the

(incredibly rude) centaur seemed to be searching the fog for a target, the arrow on its bow pointing like a finger.

Once again, she heard the unnerving sound. It seemed much closer this time and moving much faster. She was just about to remark upon that when an arrow flew just over her shoulder. Behind her she heard a loud clinking sound followed by an angry roar.

‘I suppose I couldn’t be blamed for screaming,’ she thought to herself and did just that as she was knocked to the ground, a great shadow falling over her. Above her was a mighty beast, its teeth bared as it growled so loudly that the very air seemed to vibrate. As for the Centaur, it simply turned tail and fled. From where she lay, Alice watched as it fled, growing smaller and smaller until it simply disappeared in the thick fog.

“Not very chivalrous of him,” Alice declared, her heart pounding with fear. “I really do hope that Mitzy returns and wakes me soon, for my dream is starting to resemble a nightmare!”

Above her, the beast let out a rumbling laugh, one that shook the very ground upon which she lay. Remembering a story she heard about an adventurer surviving an encounter with a wild beast by playing dead, she did just that in hopes that, whatever it was would soon lose interest and leave her be, but that plan was soon foiled as she found herself being rolled over by a very large paw so that she was staring up into the face of the largest lion she had ever imagined, its bright yellow eyes brimming with amusement as it smiled down at her, revealing very large, and very pointy, teeth.

“What have we here?” it asked in a voice so loud that one might even describe it as booming.

Alice decided to keep to her plan and simply squeezed her eyes shut and did her best not to breathe.

“Oh, come now,” the Lion admonished her, this time lowering its voice. “Stop that nonsense. Oldest trick in the book, you know. Playing dead.”

Alice, not knowing what else to do, burst into tears instead.

“Pl—please don’t eat me!” she sobbed, covering her eyes with her hands as she drew her legs up against her chest and did her best to curl into a ball.

“Eat you? Not bloody likely!” the Lion scoffed, sounding offended. “What do you take me for? A simple beast? I will have you know that I have had several doctorates granted me from Oxford University as well as

several rather prestigious titles including one conferred upon my personage by none other than Her Majesty herself. Eat you, indeed.”

For her part, Alice let loose one last sob before wiping her eyes with the backs of her knuckles.

“I didn’t mean to offend,” she said in a trembling voice.

“Well . . . bygones, I suppose, though an apology is clearly called for.”

“Pardon?” she asked, blinking the lion took several steps backward, allowing her to stand before it, clutching her cloak to her breasts as the lion cleared its throat.

“An apology. Plain and simple. I’m waiting.”

“I’m . . . sorry?”

“For . . .?”

Alice bit her lip as the Lions drew nearer, so near that she could smell it’s breath—a pleasant blend of tea, whiskey and pipe tobacco that brought to mind her father in his library.

“For . . . being . . . rude?”

“Much better. That wasn’t so hard now, was it.”

“I suppose not,” Alice agreed, thinking it wise to agree with such a dangerous, despite its claims otherwise, beast.

“Now that we have that sorted—”

“What have we here?”

Alice startled, hearing a feminine whinny directly behind her.

“I was just about to sort that out. A trespasser, perhaps. Possibly a ruffian of uncertain parentage or a rabble rouser, although she doesn’t look like a pickpocket and she most definitely doesn’t smell like a Scotsman.”

“Nasty things, Scotsmen,” the unicorn said, for while the lion was addressing the new arrival, Alice had spared a glance over her shoulder, and that is exactly what it was—a snow white horse with a single spiral horn mounted on its forehead. “Almost as bad as Catholics.”

“I have not yet ruled out the possibility that she is a foreign spy.”

“And are you a foreign spy?” the unicorn asked, bumping Alice’s shoulder with its horn until she was turned around and facing the fantastical creature.

“No, I am not.”

“Well, if you’re not a foreign spy or a trespasser or a rabble rouser or a ruffian or a Scotsman, what are you?”

“I am not at all sure anymore,” Alice sighed, shrugging her shoulders. “I am no longer That Alice, whom I once was very sure about. And I am still learning about This Alice, and while I suspect she is many things that That Alice is not, I am not entirely sure that I can put a finger on exactly what, or who, she, or rather I, am.”

“What would you like to be?”

Alice opened her mouth to answer and then shut it again. It’s a question she’d never really considered. Since she’d left the riverbank she’d gone through so many changes, none of which had been wholly her choice, but rather, changes of circumstance. Not that she regretted any of them. Not in the least. Just the opposite, still . . .

“I am not entirely sure,” she admitted, and started to pace back and forth whilst tapping her finger against her temple (something she had often observed her father doing and she could only assume that it helped one sort out their thoughts).

“A soldier, perhaps?” The lion suggested.

“No. Definitely not a soldier,” Alice replied distractedly, shaking her head.

“A farmer?” the unicorn mused, keeping pace alongside Alice.

Alice simply shook her head at the suggestion, pausing to rest her head against the unicorn’s flank and let out a soft sigh.

“What about a banker?” The lion wondered, sitting down on its haunches and furrowing its brow.

“Sounds perfectly boring,” she replied. “I am finding that, despite everything, I have become fond of having adventures and I can’t imagine going home and settling down again. It might be alright for some, but not, I suspect, for me.”

“I was just saying earlier, over tea, that it has been a while since I’ve been on an adventure.” The lion mused. “I used to go on an adventure every Tuesday. Not just small adventures. Some of them were quite grand, in fact.”

“Why did you stop?” Alice asked, walking over to the great beast and stroking his mane soothingly.

“Guess I just outgrew them.”

“Oh. Well, that’s a shame. Now that I’m having one, I hope to never outgrow them.”

“It would be nice to go on another. Perhaps I should,” he announced, sitting a little straighter and letting out a chuff of warm breath.

“I think it sounds like a splendid idea,” the unicorn replied.

Alice clapped her hands in delight, beaming enthusiastically with encouragement.

“It could be truly magnificent! You should start now.”

“I think I shall!”

The lion stood suddenly and let out an earthshaking roar. Alice had to clap her hands over her ears to avoid being deafened. As for the unicorn, it reared on its hindlegs and let out a loud whinny, its horn gleaming gold in the sunlight. Alice imagined she could hear trumpets playing a fanfare as the two creatures stood, one to either side of her.

“I am forever in your debt,” The lion told her, taking one knee whilst the unicorn did the same, bowing its head, tapping its spiraled horn first upon one shoulder, and then the other.

“May you be successful upon your own adventure.”

“Upon your quest.”

“Best of luck!”

“Remember, steer clear of Scotsmen.”

“And Protestants!”

Alice watched as they disappeared into the swirling fog, leaving her alone with her thoughts, of which there were many.

“It seems my dream has come to an end and yet, I am still here.”

She went back to pacing, her thoughts in disarray as she wrestled with the question of whom and of what she had become. ‘If I am being honest with myself, while some of my adventures have been truly frightening, I have enjoyed some aspects quiet immensely, those being the ones in which I felt like a . . .’

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She paused, sure that her cheeks were bright pink with embarrassment. “Just say it, Alice, don’t be embarrassed,” she chided herself out loud. “I have enjoyed being treated like a French whore more than a little. There, I have said it out loud and I refuse to be ashamed.” She stamped her foot down on the ground, just to add emphasis to her declaration.

“In fact, I plan on continuing to act wantonly, no matter what anyone says or thinks and I shall not feel the need to apologize for it, not in the least!”

That settled, she looked around her, deciding what to do next. From where she stood she could discern nothing beyond the fog.

“I wonder if the centaur is still about?” she mused out loud. “Perhaps I should see if I can find him. Not that I am thinking about his rather impressive prick, mind you. Just that it would be nice to have someone to converse with, even if he was rather rude, while I’m waiting for this dream to end.”

She began walking in the direction that she believed he had run off in when the lion had appeared, amending her words. “If I am being entirely honest, I am not not thinking about his prick and how big it was and what it would feel like inside my cunny. Rather good, I imagine. And it has been a while since I’ve been properly ravished. At least a day which seems like a very long time, or at least it would if I were actually a French whore, which I am not. At least I’m not French, and somehow being an English whore sounds less decadent. I am fairly certain that French whores live in lavishly styled bordellos run by a fashionable Madame and lounge around in scanty lingerie, the sight of which would make even a sailor blush, while English whores stand upon dirty street corners in the rain and advertise their wares, such as they are, with coarse language and rude gestures. I really should have paid more attention to my French lessons as a child. Perhaps I might put more effort into them in the future.”

Such were her musings that she paid little attention to where she was actually going, wandering aimlessly in a vague direction. And so it was that she came upon an unexpected sight; a gaily lit place standing upon a small hill, from which music and laughter floated down the winding pathway leading up to it.

“Oh! It sounds like a party or perhaps a celebration. I should very much like to take a closer look.”

And with that, Alice set determinedly up the path, curious as to what was being celebrated.

Chapter Twenty

Humpty Dumpty

The palace, Alice decided, had a fairy tale quality to it. Two towers topped with pointed roofs flying pennants stood upon either side of a palatial building made from gold veined marble. The windows were made of stained glass and the doors to the main entrance were quite impressively large. There was a fountain of a mermaid spewing water from her mouth and flowers (the non-talking kind, she noted with a sense of relief) and bushes shaped like a variety of beasts, some of which she recognized and some of which she didn't.

As she approached she felt a wave of something undefinable pass through her. Moments later, her clothes began to shimmer and change.

'How very convenient, being in a dream,' Alice mused as her feather cloak slowly faded and was replaced by something far more appropriate, or so she guessed. In this case, it was lingerie, just as she'd imagined being worn by a French whore. Pastel pink knickers, brassier, a corset, suspenders, and stockings. All quite sheer save for the exact right amount of lace to preserve a hint of modesty. She had ribbons for her hair and a lace collar as well, and a pair of heeled ankle boots covered with pink lace brocade. Alice decided that it was all quite elegant, despite it being equally indecent. "If only I had a parasol," she mused out loud, only somewhat surprised when she found herself suddenly holding just the thing.

"That was quite convenient, although, I wonder if I might have wished for something more practical. Perhaps next time, I shall."

Arriving at the entrance, she was greeted by a Lizard dressed as a footman.

"Bonsoir, Mademoiselle. Bienvenue a la palais des plaisir et de la douleur."

'Dash and bother,' Alice thought, once again ruing the time she'd spend daydreaming in class instead of paying attention to the instructor. 'Good evening, I understood. The rest, however. I am sure it was nothing of great import or, at least, I hope it wasn't. (what the Lizard has actually said was,

‘Welcome to the Palace of Pleasure and Pain’, something that Alice might have, indeed, found important).

“Merci beaucoup,” she replied, feeling somewhat proud of herself, not only for remembering the phrase, but for being gracious to the servant. ‘Father always said that the measure of a man is how he treats a bird in the hand. Or is that two ducks in a shooting match? No, I am sure that’s not quite right, but it will have to do for now. Oh, I seem to be terribly confused of a sudden. It must be the dream. Nothing seems to make very much sense right now. Not that it had before. Well, I am determined to enjoy myself no matter what father says or doesn’t say!’

Her mind made up, Alice strolled through the doorway of the palace to find herself suddenly immersed in a lively, and quite lascivious, gathering. There were so many sights and sounds and scents swirling around her that she felt quite confused at first, trying to sort out what was going on.

The room itself was majestic. Stairways curved upwards like wings. The carpet was thick and luxurious and the furniture was plush. It was lit by crystal chandeliers hanging over head. Alice had never seen anything quite so opulent in her life. There was a small quartet playing in the middle of the room, much to the delight of the guests. The men were all dressed in expensive looking finery—waistcoats and suits of every color imaginable. Most of them had medals pinned to their lapels. Looking closer, and all of them wore an animal mask. To her left a ‘rabbit’ and a ‘tiger’ danced with women dressed very much like Alice was. They, too, wore masks. A ‘hummingbird’ and a ‘cat’. To her right a ‘wolf’ flirted with a ‘swan’ while a ‘bear’ cavorted with a ‘mouse’.

“I must look rather out of place,” she mused out loud. “for I have neither a mask nor a gentleman companion.”

The words were barely out of her mouth, however, when a gentleman with skin the color of fine porcelain took her hand in his and bowed over it, his lip softly brushing over her fingers. He, unlike the others, wore no mask.

“If you would like, I might be able to solve both dilemmas, my dear. Sergeant-Major Humpty Dumpty of the Knights of the Lash at your service.”

“Alice,” Alice responded, blushing, for he was, perhaps, the most fetching man she’d ever set eyes upon while she was dressed as a French whore. She thought, for a moment, she might get lost in his eyes, for they

resembled polished sapphires and twinkled merrily as he caught her gaze. "Alice of . . . England, I suppose."

"A delight to meet you, Alice," he purred, presenting her with a mask. Taking it, she held it before her. A mouse, complete with quivering whiskers. She paused a moment, remembering the nearby 'cat' before putting it on.

'Don't be silly,' she told herself. 'No one here is going to eat you just because you've a mask on.' The very thought made her want to giggle, so she did. She put it on, adjusting it upon her face so that she could see properly through the eye holes.

"You have a delightful laugh, Alice of England. Only surpassed by your beauty. May I accompany you? Oh, please say yes."

"Yes," Alice said without thinking, something she did quite often, it seems. As soon as the word was out of her mouth, he had taken her arm and was escorting her towards one of the stairs.

"Are we not going to dance, Sargeant-Major?" she asked, for that had been her presumption.

"Indeed, yes. To another melody, however, one much sweeter, my dear."

"I see." Not that she did, but she assumed that was the sort of thing someone in her position would say in such circumstances

As for the Sargean-Major, he patted her on the hand as if she were a child and led her upstairs to the balcony above where there were fewer guests, these all wearing horse masks.

'No,' thought Alice to herself. 'Those are not masks at all! They all the heads of horses. And hooves too! How very strange.'

"Later, I might be persuaded to give you a tour of the house," her companion whispered in her ear, his voice sensuous and full of promises, although what they might be, Alice was unsure. "For now, however, the show is about to start and it would be a travesty if we were to miss it."

"What show?" Alice asked, curious, as always.

"Ah, but that is a surprise. All I can say is, I promise that you will love it, my dear Alice."

Alice found herself suddenly whisked off through a door and down a hallway and then through another door and down another hallway and finally through a door which led to a purple velvet curtain.

“In here,” the Sargeant-Major said with a bow, before drawing open the thick curtain and ushering her onto a small balcony overlooking a small theatre. Leaning over the edge, Alice could see that it was empty or at least unoccupied, for it was filled with seats facing a stage across which a curtain, made of the same material as the one she had just passed through, hung.

“Have a seat, Alice.”

“Alice looked around the balcony. There was only one chair and, although it was very wide, it was not wide enough for both of them to sit and he had claimed it. She was just about to point that out when he gave her a wink and patted his lap, his enthused smile gentle and yet, there was a hint of menace in his eyes that made her shiver.

“Sit, Alice.” This time it was a command and not merely a suggestion, so she sat daintily on his lap, her pulse racing as he wrapped one arm possessively about her waist and licked her neck before whispering softly.

“You taste delightful.”

“Thank you, sir,” She replied, or meant to, for somewhere between ‘you’ and ‘sir’ she suddenly sucked in her breath as the Sargeant-Major slipped his hand into her knickers and began teasing her sensitive nub until she began to squirm and moan.

“Sir Dumpty!” she protested, thinking that she should at least try to protest, although it sounded half-hearted at best. “I am not that kind of girl.”

“And yet you are dressed like that kind of a girl, Alice. And—” she felt his fingers slipping lower, stroking her, caressing her, and then slipping between her fleshy lips and into her welcoming pussy.

“And you are very wet. Only a very naughty little girl would be as wet as you are. Are you a very naughty little girl?”

Suddenly, Alice wanted very badly to be a naughty little girl. A very naughty little girl, at least for him, so she cooed breathlessly as she rolled her hips to the perfect position for him to slip his finger just a little deeper into her.

“I can be your very naughty little girl, if it pleases you, Sargeant-Major.”

“Call me daddy, Alice. Can you do that? For me? I’ll make you feel so good if you do.”

“Yes . . . Daddy,” Alice responded, her face hot as she opened up her thighs just a little bit for him, gasping as she was rewarded with a second

finger inside of her, stretching her walls apart, curling until they found that perfect place, the one where, when massaged just so, all rhyme and reason fled and were replaced with overwhelming pleasure and desire.

“The show is about to start, Alice. I want you to promise me something. No matter what happens, I must insist you watch carefully. Don’t close your eyes, or look away, or I will punish you severely. If you do that for Daddy, Daddy will make you feel so good. So very very good. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Daddy,” Alice managed, her voice shaking, lust taking control of her as he teased and toyed with her, pushing her closer and closer to the edge and then easing off, over and over. She noticed that his other hand was inside her brassier, fondling and groping her tit and teasing and twisting her now swollen nipple, leaving her breathless and quite unable to think.

“Oh, you are going to love this, my dear,” he whispered, his lips sliding over her throat, kissing and licking her sensitive flesh as a trumpet fanfare sounded suddenly and the curtain began to open, revealing an unexpected scene!

A comely young woman was laying upon a padded Foot stool, her head hanging off one end, her bottom, the other. Her calves and thighs were bound and pulled back against her chest, leaving her ass and pussy exposed and vulnerable while her arms were pulled down beneath the furniture and bound as well, leaving her completely helpless. She’d been blindfolded with a blood colored silk scarf and was being circled by some of the party guests—dapper men still wearing animal masks as well as the horse-headed men, whom were stamping their hooves with impatience as they leered at her.

“What are they going to do?” she asked, wide eyed, already knowing the answer.

“Use her. Just like she asked them to. Begged them too, actually.”

“Oh,” she replied, eyes going even wider as she felt her knickers being pushed aside and a noticeable amount of fumbling going on beneath me.

“Look closely, Alice. Do you recognize her?”

Alice peered down, leaning forward, elbows upon the balustrade, allowing her to lift herself up just enough that her companion could set his cockhead against the entrance of her pussy.

“No, although she looks—” she was interrupted as he grasped her by the waist and pulled her slowly down on his cock. It was quite long and quite thick. Not the biggest cock that had been stuffed into her pussy since arriving in Wonderland, but certainly not the smallest either.

“Watch her, Alice. Think. Think. I am surprised that—”

She gasped with sudden recognition just as he was all the way inside, impaling her completely.

“No! That’s impossible!”

“What is impossible, my dear?”

“It can’t be, Daddy!”

“Can’t be what, my love?”

“Lorina! My sister!”

But it was, and no amount of disbelief could change that fact. Her dear, studious, unadventurous, one might even say boring, sister was down there, bound and naked!

“Remember what I said, Alice. If you look away, you won’t get to come on Daddy’s cock. And then, when I’m done with you, you’ll be severely punished.”

“No,” she moaned, unable to look away, no matter how much she wished, from ‘the show’.

Her first thought was that her prudish sister had been kidnapped and was about to be ravaged against her will. That was quickly dispelled as one of the men circling her stepped forward and caressed her breast, causing her to moan passionately. Not just that! Alice felt a great deal of surprise as she heard her speak as she struggled in her bonds, the sight was more sensual and salacious than she could have imagined.

“Oh, please, don’t tease me like that. I want your cock!”

“Where do you want it, my wanton little vixen?”

“In my mouth, please, kind sir, let me suck on it for you so that I can taste your cum,” she begged, breathlessly.

“No,” Alice murmured, shocked at her sister’s scandalous behavior. “I cannot believe my own eyes and ears.”

“Then believe mine, my lovely little tartlette, for I see and hear a lusty maiden begging for her mouth to be used like a whore’s.”

Transfixed, Alice watched, all too aware of the large prick imbedded in her most intimate place, her hips rolling slowly so that she might milk it, for the Sargeant-Major seemed content to simply sit beneath her and play with her nipples while the scene upon the stage continued to play out. One by one the actors took their turn, touching and teasing Alice's sibling with feather light touches, laughing as she begged for more, her voice thick with lust.

"Oh, I cannot bear to watch," Alice whimpered, much to Dumpty's amusement.

"Then you shall not come, either, my dear. That would be such a shame."

She said nothing, thinking him right, but not wishing to admit it out loud as the men grew bolder and began to unbutton their trousers and pull their pricks out, some of which—the horse-headed men—were impressive in both length and girth, so much so that she winced at the thought of being fucked by them.

"Poor Lorina," she whispered. "She has no idea."

"No, but she shall soon find out. And when it's your turn, Alice, you won't have the mercy of ignorance."

"My turn?" she asked with a shiver, her hips rolling a little faster, her juices not only coating his cock but slowly trickling over his thighs as well.

"Your sister is merely the opening act. The warm-up, as they say. You, my dear, are the main attraction. Soon, the theatre will begin to fill up, in fact, it already is. Take a look."

Alice tore her gaze away from the indecent scene upon the stage to gaze down at the seats below. Indeed, while the seats had been empty when they'd entered, now, at least a quarter of them had been filled by guests who watched the show with a fierce intensity.

"Oh!"

"Exactly."

On stage, men and creatures alike had begun a new tactic, brushing their cocks against Lorina's body, some boldly teasing her lips with their cockheads, others brushing them over her glistening cunny, laughing as she begged and moaned for them to fill her mouth, her pussy, even her bottom! Alice could not believe her ears!

“She is as bad as me,” she whispered, a wave of pleasure and lust rolling through her at the thought of being bound in her sister’s place and teased like that while being watched by the growing crowd.

“Oh, I have no doubt that she can only pale in comparison to you, my dear.”

Alice decided to forego a reply, and simply blushed, for she knew herself well enough to know that he was correct in his assumption of her character.

‘I wonder what is worse than a French whore,’ she wondered as she begin to lift her hips so that only his cockhead was within her and then slowly lower them until he was deep inside of her. If he wouldn’t fuck her properly, she would have to take matters into her own hands. ‘I have heard tales of the Greeks and their debaucheries. I do believe I had seen paintings of goat men cavorting with women drunk on wine in one of the books in father’s study. And lusty maidens lying with naked nymphs as well, although I have never seen anything like the horsemen who are . . .’

She stared, unable to finish the thought, watching as her sister finally got her wish and was fed a cock. She wasted no time in taking it into her mouth as far as she could and sucking greedily. One of the horsemen stepped between her spread thighs, his horse-sized cock positioned at her entrance. Slowly, he pushed his hips out, his cock disappearing, inch by inch, into Lorina’s well lubricated cunny. From where she sat, Alice thought that she was trying to say something around the prick in her mouth. Whether it was ‘please, fuck me, make me scream with delight’ or ‘Why is someone trying to shove a pillar inside of me, for god’s sake’ Alice couldn’t say. Perhaps both.

“He’ll split her in twain,” she objected, breathlessly as she continued to fuck her companion, lust overcoming her concern.

“I think not,” he said with a groan, clearly not immune to Alice’s efforts, his fingers twisting her nipples until she sobbed and panted and renewed her efforts to drive him deep inside of her.

Below she could hear her sister once more as the cock in her mouth was withdrawn. She was moaning and begging to be fucked harder, cum spilling out of her mouth and down her cheeks as she licked his cockhead clean.

“She seems to be enjoying herself, Alice. I suggest you do the same,” he laughed, although Alice didn’t truly need to be told, for she was attempting

to do just that, rising and falling as best as she could, forcing him to thrust his cock into her in tandem with the one being thrust into her sister.

Another took his place at her mouth, and her heated moans were once more muffled. Around her cocks were being wanked until they were stiff and swollen and at the ready. Alice watched as she began to shake from head to toe, fighting against her bonds without reason.

“She’s climaxing,” she whispered, eyes wide in wonder as she watched her quiet, bookish sister erupt in orgasmic bliss while impaled by a pair of impressive pricks.

“Such a delectable sight, don’t you agree?”

Licking her lips, her heart full of lust and not a little envy, she only nodded as she watched them step away, two others taking their place.

“Don’t you wish you were in her place?”

Alice blushed, not daring to answer, afraid of what her answer would be, sure she would be branded a Greek slut if she divulged the truth. One of the men circling her suddenly stiffened, a stream of thick white liquid erupting from his cock and coating her sister’s lovely tits.

“She is beautiful, isn’t she? She’ll be more beautiful when she’s drenched in pearly ropes of cum.” He then whispered into her ear the most debauched suggestion she could imagine. “Wouldn’t you love to lick it from her heaving flesh, Alice? Your tongue in every crease and crevice until you have cleaned every last drop from her?”

“No,” she moaned, for that would be unthinkable! And yet, now that the thought had been introduced, she could do nothing but think about it.

“Imagine, dipping your tongue into her dirty little pussy, savoring her juices and those of her ‘suitors’. Blindfolded as she is, she’d never know. Unless, of course, you told her.” For the first time, he started fucking her, his hands grasping her hips as he began to thrust up into her soaking wet slit.

“No,” she groaned, pleasure flooding through her, as she imagined just that as Sargeant-Major Humpty Dumpty pounded away at her pussy, unable to tear her eyes away as her sister was fucked at both ends once more, whilst several more guests released their spew onto her body, coating her belly and breasts before stepping aside to allow others to do that same. Soon, she was coated with cum, much of it dripping onto the footstool below, or pooling on the floor of the stage. She began to lose count of how

many defiled her sister, either coming on her or in her mouth or pussy or even in her bottom!

She wanted to press her hands over her ears so she could shut out her sister's moans as she begged for more, always for more, and her cries as she climaxed over and over until Alice began to wonder how it was she hadn't passed out!

And then, a figure stepped onto the stage. Another one of the horsemen, this one larger than the rest, his cock bouncing rigidly before him. Alice couldn't help but let out a gasp at the sight. It was far larger than she'd ever imagined a prick could be.

"Oh, No," she whimpered, shaking as she watched, her companion's cock pumping faster and harder and deeper with every thrust. "You must stop this, please. It's far too big. He'll split her in twain!"

"I could, but only for a price, my dear."

"Name it, please, I'll gladly pay anything if you save her from that monstrosity."

"Take her place, then. That's my price, Alice."

"I couldn't," she panted, on the verge of climaxing as she bounced up and down on Humpty Dumpty's cock.

"Then I guess you'll just have to watch as he—"

"No! I'll do it, please, make it stop!"

"Good girl," he said, grinning madly as he pulled her down hard on his lap, his cock swelling within her tight pink walls and then emptying deep within, pumping load after load up into her until she thought she couldn't possibly hold anymore. He stood suddenly, then, dumping Alice onto the floor, still unfilled, despite being quite full, and shouted at the top of his voice.

"Stand down, my gentle knights and loyal horses! Stand down and ready yourselves for the main event! Curtains, please!"

Alice pulled herself up far enough to glance over the railing as the curtains closed, hiding her sister and the beast who she's promised herself to in order to save her from sight. A moment later, she found herself being escorted from the balcony and down a narrow stair that led, presumably, back stage by the Sargeant-Major, his hand gripping her wrist almost painfully.

“Let’s give them a show they shall never forget, shall we, my dear,” he chortled, pausing to give her bottom a good hard spank. “One your sister shall not soon forget either, for she will be watching, just as you watched her, while I fill her sweet little pussy with my cock. I wonder if she’ll beg me to take your place as you did, or if she’ll leave you to your fate.”

Alice wondered the same, trembling as they neared the bottom of the stair, knowing that very soon, she would be standing, or sitting, or kneeling, or perhaps laying, before a crowd, ready to be ravished by a beast of a man, or perhaps a man of a beast? Either way, she began to fervently wish someone might wake her from this awful dream.

Chapter Twenty-one

The Main Attraction

‘I’ve heard that, if one pinches oneself whilst dreaming, they will awaken,’ Alice thought to herself. Putting words into deeds, she did just that, pinching her thigh as she took the last step. Alas, all that happened was she left a tiny red mark upon her thigh, one that began to fade almost as quickly as it appeared.

‘Bloody hell,’ she thought with a disappointed sigh. Not that she had truly expected it to work, only that she had hoped it might as Sargeant-Major Dumpty led her into a small room in which there was but a single wooden chair in the center, next to which stood a small wooden table, leaves carved upon its pedestal stand. Set upon the tabletop were a pair of manacles, a short chain linking them.

“It’s very red,” Alice remarked, for, indeed, it was. The walls and ceiling were painted blood red and the floor was carpeted in crimson.

“It’s called the red room, my dear. Why don’t you take a seat.”

“It would have been strange to have called it the blue room, Daddy,” she quipped, trying to keep her humor up, for a feeling of dread was weighing heavily upon her as she sat daintily, the wood hard beneath her bottom. She swallowed nervously as she watched Dumpty remove a dagger from his waistband.

“Give me your hand, Alice,” he told her, waiting patiently, his hand out, until her palm was resting lighting upon his, his fingers stroking her wrist.

“And the other.”

Again, she did as he said, watching his face the entire time, blushing as he smiled down at her. ‘He has a nice smile. And lovely eyes. In fact, he is quite pleasant to look upon.’

“Sims! Sandor!” he called out suddenly, startling Alice so much that she tried to pull her hands back, only to find his fingers gripping her wrists tightly.

“You’re hurting me!” she cried out as he dug his fingers cruelly into her flesh.

“And I intend to hurt you much more before the night is over, my dear.”

“This has stopped being fun,” she retorted, her heart pounding in her chest as a pair of bare chested men with skin the color of chocolate entered through a door. They both wore fancy masks, giving one the appearance of fearsome wolves. At least, Alice hoped they were masks, for they seemed to her quite real.

“You are quite naïve if you believe life is merely innocent laughter and fun,” Dumpty declared, menace in his voice, his eyes glittering dangerously.

“I would like to believe that is a virtue,” she retorted as the pair of masked men took positions to either side of her.

“I would neither agree, nor disagree, with you,” he said, attaching the manacles to her wrists, his chuckle making her shiver, for it was devoid of warmth. “Now, hold still, lest I have a mishap and mar your pretty white skin.

Brandishing the dagger, he proceeded to slice Alice’s pretty clothes from her until she was quite naked, save for the steel restraints around her wrists during which she heeded his words, remaining perfectly still, although she could hardly keep from trembling until it was over.

“I find women so much more attractive when they are vulnerable and helpless,” he leered, sheathing his dagger once more.

“I thought that you were a gentleman. It seems I have been deceived! You are no gentleman at all!” Alice said, stamping her foot for emphasis, for, although she was frightened, she was also quite vexed, both at herself and at the Sargeant-Major.

“Willingly deceived, I should think, for, while I am not a true gentleman, neither are you a true lady. Sims. Sandor. Please prepare Miss Alice. She is to be our main attraction for the evening. I must depart and make sure all the players are in their place.”

He paused briefly, bending over so as to kiss Alice softly upon the lips, a knowing smile upon his lips when she did not rebuke him.

“I must bid adieu for now. Remember, my dear, this was your choice.”

As he strode from the room, Sims and Sandor (she wasn’t really sure who was whom, for they looked quite alike from head to toe) lifted her from her seat and set her on her feet, the chain connecting her wrists together clanking softly as they guided her from the room, her steps

reluctant as she contemplated her fate whilst recalling the enormous prick of the horse headed man, from which she had saved her sister.

‘I suppose it can’t be too bad,’ she told herself half-heartedly. ‘At least I have saved Lorina from this fate, for which she had best be quite thankful.’

They dragged her out onto the stage where she could hear the audience beyond the closed curtains. From the sound of it, the theatre was filling up quickly. Alice, resigned to her fate, didn’t put up a struggle and, instead, drank in her surroundings. Apparently, someone had taken great pains to lavishly decorate the set for her performance.

‘It very much resembles the garden outside Father’s window, only the colors are more vibrant.’ For, indeed, it was the splitting image of their quiet little garden right down to the towering oak whose branches cast welcome shade upon a hot summer’s day. The floor itself was covered in grass, a small cobbled path leading to a slightly raised platform upon which she stood. Around the edges stood a wall which was only slightly taller than the hedges that it overlooked. Flowers bloomed along the pathway, familiar save for their overly bright colors. She could almost imagine the buzzing of bees and the twitter of birds as she let her gaze drift over the familiar, yet strange, landscape, and she began to relax, barely noticing, at least at first, as one of the wolf-headed men tossed a thick rope of an especially thick branch just above her head, the end dangling down just above her.

And then, it was impossible not to notice as the other expertly (making her wonder if he had, at one time, been a pirate, for he used a knot that she recalled from her time on Captain Foxtrot’s ship) tied it to the chain connecting her manacles.

‘It seems so long ago,’ she mused, only slightly alarmed as the rope began to rise, pulling her arms up with it. ‘and yet, it can’t have been more than a handful of days! So much has happened since then and I’ve had so many adventures. I wonder if I’ll ever find my way back home or if I even wish to. While not all of my adventures have been as enjoyable as others, I am quite sure that I am much richer for having had them than I would be to simply waste away at home and long for them. In truth, I would not trade a single one, even this one, for a day out in our garden, dreaming of being ravished and knowing it likely that I might never be!’

With that thought, Alice smiled, although it was a secretive smile, meant only for herself, and no one else, and began to ponder what the Sargeant-

Major might have planned for her as her arms were drawn above her head until only her big toe touched the carefully laid planks of the patio.

Beyond the thick curtain, she could hear the crowd growing restless. And then, there was a sudden silence, followed by a trumpet fanfare and the roll of a snare followed by a shout of ‘Hizzah!’

“Ladies and gentlemen!” Sargeant-Major Dumpty called out, his voice ringing throughout the theatre. “Welcome one and all to our grand finale!”

Alice could hear applause and raucous shouts (many of which were rude enough to make her blush), followed by laughter and much shushing.

“Tonight, we have a special performance by a young lady that many of you may have heard of and, perhaps, even know!”

Again, his pronouncement was followed by applause. ‘Know?’ Alice wondered, thinking of everyone she’d met whilst in Wonderland. ‘Oh, I do hope that Yum and Yee are in the audience. Or even Dum and Dee! Perhaps Captain Honeyglass has come to see me. Or the caterpillar. If so, I hope he has a spare moment or three after the show, for I have so many unanswered questions for him.’ She paused, closing her eyes and losing herself in memory, concentrating very hard. Finally, she was rewarded with a sensation so subtle that she had to wonder if she was imagining it. Deep within she thought that, perhaps, she felt a stirring, as if the smallest of butterflies was unfolding its wings. So hard was she concentrating that she failed to hear the remainder of Dumpty’s announcement, which she only realized when the curtains began to slowly open.

‘Dash and bother. Now I am left with no idea of what is about to happen. I hope I don’t have any lines, for if I do, how am I supposed to remember them when I’ve never been given them? I don’t even know who I am expected to play, unless I am not expected to play anyone at all and simply be Alice, and yet, that begs the question of which Alice? Certainly not That Alice. This Alice would be more appropriate. But then, at what point does This Alice become That Alice and will I even know? Perhaps it was already happened and I am no longer This Alice and yet, I suppose, I will always be This Alice, regardless of who This Alice might be. Oh, it makes my head spin to even think of, so perhaps I will stop. Thinking, that is. After all, thinking often gets one into all sorts of predicaments and yet, so does not thinking, so perhaps the wisest course is to do neither!’

With that decided, Alice stared out at the audience, aware that she was illuminated by lights so that they could see her quite well, even at the back, neither thinking or not thinking, which did save her from a great deal of embarrassment seeing as how she wasn't thinking 'Oh, well, there are hundreds of people staring at me while I am completely undressed and hanging from my wrists from a tree branch'.

Instead, a very different thought, or rather, a non-thought, came to mind, which caused her quite a bit of consternation as well as more than a little speculation, for in looking out over the crowd who were, to a person (or in some cases, a creature) staring at her, she found two very familiar faces sitting in front row center.

She let out a somewhat quiet gasp of surprise as she met the gaze of her sister, Lorina. And next to her, Father! She was sure she was beet red with shame at being displayed like this in front of her family. It was bad enough that Lorina could see her, but for her father to see her thus was too much. And yet, she felt a stirring within, one that she recognized well, one that spread through her limbs, and into her breasts, swelling her nipples. One that tickled her tummy and teased its way down between her thighs and made her delightfully sensitive pleasure button pulse and throb. One that, once it had taken hold, would consume her. Already she could feel her juices trickling and tickling her inner thighs.

'Am I such a slut that the thought of my sister and father being witness to whatever it is that is planned for me is churning my insides like butter?' she wondered.

"I think we both know the answer to that, Alice."

"Cheshire!" she exclaimed looking upwards, for that was where his voice had come from and, indeed, that was where he was, stretched out upon the branch lazily, grinning down upon her. "What are you doing here?"

"I'd heard there was to be a spectacle. Having nothing better to do, I thought I might attend."

Alice looked around her, realizing that no one seemed to be paying attention the either the stripped cat above her head or the conversation she was having with it.

'Perhaps he's simply a figment of my imagination,' she mused, at which the cat chuckled.

“Or, perhaps only mad people can see me.”

“But I’m not mad.”

“Are you sure?”

“Not entirely,” she admitted.

“Well, that’s a good sign, the cat replied. “Perhaps there is hope for you yet, Alice. And now, the show is about to begin, and I would hate to miss it. I hope you enjoy yourself as much as everyone else is about to enjoy you.”

With that, he disappeared as he always did, leaving his grin behind for a brief moment before it, too, faded from site. With a sigh, she looked back out at the audience who let out a collective gasp. Curious as to why, she followed their gaze and let out a gasp of her own, for the horse-man who she’d saved her sister from earlier had made an appearance, his rigid cock standing like a flagpole before him. Now that he was close, Alice was able to get a good look at it. As big around as a strong man’s forearm, she thought. And twice as long. There was no way that it could possibly fit inside of her, and yet, she was sure that was his intention.

‘Oh, I fear I have made a dreadful decision,’ she decided, feeling somewhat faint. ‘And yet, what choice did I have?’

She managed to tear her eyes from monstrous prick and seek out her sister once more. Her demure, bookish sister, who was staring hungrily at her. Blushing, she shifted her gaze to her father. He, too, stared at her, his face slack with desire. She was sure that she had never once imagined such naked lust upon his face, let alone seen it. And it was directed at her!

“Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present to you Prince Maximus!”

There was a dramatic pause, and then, the Sargeant-Major continued.

“And his brother, Prince Majoris!

A great cheer went up as a second horse-man strode from the wings, his prick nearly identical to his brothers in both length and girth. Alice began to tremble as they took their places, one to either side of her, wincing as they began running their hands over her, helpless to stop them as they took their time, touching and teasing, their fingers brushing intimately over her flesh, starting with her upraised arms. And then, her waist. Her calves. Her thighs. Unable to help herself she let out a lust-filled moan.

“Slut!” yelled a faceless man in the audience.

“Tart!” yelled another.

The horse-men continued, relentless as they teased her nipples to attention, and traced her hip bones and ribs with velvet caresses.

“She’s dripping wet!” cried a woman near the front. “Just look at her!”

“Whore!” exclaimed a silver haired gentleman.

Alice twitched, her toes curling so that they left the floor of the patio as her nipples were pinched and pulled, much to the delight of the crowd.

“Harder!” yelled a monkey with the face of a bulldog.

“Look at her, she wants it!” gasped an elderly woman with a gem encrusted tiara.

“Fuck her!” demanded her sister, her voice shaking with barely contained lust, or so Alice thought.

“Fuck her!” cried the crowd, taking up the chant. “Fuck her! Fuck her! Fuck her!”

“Oh, please,” Alice tried, but her words were quickly drowned out by the audience.

“Fuck her! Fuck her! Fuck her!”

Squirming, she hung helpless as the brothers slowly spun her until her side was to the crowd who suddenly went silent as if on cue, their shouts replaced by the soft rat-tat-tat of a drum.

“Because you demanded it,” Dumpty sighed, sounding almost apologetic, his voice just loud enough for the front row to hear, his eyes settling upon Alice’s sister then shifting to Alice and back again, this time to her father, holding his gaze until he finally looked away, his cheeks bright red. “So be it.”

The theatre went silent. So silent, in fact, that Alice could hear her heart pounding in her chest as the brothers laid their hand on her, one grasping her hips, the other her waist, and began to lift her in the air. She felt something pressing against her bottom. Something impossibly large. She felt something pressing against her cunny, as well.

‘They mean to impale me,’ she thought, fighting the panic that threatened to overcome her. ‘I am quite sure I won’t survive this, and yet, I find myself curious as to how it might feel to have such imposing pricks both inside me at one time.’

A moment later, her curiosity was satisfied as she was slowly lowered, her holes filled, stretched beyond imagination. She was, in other words,

stuffed full of cock.

“Oh!” she gasped, and then. “Oh!” again as they began fucking her like a ragdoll, their thrusts long and slow and deep at first, each one a little quicker and harder than the previous until she was bouncing up and down between them, pressed between their chests, their mighty phalluses hammering away inside of her, quite painfully, and yet, with each mighty thrust, pleasure built as well until she was hard pressed to say which was which. Nor could she decide which she enjoyed more, for the pleasure was quite painful whilst the pain was quite pleasurable. She was vaguely aware of the crowd taking up the chant again.

“Fuck her! Fuck her! Fuck her! Harder!” they roared, spurring the horse-headed brothers to do just that—fuck her harder.

“Oh, dear, I fear that . . . Oh my. Oh yes. Oh God!”

She felt a wave of ecstasy wash over her and through her and around her as she climaxed. Once. Twice. Thrice. And again and again and again until she thought that it would never end, not that she wished it to. She became quite lost, in fact, and wondered if she might be going mad with pleasure and thinking that it wasn't such a terrible fate. How long it lasted, she could not say, only that it seemed a lifetime and yet was over much too soon.

However long it did last, all she knew was that, eventually, she found herself dangling from her wrists from the branch overhead as cum, hers and theirs, poured slowly from her ass and cunt to form an impossible large pool beneath her.

‘How strange,’ she thought, staring at it. ‘It seems to be moving. Swirling, even. Surely, I must be imagining things, for either it is growing or I am shrinking, or both.’

Glancing around, she was surprised to find herself alone on a bare stage, the brothers having abandoned her and the audience having left without her ever noticing. Even Sargeant-Major Dumpty had disappeared.

“Dash and bother,” she said with a sigh. I really wish someone would have had the decency to let me down before they left. Cheshire, are you still here, by chance?” she called out, but to no avail. She had indeed been left to her own devices as the pool of cum slowly began to rise, covering her feet, and then her calves. Her thighs were next and, after that, her hips. Soon it was just below her breasts and then up to her chin.

“Help! Oh, please, someone help!” she called out one final time before she was fully immersed in the turbulent whirlpool. She felt herself sinking slowly, her consciousness fading as she tried her best to hold her breath. And then she knew no more.

To Be Continued . . .